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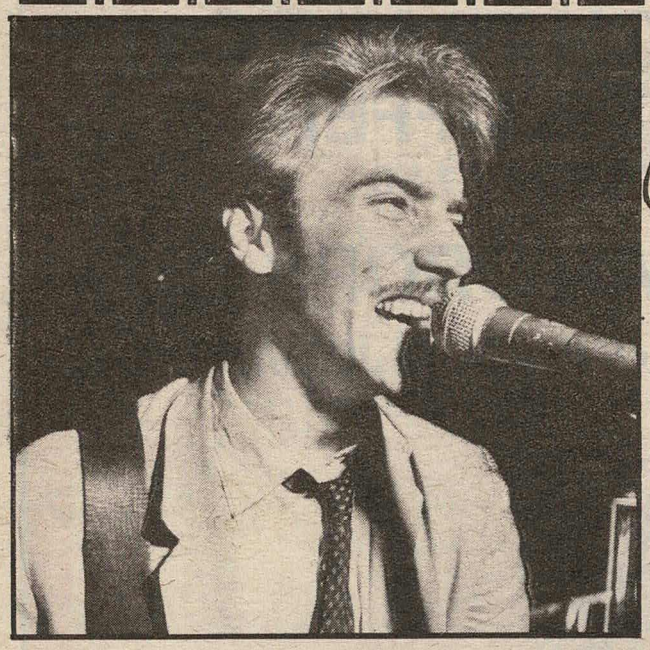


Pic: Peter Anderson

Ultravox hit unprecedented heights on the singles chart. What's the altitude like up there? In case the rest of you aren't used to it yet, we print a pic of Midge Ure, who was used to such lofty peaks back in the days of Slik (much laughter behind hands).

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
January 31st, 1981

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Imagine**	John Lennon (Apple)	5	1
2	(2)	**Antmusic**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	6	2
3	(—)	**Woman**	John Lennon (Geffen)	1	3
4	(12)	**In The Air Tonight**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	2	4
5	(13)	**Young Parisians**	Adam & The Ants (Decca)	2	5
6	(3)	**Do Nothing**	Specials (2-Tone)	5	3
7	(7)	**I Am The Beat**	The Look (MCA)	3	7
8	(—)	**Rapture**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	8
9	(4)	**Too Nice To Talk To**	The Beat (Go-Feet)	6	4
10	(14)	**Don't Stop The Music**	Yarborough & Peoples (Mercury)	2	10
11	(6)	**Flash**	Queen (EMI)	7	6
12	(5)	**I Ain't Gonna Stand For It**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	4	5
13	(—)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	1	13
14	(17)	**Runaround Sue**	Racey (RAK)	3	14
15	(18)	**Scary Monsters**	David Bowie (RCA)	3	15
16	(8)	**Happy Christmas/War Is Over**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono (Apple)	5	3
17	(27)	**Fade To Grey**	Visage (Polydor)	2	17
18	(20)	**It's My Turn**	Diana Ross (Motown)	2	18
19	(21)	**Over The Rainbow/You Belong To Me**	Matchbox (Magnet)	5	19
20	(15)	**Lies**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	7	13
21	(9)	**Rabbit**	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	8	9
22	(—)	**A Little Love**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	22
23	(25)	**Gangsters Of The Groove**	Heatwave (GTO)	2	23
24	(—)	**Romeo And Juliet**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	1	24
25	(—)	**Return Of The Los Palmas 7**	Madness (Stiff)	1	25
26	(—)	**Hitsville UK**	Clash (CBS)	1	26
27	(11)	**Who's Gonna Rock You**	The Nolans (Epic)	3	11
28	(28)	**Lorraine**	Bad Manners (Magnet)	3	28
29	(16)	**Stop The Cavalry**	Jona Lewie (Stiff)	7	1
30	(—)	**Twilight Cafe**	Susan Fassbender (CBS)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

The Freeze — Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)
The Best Times — Styx (A&M)
Give Peace A Chance — Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
Sgt Rock — XTC (Virgin)
Car Trouble — Adam & The Ants (Do It)
Lonely Heart — UFO (Chrysalis)

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	**The Tide Is High**	Blondie
2	(1)	**(Just Like) Starting Over**	John Lennon
3	(5)	**Celebration**	Kool & The Gang
4	(7)	**Passion**	Rod Stewart
5	(4)	**Love On The Rocks**	Neil Diamond
6	(3)	**Lady**	Kenny Rogers
7	(16)	**9 To 5**	Dolly Parton
8	(12)	**I Love A Rainy Night**	Eddie Rabbitt
9	(9)	**Every Woman In The World**	Air Supply
10	(17)	**Same Old Lang Syne**	Dan Fogelberg
11	(10)	**Hit Me With Your Best Shot**	Pat Benatar
12	(23)	**Keep On Loving You**	Reo Speedwagon
13	(6)	**Hungry Heart**	Bruce Springsteen
14	(15)	**Hey Nineteen**	Steely Dan
15	(8)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand
16	(22)	**Giving It Up For Your Love**	Delbert McClinton
17	(13)	**De Do Do Do De Da Da Da**	The Police
18	(19)	**I Made It Through The Rain**	Barry Manilow
19	(20)	**Time Is Time**	Andy Gibb
20	(21)	**Miss Sun**	Boz Scaggs
21	(—)	**The Best Of Times**	Styx
22	(—)	**Woman**	John Lennon
23	(28)	**I Ain't Gonna Stand For It**	Stevie Wonder
24	(25)	**Together**	Tierra
25	(30)	**The Winner Takes It All**	Abba
26	(18)	**It's My Turn**	Diana Ross
27	(—)	**Heartbreak Hotel**	The Jacksons
28	(29)	**He Can't Love You**	Michael Stanley Band
29	(—)	**A Little In Love**	Cliff Richard
30	(14)	**Tell It Like It Is**	Heart

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono
2	(2)	**Greatest Hits**	Kenny Rogers
3	(3)	**Crimes Of Passion**	Pat Benatar
4	(5)	**The Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond
5	(4)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand
6	(6)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder
7	(9)	**Autoamerican**	Blondie
8	(8)	**Gaucho**	Steely Dan
9	(10)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC
10	(7)	**The Game**	Queen
11	(13)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	The Police
12	(11)	**The River**	Bruce Springsteen
13	(12)	**Eagles Live**	The Eagles
14	(18)	**Hi Infidelity**	Reo Speedwagon
15	(15)	**Foolish Behaviour**	Rod Stewart
16	(16)	**Live**	Fleetwood Mac
17	(14)	**Greatest Hits/Live**	Heart
18	(—)	**Paradise Theater**	Styx
19	(19)	**The Turn Of A Friendly Card**	The Alan Parsons Project
20	(20)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
21	(24)	**Celebrate**	Kool & The Gang
22	(22)	**Lost In Love**	Air Supply
23	(21)	**Anne Murray's Greatest Hits**	Anne Murray
24	(26)	**Flash Gordon**	Original Soundtrack/Queen
25	(27)	**Super Trouper**	Abba
26	(23)	**Triumph**	The Jacksons
27	(28)	**Hits!**	Boz Scaggs
28	(17)	**Barry**	Barry Manilow
29	(—)	**Fantastic Voyage**	Lakeside
30	(—)	**Glass Houses**	Billy Joel

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'

Pic: Paul Graham

Okay, Ian, we're not ones to bear grudges, we're quite happy to record the fact that your album's straight in at number 11 this week. The public is always right, after all. What was that old joke, now? Eat shit, a million flies can't be wrong? Yes, that's it.

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(5)	**Kings Of The Wild Frontier**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	10	1
2	(4)	**Dr Hook's Greatest Hits**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	7	2
3	(2)	**The Very Best of David Bowie**	David Bowie (K-Tel)	3	2
4	(1)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono (Warner Bros/Geffen)	10	1
5	(3)	**Supertrouper**	Abba (Epic)	10	1
6	(11)	**Imagine**	John Lennon (EMI)	3	4
7	(7)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	15	2
8	(9)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	24	5
9	(19)	**Flash Gordon**	Queen (EMI)	5	6
10	(14)	**Barry**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	8	4
11	(—)	**Mondo Bongo**	Boomtown Rats (Mercury)	1	11
12	(21)	**Makin' Movies**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	3	12
13	(22)	**Shaved Fish**	John Lennon (Geffen/WEA)	3	13
14	(6)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	Police (A&M)	18	1
15	(15)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	12	1
16	(20)	**Arc Of A Diver**	Steve Winwood (Island)	2	16
17	(8)	**Not The Nine O'Clock News**	Cast (BBC)	11	3
18	(—)	**Paradise Theater**	Styx (A&M)	1	18
19	(12)	**Absolutely**	Madness (Stiff)	17	2
20	(—)	**The Wild, The Willing & The Innocent**	UFO (Chrysalis)	1	20
21	(17)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)	16	1
22	(13)	**Autoamerican**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	9	3
23	(29)	**Sandinista!**	The Clash (CBS)	6	20
24	(24)	**Yesshows**	Yes (Atlantic)	4	24
25	(19)	**Sky 2**	Sky (Ariola)	2	19
26	(—)	**The River**	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	8	4
27	(—)	**Scary Monsters**	David Bowie (RCA)	15	1
28	(26)	**Making Waves**	Nolans (Epic)	8	12
29	(27)	**Classics For Dreaming**	James Last (Polydor)	7	11
30	(16)	**Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	9	8

BUBBLING UNDER

Visage Visage (Polydor)
Sunshine Of Your Smile Mike Berry (Polydor)
Trust Elvis Costello & The Attractions (F. Beat)
Take Your Time Sheena Easton (EMI)
Sometime In New York City John Lennon (Apple)
Lady Kenny Rogers (Liberty)

INDIES 33s

1 **Factory Quartet** — Various (Factory)
2 **Signing Off** — UB40 (Graduate)
3 **Gyrate** — Pylon (Armageddon)
4 **Grotesque** — The Fall (Rough Trade)
5 **The Recorder** — Various (Bristol Recorder)
6 **Woke Up This Morning** — Jimi Hendrix (Red Lighning)
7 **Mekons** — Mekons (Red Rhino)
8 **Dirk Wears White Sox** — Adam & The Ants (Do It)
9 **Are You Glad To Be In America** — James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
10 **Live At West Runton** — The Normal & Robert Rental (Rough Trade)

INDIES 45s

1 **It's Obvious/Diet** — Au Pairs (Human)
2 **Simply Thrilled Honey** — Orange Juice (Postcard)
3 **Politics** — Girls At Our Best (Rough Trade)
4 **Try** — Delta 5 (Rough Trade)
5 **Action By Example** — Demons (Crypt)
6 **Space 12"** — Slits (Human)
7 **Four Sore Points** — Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
8 **I Need Two Heads** — The Go Betweens (Postcard)
9 **Twenty Tens** — Virgin Prunes (Baby)
10 **Are You Glad To Be In America** — James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)

Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London W1.

REGGAE

1 **At The Club** — Victor Romero (Special Request)
2 **Sandy** — Sugar Minott (Jermaine)
3 **Too Bad D.J.** — General Saint and Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
4 **Cruisin'** — Outer Limits (T.J.)
5 **Love Between A Boy And Girl** — Chosen Few (Love and Inity)
6 **Loving Kind** — Simplicity (Neville King)
7 **Night Fall** — Johnny Osborne (Cha Cha)
8 **Go Find Yourself A Fool** — Third Eye Band (Ballistic)
9 **La La At The End** — Rags and Riches (Ital)
10 **Good Thing Going** — Sugar Minott (Hawkeye)

Chart by: Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W.2

DISCO

1 **Here's To You** — New York Sky (Excalibur)
2 **Don't Stop The Music** — Yarborough & Peoples (Mercury)
3 **I Ain't Gonna Stand For It** — Stevie Wonder (Motown)
4 **Burn Rubber On Me** — Gap Band (Mercury)
5 **I Shot The Sheriff** — Light Of The World (Ensign)
6 **Gangsters Of The Groove** — Heatwave (GTO)
7 **Magic** — Tom Brown (Arista)
8 **Love No Longer Has A Hold On Me** — Johnny Bristol (Ariola)
9 **All My Love** — Lax (CBS)
10 **Mysteries Of The World** — MFSB (Philadelphia International)

Chart by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W1.

5 YEARS AGO

1 **Mama Mia** — Abba (Epic)
2 **Glass Of Champagne** — Sailor (Epic)
3 **Bohemian Rhapsody** — Queen (EMI)
4 **Love Machine** — Miracles (Tamla Motown)
5 **We Do It** — R. & J. Stone (RCA)
6 **In Dulce Jubilo/On Horseback** — Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
7 **King Of The Cops** — Bill Howard (Penny Farthing)
8 **Forever And Ever** — Slik (Bell)
9 **Love To Love You Baby** — Donna Summer (GTO)
10 **Let The Music Play** — Barry White (20th Century)

Week ending January 31, 1976

10 YEARS AGO

1 **My Sweet Lord** — George Harrison (Apple)
2 **Push Bike Song** — Mixtures (Polydor)
3 **Grandad** — Clive Dunn (Columbia)
4 **Amazing Grace** — Judy Collins (Elektra)
5 **Apeman** — Kinks (Pye)
6 **I Hear You Knocking** — Dave Edmunds (MAM)
7 **I'll Be There** — Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)
8 **Stoned Love** — Supremes (Tamla Motown)
9 **No Matter What** — Badfinger (Apple)
10 **Resurrection Shuffle** — Ashton, Gardner & Dyke (Capitol)

Week ending February 3, 1971

15 YEARS AGO

1 **Michelle** — Overlanders (Pye)
2 **Keep On Running** — Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
3 **Love's Just A Broken Heart** — Cilla Black (Parlophone)
4 **Spanish Flea** — Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass (Pye Int)
5 **These Boots Are Made For Walking** — Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
6 **You Were On My Mind** — Crispian St Peters (Decca)
7 **My Girl** — Otis Redding (Atlantic)
8 **A Must To Avoid** — Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
9 **Second Hand Rose** — Barbra Streisand (CBS)
10 **Let's Hang On** — Four Seasons (Philips)

Week ending February 4, 1966

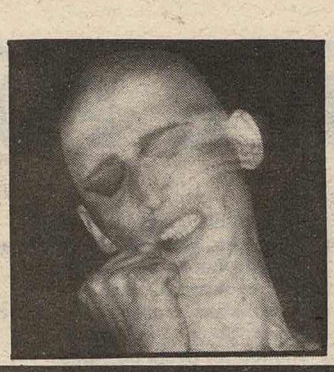
20 YEARS AGO

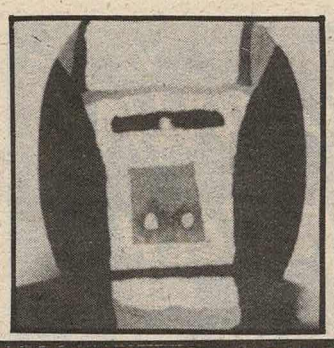
1 **Are You Lonesome Tonight** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 **Sailor** — Petula Clark (Pye)
3 **Poetry In Motion** — Johnny Tillotson (London)
4 **Pepe** — Duane Eddy (London)
5 **Portrait Of My Love** — Matt Monro (Parlophone)
6 **You're Sixteen** — Johnny Burnette (London)
7 **I Love You** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8 **Rubber Ball** — Bobby Vee (London)
9 **Rubber Ball** — Marty Wilde (Philips)
10 **Sailor** — Anne Shelton (Philips)

Week ending February 3, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

OUR MUSIC'S WHERE OUR MOUTH IS





NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Suggs: that winning smile in slow motion replay.

Specials, Beat, Bad Manners:

MOVIE MADNESS

THE CHRYSALIS film *Dance Craze* — featuring live performances by The Specials, Madness, The Selecter, The Beat, Bad Manners and The Bodysnatchers — goes on the circuit next month. Said to showcase "the best of British ska . . . live", it opens as a main feature presentation on February 15 in Manchester, Leeds and Sheffield, with screenings in 36 other cities to follow during the next four weeks.

The acts were filmed during 1980 UK tours — The Specials are seen at Liverpool, Rotters and Madness at Bradford St. George's Hall. The only exception was The Beat, who were filmed during their autumn tour of the States. All the bands involved were at one time associated with the 2-Tone label.

Special filming techniques were used for *Dance Craze*, with on-stage cameras shooting in super 35mm — a system which uses the entire area of 35mm frame. And for the London release, the screening will be in 70mm with six-track stereo sound.

The live album of the film will be issued by 2-Tone on February 6, and the 26 songs in the movie have been whittled down to 14 for the LP — three each by The Specials, The Beat and The Selecter; two each by Bad Manners and Madness; and one by The Bodysnatchers.

DATA CONTROL

Au Pairs major tour

Still more Springsteen dates

Return of *Garageland*

DATA CONTROL: p.30-36

Haircuts display their award-winning Stray Cats.

GOING ASTRAY

Cats across the UK

THE STRAY CATS have been lined up for their second UK headlining tour, starting at the end of next month and culminating at London Lyceum. It ties in with the February 20 release by Arista of their debut album which, as reported last week, is preceded tomorrow (Friday) by their second single 'Rock This Town' — produced, as was their recent hit 'Runaway Boys', by Dave Edmunds. The Barracudas are special guests throughout the tour, which takes in:

Southampton University (February 27), Bristol Locarno (March 1), Swansea Top Rank (2), Cardiff Top Rank (3), Brighton Top Rank (4), Liverpool Royal Court (6), Manchester University (7), Lancaster University (8), Glasgow Tiffany's (9), Edinburgh Tiffany's (10), Newcastle Royalty Cinema (12), Sunderland Polytechnic (13), Leeds University (14), Sheffield Top Rank (15), Leicester Polytechnic (16), Reading Top Rank (18), Dunstable Queensway Hall (19), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (20), Birmingham Odeon (21) and London Strand Lyceum (22).

Ticket prices are £3 and £2 at Liverpool; £3, £2.50 and £2 at Birmingham; £3 (advance) and £3.50 (doors) at London Lyceum; £2.75 at Bristol and Cardiff; £3.25 at Newcastle; and £1.50 at Leicester. They are all at the one price of £2.50 at Southampton, Swansea, Glasgow, Sunderland, Leeds and Cromer. And at all other venues, there is just the one price of £3.

Stranglers: themeninblacked

THE STRANGLERS have switched their February 10 concert, the second date in their UK tour, from Exeter University to Plymouth Polytechnic (tickets £3.25 advance, £3.50 doors). This is the result of a security wrangle within Exeter University, where the Students Union normally hire the hall from the college authorities, who themselves employ a security patrol — but on this occasion, the patrol members have refused to work because of The Stranglers' supposed reputation, and the university has withdrawn permission for the SU to use the hall.

The gig has now been cancelled, even though the band's agent has received written confirmation, and The Stranglers — said to be "fed up with this constant harassment" — are considering taking legal action. This is a reversal of an incident three years ago, when the band cancelled a show at Exeter because they heard that students were not making tickets available to the general public, and The Stranglers were taken to court by the university.

Stranglers new album: details, page 30.

THE NEW SINGLE FROM T.V. SMITH'S EXPLORERS

You Choose Between Living and Tomahawk Cruise

CHIS 140

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ARCHIVE FUN

Pic: Richi Howell

Anita Harris and Dion Di Mucci

HI! I'm Dion, that's me on the right with my friend Anita Harris, and I languish sandwiched betwixt Bo Diddley and Dire Straits in the *New Musical Express* picture library this past two decades, when I am approached by certain parties one day last week to do a guest spot on *Archive Fun*, and very glad am I to oblige.

Well, this is on account of an old song of mine own, which describes the racy activities of a former flame by the name of 'Runaround Sue' racing up this publication's singles chart courtesy of RAK recording artists Racey.

It is not the first time this happens to me. In 1961 when I first make comment on the dear lady's philandering disposition, a British gentleman by the name of Doug Sheldon plagiarises me note for falsetto note, and I am hard pressed to better him in the nation's top 20, this in spite of the fact the disc climbs to the top spot back in the world, that is to say my homeland, the US of A. In the event, I finally make it to number 10 here and stay around for a total of seven weeks, while Mr Sheldon peaks at 19 with a mere week of action to his credit.

I am less fortunate with the tune Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman write for me and my group The Belmonts two years earlier, 'A Teenager In Love'. On that occasion two limeys, uh that is to say English gentlemen, interpret the sentiment and better me both. With the benefit of a *New Musical Express* front cover and issue of his single the week before us, Marty Wilde captures the number two spot for a couple of weeks, and establishes himself in the chart for a total of 17. My other challenger Craig Douglas achieves number 13 and also enjoys a good run of 10 weeks. The original has to content itself with two weeks at 28. Minor hits with 'The Wanderer' and 'Lonely Teenager' make up my total impact in this country, though, like I say, I am big in the States.

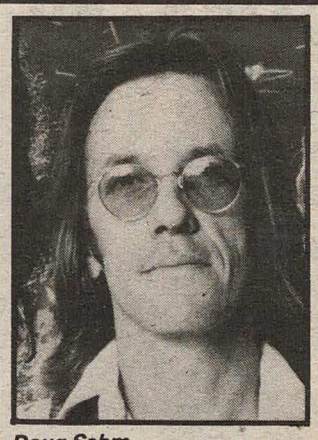
Regarding 'Runaround Sue', in spite of what I protest, that stuff about putting you wise that she goes out with other guys, I am in my day something of a gallant myself, I even remember the expression — libertine. As well as 'Sue', 'Little Diane', 'Ruby Baby', 'Donna The Prima Donna' and 'Sandy', who is Sugar Minott's current girlfriend, all are subjects of stormy, brief and public relationships. I am also a rival in the affections of 'Little Miss Blue', and like I say in 'The Wanderer': *"There's Maureen on my left arm and there's Mary on my right, and Jeanie is the girl, well, that I'll be with tonight. And when she asks which one I love the best, I tear open my shirt and show her Rosie on my chest."*

What else? Oh yes, I have a lucky escape in the great rock'n'roll disaster of 1959. At the time I am engaged with The Belmonts on a package show topped by Buddy Holly and also featuring Big Bopper and Richie Valens. The truth is that, as I was still a member of the group, I simply couldn't afford the price of a charter plane, and I was saving to buy a car. So I went with the boys by road.

HOW TO

When you've never been away. Sir Douglas Sahm is back in town.

By Max Bell



Doug Sahm

"WHATEVER happened to Swingin' London?" asks Doug Sahm with the wide-eyed naivete characteristic of a fellow who hasn't visited our nation's capital this past fifteen years.

An equally apt question might be: 'whatever happened to the Sir Douglas Quintet?' the band Sahm was fronting last time he was here.

Well, Doug's got himself a reformed band, with original members Augie Meyers on that crazy fairground Vox, a pure pop instrument, he's got the Tex-Mex shuffle and punch of drummer Johnny Perez, the new lead guitar of Alvin Crow and the solid rumble of Speedy Sparks on bass. Best of all he has a deal and a record with Chrysalis, that English label that has adopted Texas, Takoma and tequila with such scrupulous decency.

'Border Wave', the new SDQ effort, is the apple of Douglas' eye — that and the rising career of his son Shawn who at fifteen is something of an old timer in his father's eyes. Sahm senior started out on the San Antone circuit a lot younger. When you're eleven years old and making records, rock and roll is

YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS STEP OUT

By Vivien Goldman

THE Young Marble Giants 'Colossal Youth' LP pioneered the way in quiet but not spineless music. They were a trio from Cardiff, brothers Philip and Stuart Moxham, with Philip's live-in love Alison Stretton singing.

It's all a case of were though, because nowadays the Young Marble Giants aren't. Philip and Alison are back in Cardiff contemplating their next move, and Stuart's plunged into the frenetic London life by moving into a squat which he shares with Lora Logic among others. He's recently released a single as The Gist — another sensuous sound filigree spiked with stilletoes of subliminal samba, minus Alison's plaintive singing, and a gift pack also appears on the NME/Rough Trade C81 cassette (see page 18).

Apart from the YMG's appearance among the Best New Groups in the *NME* poll, Alison made number 8 as female singer, right next to Debbie Harry and beating Diana Ross and Sheena Easton. Stuart hadn't seen Alison's listing, and seems bemused.

"But Alison's not a singer! She's someone who sings. Alison sings as if she was at the bus-stop or something. A real singer sings with more control."

Maybe that's what's so good about her, I suggest — it's an undoctored English girl's voice, the kind we don't hear often enough. But right now, the brothers Moxham appear to be having a rest from working with one another, and Alison's haunting vox pop won't be illuminating Stuart's next, as yet inchoate projects.

The reasons are not unusual, except perhaps that personality conflicts are aggravated when it involves brothers and lover. There will be another YMG's 45 though, plus Stuart's various ongoing projects.

The YMG's album is Rough Trade's second biggest seller after the more conventional Stiff Little Fingers, and it's slightly surprising that such a superficially left-field project should have homed in on so many hearts, internationally.

Looking back on the album, Stuart sees it as a naive, badly played — although he still understands that it encapsulates a basic and little-acknowledged (in rock) human mood.

In other words, it's far from being the elitist excursion that Stuart now thinks it is. "But now I want to embrace the herd philosophy, identify with the mainstream," he says buoyantly — embracing those definitions makes me think he'll never make it as Joe Average, but still . . .

Stewart says he's moving totally away from music as ego ego ego, and wants to collaborate more with other painters, writers, musicians. "It's a more philanthropic approach!" So far he's dealing with a Cardiff bassie called Jake Bowie, and other gents named Dave Durnleigh and Lewis Motram. "I'd like to work with more women musicians, but they're hard to find."

The unprecedented success of the Young Marble Giants has made Stuart more self-conscious, a bit twitchy in pubs and clubs.

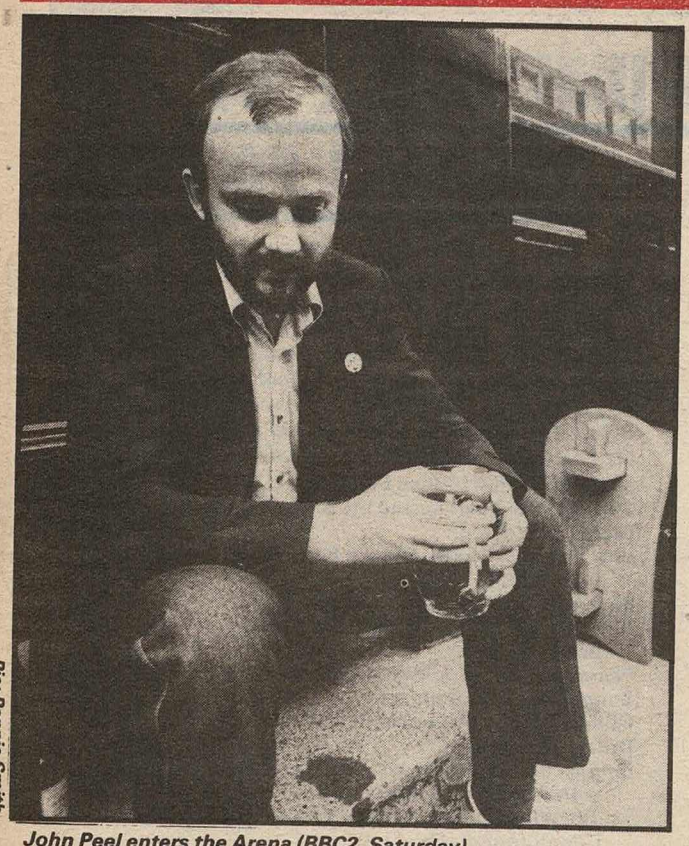
"It's the easiest path to self-awareness," he says, describing how meeting people in different countries who all identified strongly with their album had forced certain re-assessments. Like the night when Stuart, in true showbiz fashion, came home to find a woman he'd never even spoken to waiting for him in bed. "It flashed before me that if I'm a man, I should be really macho, you know, hairy-chested . . . I began to understand what it's like to be a woman, always looked at as a potential sexual mate by men, instead of as a whole human being. It *is* degrading. Now I'm always aware that I'm living in a male dominated culture — I just try to do my bit to tip the balance!"

Incidentally, the woman didn't pull that night.

Pic: David Arnott

Stuart Moxham (left) with Phillip and Alison.

Stuart Moxham gets The Gist



Pic: Pennie Smith

John Peel enters the Arena (BBC2, Saturday)

PEEL TO QUIT?

Well, probably not, but it caught your eye, didn't it?

By Chris Salewicz

IS JOHN PEEL leaving Radio One to become Capital Radio's 'breakfast boy' as rumour has had it ever since *Record Mirror's* story to that effect? The answer, says Peel's longtime producer John Walters, is an absolute NO.

"All that happened," he told *Thrills,* 'Is that *Record Mirror* printed this story they assumed was an obvious enough spoof, that John was leaving and that Capital were paying him this and that, but also that these sums would ensure them rights to his 'distinctive items of clothing' et cetera . . . Anyone who got that far would surely have realised it was a joke."

Maybe so, but the rumours were fanned by the debut of Walters' own show on Saturday afternoon. It's co-produced by Chris Lycett (Peel's engineer/producer from his earliest days) and Walters himself. "Chris is undertaking most of Peel's work now," confirmed Walters. But he added that he is still "looking after various things; the World Service stuff and live bits."

Amidst all this speculation, BBC-2's *Arena* this Saturday is given over to a wry, perceptive profile of Peel as One of the Most Important Men in Rock'n'Roll.

In the course of the fifty-minute slot, Peel declares himself to be uncomfortable about the position of power he is given by his four nights a week Radio One programme.

Arena director Anthony Wall is obviously sensitive to this aspect of a culture hero he privately considers "quite eccentric" — so his subject is tackled with appropriate irony, starting with another spoof . . . the beginning to the documentary in which an overhead shot of the Hollywood Hills transmogrifies into Carshalton, Surrey (home of beat combo Move To India) and continuing with the pathos-laden double act of Peel and producer Walters.

Both glow with the ardent passion of true fans as each describes the epiphany he experienced with the advent of punk. Peel tells how an early '70s Emerson, Lake and Palmer show had brought tears of sadness streaming down his face: "It was obvious it had all gone terribly, terribly wrong." Walters, however, after making the point that there is now more music around than there ever has been, places the supposed uniqueness of punk in a truer historical perspective — comparing it to the mid-'50s skiffle days when anyone could buy a dustbin lid and play it!

This Peel *Arena* continues the series' discreet but usually successful handling of rock and rock-related subject-matter. Nigel Finch's witty, poetic glimpse of the Chelsea Hotel was broadcast earlier in the month, and a study of one Malcolm McLaren is currently being completed for showing in the early Spring.

MAKE A COMEBACK

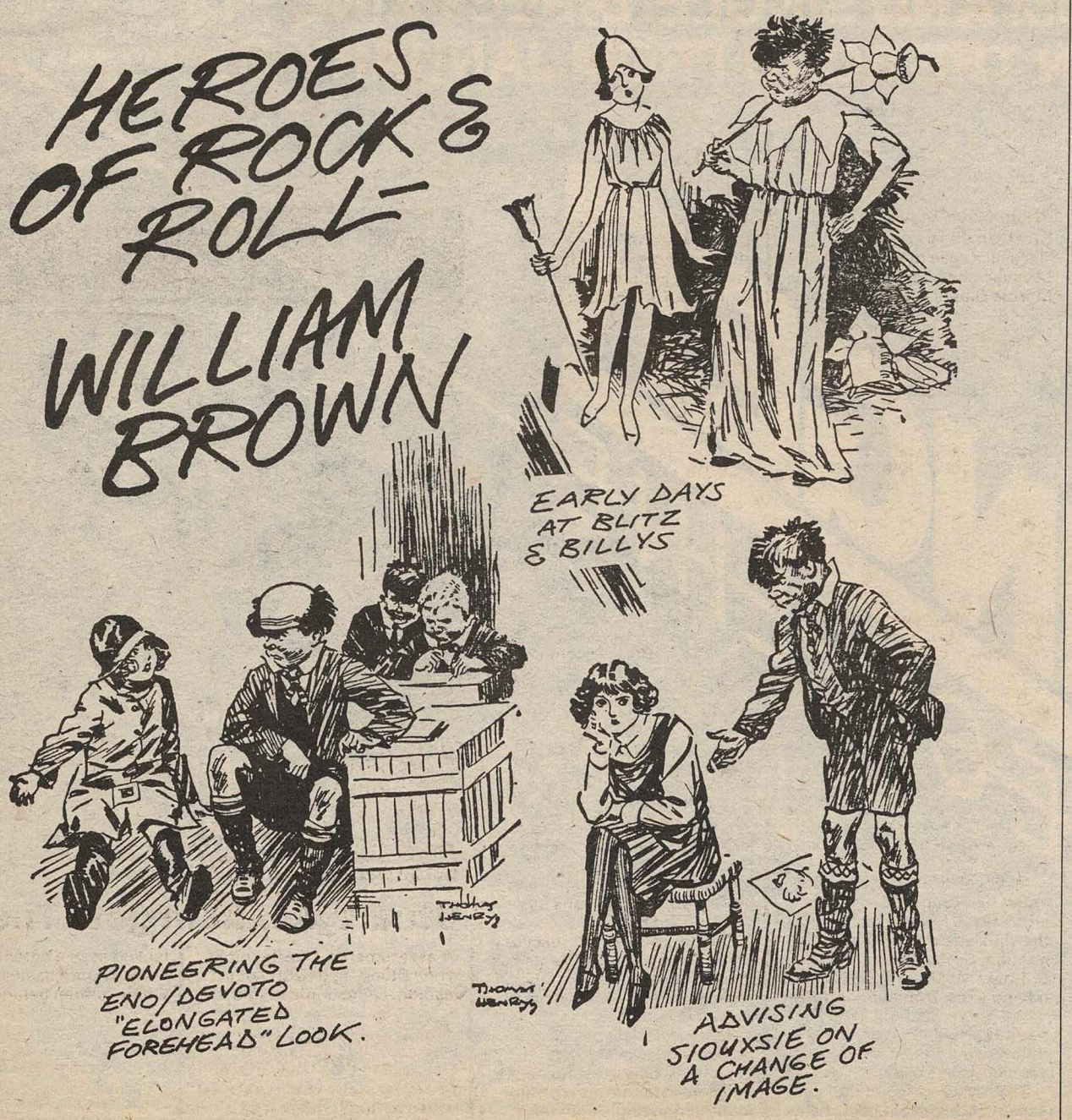
not a vocation; it's a way of life.

What Sahm stands for nowadays is an insistence on the bar-room ethic. His music encourages loose living and innocent romance. Sitting in London's version of the Lone Star Cafe Doug speedtalks his way through a bowl of chilli. "Hmm, not bad but they really got into ripping the idea of Texas off! Boy I can't wait to play here again though. Joe 'King' Carrasco did well here didn't he?"

Not really. Carrasco suffered from being lumped on the Stiff tour; the kind of lunkheads who came for Ten Pole Tudor and his ilk weren't ready for Joking's brand of manic fun. In the right location SDQ ought to succeed in bringing the older brethren out of the closet and, more importantly, learning some sense into the youth.

Now in his forties, the laconic long-haired cowboy draws deep on a draught and then admits, "I don't really like beer all that much." On the other hand the man is living proof that too many bad habits don't necessarily kill you. Sahm's seen a lot of life from the '50s heyday through the '60s hit-and-run hippiedom, delved back into the blues in the '70s and made his finest solo album in the '80s ('Hell Of A Spell'). He's about a mover, he's a survivor. Roky Erikson said you were gonna miss him. But only until March.

LOWRY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NME WINNERS' POLL '80

Those of you with long memories may recall that last week was Poll Week here at NME. And more! — it was NME Poll Winners' Poll Week too, because we also polled our polymorphous Poll Winners on the particular pollens that pulverise THEIR personal and political palates.

But there was one thing missing. We didn't quite pull in ALL the Winners' Poll results, 'cause your Best New Act UB40 didn't get their poll form in the pillar-box in time. Well, it's finally arrived at last — and here it lies, pulsating gently in the morning sun .

Pic: David Corio

Pic: Al Johnson

BEST NEW ACT

UB40

Event Of The Year: Bristol riots
Creep Of The Year: Kevin Rowland
Best Group: Aswad
Best New Act: Unity
Male Singer: Dennis Brown
Female Singer: Nina Simone
Songwriter: Stevie Wonder
Guitarist: Earl 'Chinna' Smith
Bass: Robbie Shakespeare
Keyboards: Ansell Collins
Drums: Sly Dunbar
Other Instrument: Vin Gordon (Trombone)
Single: 'Warrior Charge' (Aswad)
Album: 'Hail H.I.M.' (Burning Spear)
Best Dressed Sleeve: 'I Just Can't Stop It' (The Beat)
Best Dressed Person: Dolly Parton
Haircut: Buster Bloodvessel
Disc Jockey: John Peel
TV Show: Play For Today
Movie: Caligula

— and now . . .

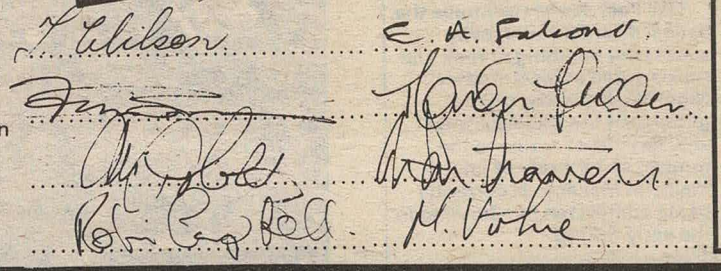
WINNERS' POLL '80

WINNERS' POLL '80

Richard Jobson

Following last week's highly titillating Winners' Poll, from which we gained such rewarding insights into the wit, wisdom and listening habits of our readers' favourites, Thrills' Market Research Bureau this week probes the good tastes of man-about-town Richard Jobson. Jobbo, you may recall, was voted fifth Best Dressed Person in the Readers' Poll, while The Skids topped Paul Weller's list in the Best Group, Songwriter and Guitarist categories.

Most Wonderful Human Being: Steve Severin
Event Of The Year: Losing my teenage years
Creep: Ian Penman
Best Group: Siouxsie and the Banshees, Echo and the Bunnymen, Chic, Jam
Best New Act: the new Adam And The Ants
Male Singer: Ian McCulloch, Billy Mackenzie (The Associates)
Female Singer: Siouxsie Sioux
Songwriter: Nile Rodgers
Guitarist: John McGeoch, Paul Weller
Drums: Rusty Egan
Single: 'Christine' (Siouxsie and the Banshees), 'Song From Under The Floorboards' (Magazine), 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' (Adam and the Ants), 'Going Underground' (The Jam)
Album: '17 Seconds' (The Cure), 'Tom Verlaine', 'Crocodiles' (Echo and the Bunnymen)
Sleeve: 'Beyond Good And Evil' 12" (The Pop Group)
Best Dressed Person: Dirk Bogarde, Kenny McDonald, John Lydon.
Haircut: Ian McCulloch
Disc Jockey: Joan Bakewell
TV Show: The Troubles
Movie: The Night Porter, Death In Venice, Lawrence Of Arabia and The Stunt Man



There's certainly no mumbling on this clean, direct and handsomely produced LP. A month into 1981 and it's definitely going to be among my top albums of the year.

Don't be afraid of getting close to the heart of Sheena Easton and what she represents. For those of us who love pop music, she could be the last bus home. — **RAY COLEMAN.**

POLL LATEST!

Landslide victories for Scottish artists: As long ago as 1952 Snoopy sensed Orange Juice happening across the border while only last week *Melody Maker's* Ray Coleman had no hesitation in endorsing Sheena Easton's new product. Snoopy sent in by Simon Hamlyn of Churton, Cheshire.

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DIRECT LINE

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30, LIVERPOOL, EDGEHILL COLLEGE
31, WALSALL, TOWN HALL

FEBRUARY
5, CORNFORTH, UNITED CLUB
6, BRADFORD, PRINCEVILLE
7, DONCASTER, BIRCOTTS CENTRE
8, HULL, HUMBERSIDE THEATRE
9, SHILDON, CO. DURHAM, SHILDON CLUB
13, SUNDERLAND, MAYFAIR
14, PAISLEY, BUNGALOW BAR
15, LEEDS, FFORDE GREEN
16, KENT, UNIVERSITY
18, LONDON, MARQUEE
19, COLWYN BAY, PIER PAVILION
21, TONY PANDY, GLAM., R.N.CLUB
23, HULL, TIFFANYS

Food for thought

By AL O'CARTE

HAVING TROUBLE with your cassoulet Toulousain these days? Or is it merely that your oefs sur le plat aren't up to much?

No matter, now all your culinary problems can be set right by just one reading of *The Artists' Art Of Cooking*, an astonishing lavishly illustrated cookbook which Phonogram-Holland have put out as a promo job — sadly, unavailable to the public.

The idea is that various artists on the Phonogram roster contribute a favourite recipe to the tome, Status Quo offer the formula for moussaka — "Take four aubergines, one large onion, some tomato puree etc." — while Demis Roussos explains how he put on the poundage with his recipe for mousee au chocolat, Thin Lizzy get their teeth into beef Stroganoff, and David Essex, ever East End, provides the list of ingredients required for steak and kidney pie with flaky pastry.

Elton, of course, emerges as suave as usual with his starter for four — smoked salmon pate — though the whole tone of the proceedings is lowered by Geldorf and his fellow rodents who settle for Irish stew! Bananas in rum, anyone?

NME FACT!

7,000 *NME* Readers eat tinned fish more than four times a week.

Falling in love all over again with the exotic figures of '20 Germany, arty British bands are picking up on their names if not their ideas. Thrills fills you in on the background.

THE MARK OF WEIMAR

By BIBA KOPF

HERE WE GO again. In the wake of the punk swastika - as - cheap - shock controversy comes a new, mostly better informed English wave of German nostalgia. With the odd noticeable exception, the latest trends have swung away from the Nazis to pillage instead the artists and movements of the short-lived Weimar Republik 1918-33 for names and ideas.

The sudden taste for cabaret means Brecht and Weill cop more credits these days in pop than theatre. Fine, if people bother to investigate further than Bowie's version of 'The Alabama Song' (from *Rise And Fall Of The City Of Mahagonny).*

Both Siouxsie and the Banshees ('Metal Postcard') and Gang Of Four ('Guns Before Butter') have drawn from and paid tribute to anti-Nazi montage artist John Heartfield.

And now heavy metal band AllZ have adapted the logo from the illustrated workers paper *AIZ* which Heartfield contributed to. One suspects the (not so) gothic type face appealed to them more than the paper's leftist politics.

Alternative chart-toppers Bauchaus take their name directly from the highly influential Weimar/Dessau movement Bauhaus, which broke down the distinctions between fine and applied arts and encouraged artists to work with architects and designers to create aesthetically pleasing but functional work and home environments. Our Bauhaus, however, come from Northampton; their stage show owes more to German expressionist cinema than Walter Gropius. The band's virtues aside, their harsh music barely conforms to the original Bauhaus ethic.

The older Nik Turner's Inner City Unit lifted the picture of an agit prop theatre troupe for their album sleeve from the cover of *The New Sobriety* — a book about the art and politics of the Weimar Republik.

Still at least the above mentioned look to worthwhile sources. Pity that there are those who still insist on reviving that hoary old Death's head of Nazism.

Like SS Records whose bands include Theatre of Hate. The label has claimed elsewhere that it doesn't stand for the obvious — a point cleared up by their logo design. But why give people the opportunity of getting the wrong impression in the first place?

But worst offenders of the moment are New Order, the band that rose out of Joy Division after Ian Curtis death. The name Joy Division is taken from the women's quarters of a concentration camp. As Charlie Murray pointed out last week, there's a big difference between identifying with the victims and the oppressors.

A stupid choice of name for a group previously steeped in gloomy, magnificent gothic romanticism, the term New Order is irrevocably associated with Hitler's vision of a racially pure Europe. Joy Division's influential position makes their choice all the more disturbing.

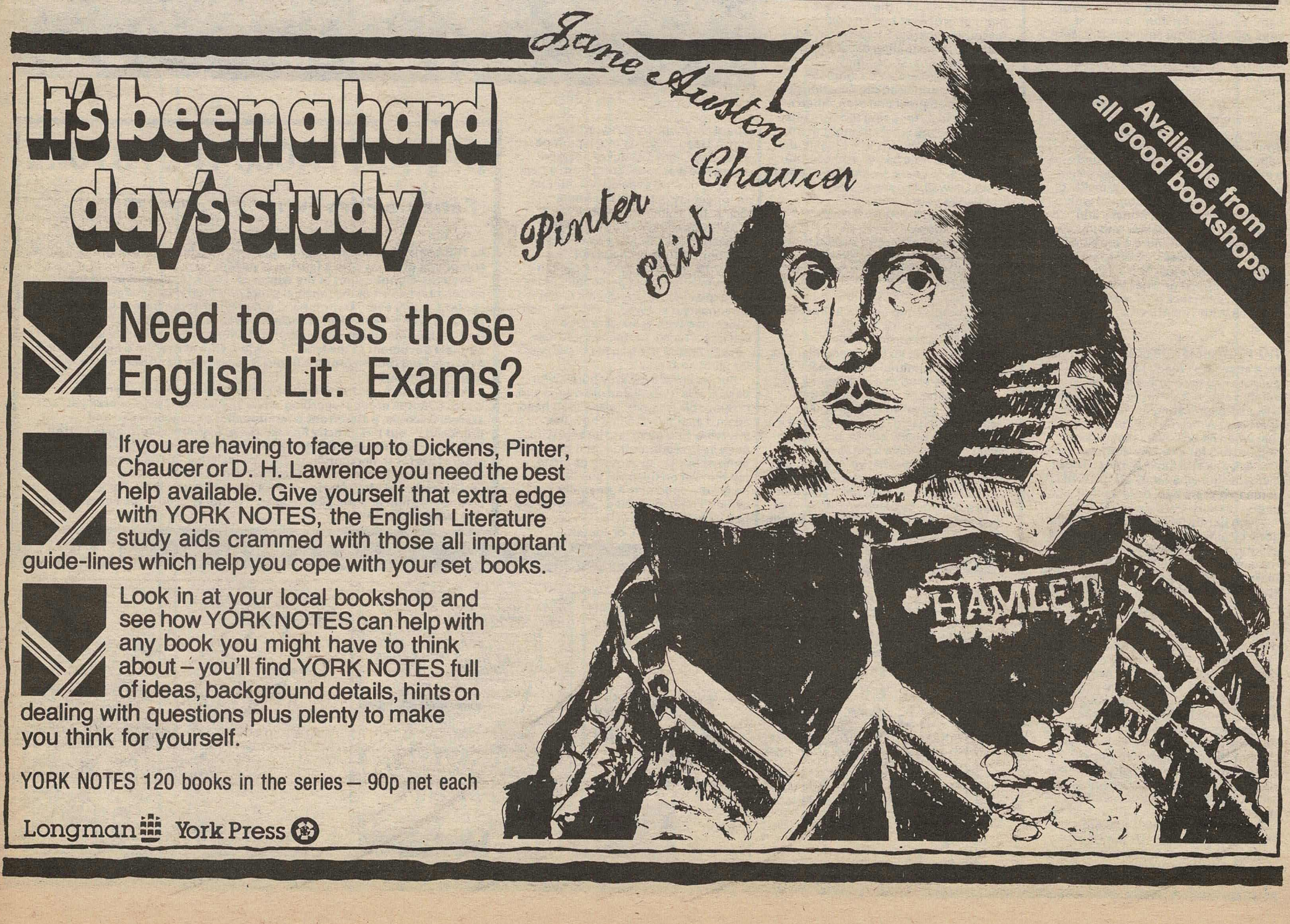
Nazi symbolism has been associated with pop and youth rebellion ever since Hells Angels and bikers began sporting swastikas and iron crosses. Heavy metal's black leather fetishism, love of Germanic lettering and power for power's sake (check Blue Oyster Cult and Kiss) helped perpetuate it. Punk's early shock tactics made a point, which was later spoilt through repetition. Check Killing Joke's bassist Youth Martin's early obsession with swastikas — even if it was only to reinforce his resemblence to Sid Vicious.

But at last there are signs that Germany is going out of fashion. New strains of bands are currently labelling themselves Futurists (presumably after the Italian art movement — maybe Spandau Ballet are the bridge between the two), while the 'New Romantics' continually talk about fiddling while Rome burns.

Odds on toga parties as this summer's big thing anybody?

Heavy Metal and heavy politics. AllZ logo (top left — ha ha) and the one they "borrowed" from German workers' paper AIZ (top right). A typical design (above) — which undoubtedly inspired a Northampton group to name themselves thus.

The SS label design (left) isn't offensive — unlike the more pernicious Kiss logo (below).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WHAT'S ON, TV?

Well, after THE ADVERTS there's some five part thing called THE EXPLORERS starring TV Smith.

Okay, let's give it a try . . . whatever did happen to Gaye anyway?

By GAVIN MARTIN

NOTHING HAS been heard from TV Smith since he disbanded The Adverts at the end of 1979. But now he has re-emerged with his new band The Explorers and a single called 'Tomahawk Cruise' which is receiving widespread airplay.

At the Fulham Greyhound excitement is running high among the band, representatives from Chiswick and EMI Records. Explorers manager Michael Dempsey pops his beaming face around the side of our little barside clique and asks: "Are my boys good then?". For the moment I play diplomat and decide to keep my opinions to myself.

To tell the truth I've never liked any of TV Smith's bands. The Adverts' grey brand of English minimalism should have run its course with 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes' but they continued, fuelled by Smith's ranting visions and pontificating vagueness.

The Explorers serve up more of the same, only it's clothed in a predictable facade of modernity — coming over like an emegency search party (Explorers, natch). TV, like a London taxi driver, is your courier into the chaos. Songs like 'The Last Great Explorer', 'See Europe' and 'Tomahawk Cruise' are nice pieces of namby napalm for atomic-hearted sops who loved the sound of *Breaking Glass*. In fact, it's only because of Chiswick's Roger Armstrong, a long time friend and admirer of Tim 'TV' Smith, that the single got released at all.

The Smith demeanour remains the same — a sort of cross between Dr Who and Avenger Patrick MacNee with his brolly-cum-baton in hand and a plethora of junk about his person — a plastic hand chained to the inside of his jacket and lapels festooned with slogans demanding alertness and vigilance. His frantic hops and jigs during the faster numbers are some of the funniest dances I've ever seen — like a man who's just had a fridge full of lager dropped on one foot and the entire unsold stock of "Crossing The Red Sea With The Adverts" on the other.

THE PERFORMANCE over, it was time for a chat. I was ready for an overbearing berk with a hugely inflated ego, but TV turns out to be a shy, self-deprecating and agreeable character. Which doesn't *just* mean that when he discovers that I was responsible for a review that labelled The Adverts apathetic, inebriated and disrespectful when they played Belfast some two years ago, he is neither angry nor hurt.

"I can hardly believe that a year has gone by since The Adverts broke up. It seems like a couple of months to me. I remember at the end of 1979 reckoning I'd have a single out at the start of 1980 and exactly a year later it happens."

Smith spent the intervening period writing songs and working on some of them with a fitting nearly-man type bedfellow, ex-Doctors of Madness frontman Kid Strange. Meanwhile The Explorers were started in fits and spurts with the line-up changing several times during the past year.

"The group was formed through a network of friends, it was a long and slow process. I was determined not to go through auditions of fifty or more people and then pick out one of them. I think that's a formula way and it makes me puke.

Featuring the music and words of TV Smith, The Explorers are Dave Sinclair (drums) formerly of London Zoo, Mel Weston (keyboards), Eric Russell (guitar) and Colin Stoner (bass) — another ex-Doctor of Madness.

"My aim with this band isn't to prove that you don't have to have a great musical talent to be good. With The Adverts I wanted to write the songs and prove that there isn't a formula way of putting them across. With The Adverts it was the time — everything was dull, stagnant and boring. Times have changed, so the approach has to change as well. I don't mind recruiting good players into the band or developing the songs."

The Adverts split up in a cloud of depression and negativity and although Smith doesn't regret anything they did, he was left with a £40 per week mortgage to pay and his income now comes from building site work. So what lessons did that group teach him?

"Aah, that's a difficult one to answer. Follow your instinct, I think. I won't let anyone stop me from going ahead whatever the critical disapproval is. When something is working and it feels right, carry on, don't be wavered in your path. Y'see at the moment the audience comes to an hour of new material — it's a helluva lot to take in at one time. But I won't have it any other way. I'd hate to bring it in with a few Adverts faves scattered around the set."

This may look like a reasonable conversation in print, but what you're reading is actually the recorded highlights of over half an hour's discourse wherein Smith hummed and ha'd, punctuating his answers with long sighs, sometimes substituting them with complete silence. He criticised my questions for being too abstract and then, when I changed tack, for being too concrete.

He asked me what I thought of the performance. When I told him I found it an unpalatable bag of cliches from the past two years, he giggled: "Good God! Oh well, I suppose you're entitled to your opinion."

I wondered how he wrote such (terrible) songs.

"I take a lot of snapshots and then I try to put the picture together. Oh what a pretentious load of old bullshit this interview is."

I WAS prepared to go, but as I packed the cassette into my bag Tim, surprised, apologised for the interview being so bitchy and blank in places and admitted that he really wasn't very fond of doing them.

"I wish I had a crib sheet for the answers," he joked. "What you're really asking is do I pretend to have a perspective on my songs, but you can't possibly have a perspective because you are what you do."

A discussion on Samuel Beckett ensued and I convinced him that there *was* a difference between doing what you are and being what you do. Smith extended an invitation to his home where I met one time Advert bass player Gaye. Looking much plumper these days, and just out of hospital where she was recovering from a bout of hepatitis she revealed her interest no longer lay in music but horse racing and animal liberation.

As the evening came to a close I realised that TV Smith was taking on new dimensions perhaps not as a performer but certainly as a person. And while his actual personality does not explain or rationalise his projected personality it showed itself to be more concerned with self awareness than self importance. Certainly there was no way I could mistake his friendliness for blind ambition.

But, as I made my way home with bassist Eric Russell, the old myths and fashionable imagery raised their head again. I explained to Eric how the interview had gone and he said with deep seated admiration "but that's the thing about TV, he's never afraid to put himself on the front line." I half heartedly nodded in agreement but I couldn't help muttering "whatever the hell that means."

Under my breath, of course.

Pics: David Corio

DETROIT FACES THE FUTURE

Fanzine Film Fun

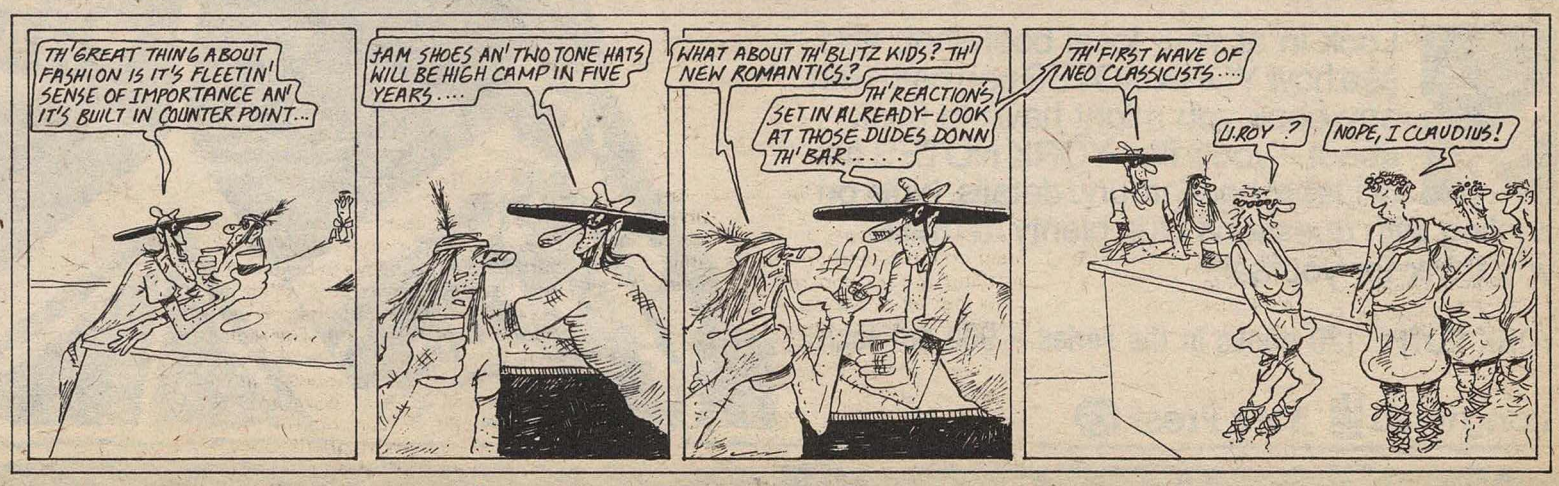
By Walter Wasacz

AFTER somewhat patchy beginnings, Detroit's fanzine culture has scored something of a first with a fanzine-style film.

***Face the Eighties,* shot in the winter of '78-79, justly embodied the rudimentary spirit of the fanzine, supplying interviews and performance shots of nearly every Detroit band out playing at the time. It was done by Mark Norton, presently an associate editor at *Creem* (located north of Detroit in Birmingham, Michigan), and now stands as the city's most tangible document of the late '70s period. One of the film's highlights is a dynamic Fred (Sonic) Smith's Sonic Rendezvous Band performance, filmed in Ann Arbor.**

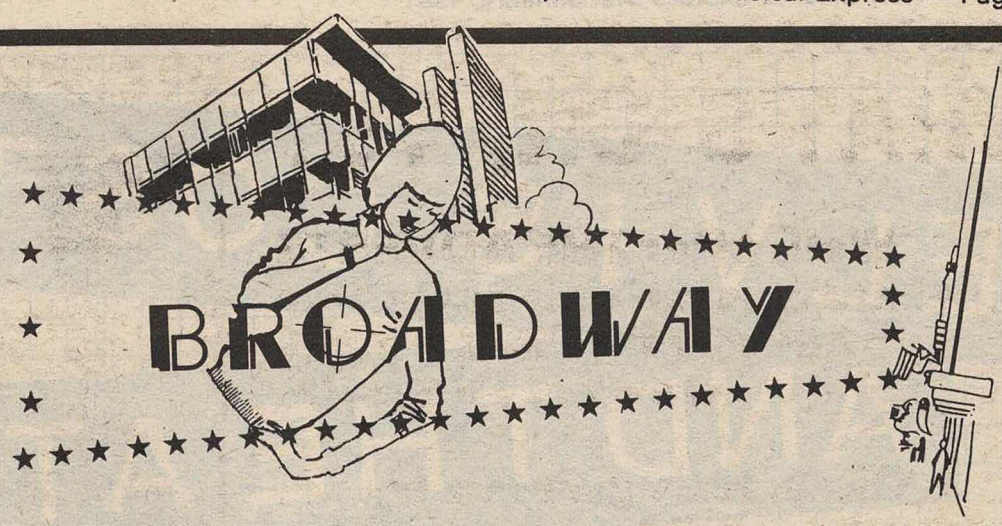
Following this up comes Deface The Eighties, a compilation album which features groups recording under the co-operative umbrella of Tremor Records, a storefront operation that has encouraged and produced — but not directly financed — grassroots recording in Detroit. Tremor has sponsored several benefit gigs whose earnings all go to studio fees for their recordings. Groups included on their compilation LP include Cinecyde, the Ivories, Rushlow-King Combo and the aforementioned Mark Norton (hence the joke in the title). For information on both the film and the album write: Tremor Records, 403 Forest, Royal Oak, MI 48067 USA.

THE LONE GROOVER — BENYON


TH' GREAT THING ABOUT FASHION IS IT'S FLEETIN' SENSE OF IMPORTANCE AN' IT'S BUILT IN COUNTER POINT...
JAM SHOES AN' TWO TONE HATS WILL BE HIGH CAMP IN FIVE YEARS....
WHAT ABOUT TH' BLITZ KIDS? TH' NEW ROMANTICS?
TH' REACTION'S SET IN ALREADY- LOOK AT THOSE DUDES DONN TH' BAR.....
TH' FIRST WAVE OF NEO CLASSICISTS....
U.ROY ?
NOPE, I CLAUDIUS!

VIVIEN GOLDMAN PRESENTS

Punks on BROADWAY



STARRING CP LEE
A BLOKE CALLED ALBERT
THREE PARANOIDS
AND A CAST OF 1,000s.

Smash hit extravaganza or million dollar flop? Will Norman Sleak succeed in his bid to conquer the New World with old jokes? Will anyone even notice?

"I'M NOT saying it's small, but the cockroaches have hunchbacks," says CP brightly.

We're sitting in a New York delicatessen, a wondrous invention that really ought to be exported. CP Lee, of Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias fame, is lunging for his bite of the Big Apple and a plate of bagels and lox at the same time. Dallying with his typically excessive NY-style sandwich, CP pronounces: "I'm not saying it's dirty but the mice wear overalls."

He's referring to the bijou hotel currently being inhabited by some of Great Britain's looniest emissaries — Jimmy Hibbert, Simon, Bruce King and all the other diehard Albertinos, plus a couple more nutters like Peter Hugo Daley added on for good measure.

The occasion is the summation of many years' work by Lee and Blackhill's super-suave Andrew King — the effort to haul the twelve-odd souls needed to present *Sleak* in the manner to which it would like to be accustomed to America. The grand days when *Sleak* broke all box-office records ("They were Gene Pitney and Elvis Presley," CP explains, helpful as ever) at London's Royal Court and went on to bludgeon the Roundhouse are only a few years gone, but I'd half-expected that the raddled old corpse of Snuff Rock's phosphorescent glow would be dimmed, now that its context of punk trash-slash has had its lights doused for good and all.

In case you've forgotten, or never knew, *Sleak* is the sorry but very funny tale of Norman Sleak, an archetypal denimed, ringletted heavy metal mutha, a social security 'scrounger', general unemployed (unemployable?) layabout and drugs afficionado who's being used as a drug abuse guinea-pig by his dearest friends:

Disregarding for a moment the sub-plot of Sandra, a very wonderful woman plumber who for some unknown reason is devoted to Norman's baby face, and spends most of the play attempting to announce her pregnancy over the noise of the chorus of roadies setting up for a 'Berts gig, *Sleak* mainly focusses on Stardom.

In case you hadn't guessed, 'Snuff Rock' is the ultimate gimmick to ensure record sales in a flagging economy. Heaven only knows what New York made of *Sleak* when Lennon was killed: I wasn't around to observe, but it must have added an unhallowed extra lustre to a tale which already seems more serious and more mythic than it did at the time of its first presentation.

ORIGINALLY, the show seemed a perfect product and reflection of its moment, littered with references to celebrated punk rockers, posters in the Jamie Reid kidnap-cut-out lettering — even the blood-spattered promo t-shirt was designed to be worn inside out.

The project was originally conceived of as an album — CP at the time was looking at Alice Cooper's ritual suicide and rumours of Yank snuff movies and extending them to their logical conclusion. Punk just happened to pogo along at the same time. Peeps Ceep: "I realised that someone was bound to do it on stage, and I'd better be there first."

It seemed as if, just as certain wines don't travel, *Sleak* couldn't be as pungent post-punk. But now the show seems both prophetic (cf Sid and Nance at the Chelsea Hotel) and eternal. It now becomes clear that when CP wrote *Sleak* he was dealing with the widely-held, almost sacred belief that being a rock and roll star is the Everest of human experience. *Sleak's* epic theme tune 'Gobbing On Life' indicates that life itself is but a reasonable price to pay for stardom, even if it only lasts an eyewink.

Norman the unemployable geek is all the more poignant when he scores his instant in the spotlight, because he's actually good at being a rock singer. He's oblivious to the fiendish manipulations of his managers and the roadies' efforts to bump him off in full song, and actually gets it together for the first time in his life by beating them to it in an orgasmic moment of hara-kiri right out of 'Ai No Corrida'.

Ironically, the real-life (hoho) lesson to be learnt from *Sleak* is how it's possible to stay alive in moderately sound health and funds while working in rock and roll. The *Sleak* crew are all survivors — goodness knows, the Berts knockabout anarchic shambles popularity graph has as many downs as ups, but they're all still doing it.

Jimmy Hibbert's released a solo album on Logo called 'Heavy Duty', Bruce the drummer manages and promotes gigs, and so on. To survive in this time it's necessary to know how to exploit yourself, since there isn't anyone else around to exploit you, even if you wanted it. Here's a prime example of quick thinking for the recession age: one day, the Berts were sitting around dolefully (no joke intended that time) when the phone rang and it was a club that had suddenly discovered mod, and wanted to trade a date with The Out for something a little more — well — *Mod*. Eyes met in the dingy Mancunian room (excuse the poetic licence) and instantly the Charlie Parkas were born, a rollicking outfit playing all the songs the (comparative) oldsters were weaned on "15 years ago when we were all bepimpled lads starting out," as CP himself termed it. The Parks have played residencies in Manchester, and plan to continue their impromptu tradition in NY.

Other than that instance of initiative, it's worth mentioning that Hibbert has Radio 4 plays to his credit as well as his 'Heavy Duty' offspring; sax/kybrds/gtr person John Scott is also 50% of Gerry and The Holograms, and one leg of The 48 Chairs; bassie Mog (who CP hopes to film in NY starring as King Mog atop the Empire State Building in 'Mogrophenia' and 'Immoguelle Goes To Chorlton Cum Heston') is also a Smirk; the funny toothless Bert that you may remember called Les has tragically died of leukaemia, his absence is still felt; and CP has spent his time doing all kinds of things including rock journalism, production work with John Dowie and work on Absurd Records, plus ambitious and as yet unfulfilled plans of making an Albertos Monthly semi-disposable vinyl magazine.

Now seems as good a time as any to acknowledge how the Berts, despite (or because of) their lurching amateurism, were one of the only entertaining, lively musical happenstances in the turgid years of '75-'77 in this country. It thus seems apt that these precursors of punk should benefit from the 'alternative' systems set up by punk's DIY boom.

BUT WHAT of CP himself? Always out there gibbering at the front, this extremely intelligent, witty paranoid was (in his own words) "born of crumbled oranges in a state of total disturbance, the son and brother of policemen. I attended Cheetham High School, the alma mater of Albert Finney and John Mayall. It was there that I started my lifelong affair with narcotics when I discovered that the bunsen burners in the Chemistry Department could bubble gas through your bottle of school milk so that you could get off when you drank it.

"I became deeply involved in music when I realised that Doreen in the 6th form who had long blond hair and black stockings was into folk music and it was my only chance to get hold of her. So I valiantly struggled into a duffel coat and bought a CND badge which cost half my spends and went on marches with a finger stuck in one ear. My mother bought me a guitar off the ice cream man, but it melted.

"When I was 16 I joined a folk group called The Shufflers. By this time, Doreen had left school, but I was bitten by the bug and was seeing a doctor about it.

"It was very hard to look hip with curly hair in the early '60s. I used to go to bed with my head swathed in sellotape to straighten it so I could look like Stevie Marriott. When I took it off, half my hair would come off with it. Imagine my relief at seeing Bob Dylan.

"I was a Mod for two weeks. I had a parka, but no scooter; I used to pretend I'd left it around the corner.

"Then I was in a band called Jacko Og and The Head People. We had the first light show in Manchester — a slide of the Blackpool Illuminations with a guy wiggling his hand up and down in front of the lens to make it look groovy.

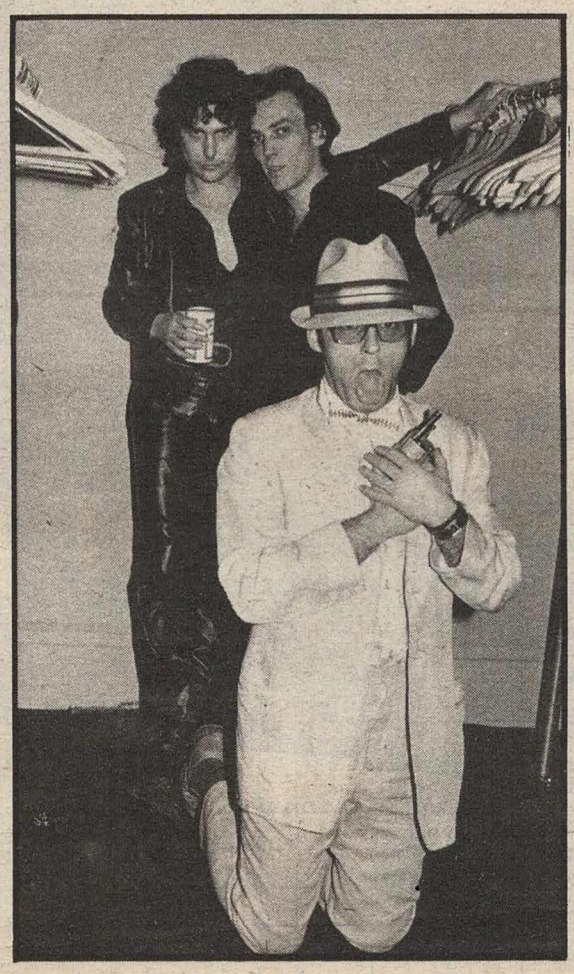
"Later, I met Jimmy Hibbert when we were both working in a head shop selling heads . . ."

And thus, eventually was born the combo that one NY club (the Mudd, in fact,) advertised on the phone as 'Albert and the Three Paranoids' — presumably worried that the Mudd would be flooded with Puerto Rican salsaniks.

At the Berts show I saw at the Mudd, the audience were baffled by their easy switch from satirising punk to satirising c'n'w to satirising heavy metal to satirising christian revival music and so on. Fans of each genre would be jumping in their various corners, and come to an abrupt stop as the Berts would ravage yet another style.

Still, CP remains optimistic about their plans to turn the gracious Lexington Arts Centre into the sleazoid Bondage A Go Go Club, Manchester, for *Sleak* under the direction of 'whizzkid' Des McAnuff.

"We work on the basic premise that it'll take a week or two to become a household name in America. That name will be Vim."



PIX KATE SIMON

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A POX ON SOCIOLOGISTS

Above: the Sociological Girl

DANGEROUS

Below: the History Man.

Based on a Chinese legend, 'Monkey' tells the story of a young priest and three spirits: Monkey, who represents creative genius and mischief, Pigsy, lust and greed, and Sandy, who represents pride and superiority (it says here).

A treatise on televisual communication within the specific context of bourgeois liberalism: by amateur sociologist JULIE BURCHILL

WHAT'S new? How is TV placating you?

The BBC continues to argue an unimpeachable case for complete nationalisation as compared to the crud-ridden capitalism of Infantile Trash Vendors. Truly — apart from **Coronation Street** (ITV, Monday and Wednesday) — all ITV has to offer is sport, belly laughs, ritualised celebrations of 'personalities' (a sub-race, semi-famous for being mediocre, loudly and often) and — occasionally, offensively — a cheap holiday in other people's misery. *Pace* **Playing For Time.**

I don't want to dispute that the fiction was "beautifully acted" or some such crap — the reaction of any righteous person to this kind of voyeuristic sex-faction is "How dare you!" Wait for the concentration camp footage from *A World At War* to be shown again if you want to KNOW — or is that too real and not artistic enough for you?

(Aesthetically, actually, the film was terribly petty and warped; right up to the point of having the Good Guy Americans liberate Auschwitz — it was the RUSSIANS. Now, what was the prissy little point in changing that?)

What I want to question is the blanket drooling over Vanessa Redgrave as some kind of cross between Jeanne Eagels and Jeanne D'Arc.

I do not think that Redgrave is a thinker, or even a serious person. I think she is a very professional actress who has got 'sincerity' down pat and hoodwinked a lot of people. All you frenzied fans; have you never seen the famous picture of Redgrave in the desert with a couple of Arab chums — pointing a machine gun at the camera and *laughing?* Does a committed, compassionate person do things like that? And how many Jews has that gun killed since then? Playing for time, posing for kicks. Sick.

Putting fascist filth aside, ITV can unintentionally donate moments of pure hilarity to the hipster household; the current season of **Sunday Night Thrillers** were advertised as "Hitchcock-like thrillers". Hitchcock-like thrillers! Can you beat that for illiterate glibness! Next week, ITV, how about a bit of culture with a "Shakespeare-like play"?

Of course, BBC can be crass too — cringe five times a week at **Nationtrite,** equal parts mass murder and things like Does Your Pet Resemble A Famous Dead Composer? ("So tell me, Mrs Drudge, why does your terrapin look so much like Schumann?". It flaunts **Triangle** (BBC1, Monday and Wednesday), which is just *Buccaneer* At Sea; Man must have his Mate — and his Skipper, and his Chief Purser etcetera! Drowning in this sea of muck, even the beauty of Kate O'Mara (an Esher Loren) looks boring.

The born-thirty inviolate vinyl looks of Felicity Kendal (for whom Carla Lane's **Solo, BBC 1** is an M.O.T.-failing vehicle) could never be otherwise. She imitates (convincingly), in this ostensibly feminist study, a cardboard *Cosmo* cretinette with the shiny hair, the cosy crumby apartment, the unbelievably ugly manfriend who's meant to be a real catch, the sensible mother who one is supposed to scoff at as the archetype Ark-squatter — pretty much your standard paunch trash.

It occasionally verges on the disgusting, though. In Episode One, 'spirited' Felicity-Gemma throws in her job and proceeds to waltz in and out of five or so further professions in approximately two minutes. As though there weren't three million-plus types on the sponge! OK, I know it's a comedy . . . *meant* to be a comedy. Kendal herself promised that *Solo* would contain "lots of dry humour". *Very* dry — on the showing so far it would be easier to get water out of a mirage than a smirk out of *Solo.*

Solo got a week's head start on **Agony (ITV),** but it needn't have bothered. One's blonde and glib, the other's brunette and grating, but they serve exactly the same function — making emancipation seem like one boring great chore instead of the instinct it is.

But, boy, does the BBC know *film.* A Bogart season here, a Bette season there, latest and best a John Garfield double bill. John Garfield, for your information, was a '30s kinky, Commie beauty; as such his career and now his memory is sore with neglect.

The BBC is like a rich, non-bore video buff, it shows its films with such pride. Now you must see *this* one! Recently you could have thrilled to Paulette Goddard, *The Misfits,* Sophia Loren, *Midnight Cowboy* (I cried for days), a string of great posey French flicks. You can't read the sub-titles through your dark glasses? Salope!

(Where the BBC has pride, ITV advertises all forthcoming repulsers with a kind of brazen shame — you never get a film out of them, either, bar the occasional *Carry On James Bond* on Bank Holidays.)

In the same spirit the BBC sought out and brought home the luscious **Monkey (BBC2)** — each episode featuring a stern and sarky Japanese proverb and the breathtakingly delicate Japanese beauty Masako Natsume. She has a shaven head and plays a priest — David Bowie would love her, if he could.

From *Monkey* to money; ITV cares only for money, but in some pleb, self-loathing way feels it ungallant to mention moolah in mixed (rich and poor) company. You should see **The Money Programme (BBC1)** — it fills you in on the fiscal skeletons that squat in Ronald Reagan's closet, the music business's lacklustre feel for lucre, why Conservative businessmen loathe the present Conservative government, why printing pure trash will not redeem the publishing game.

The BBC's clear-eyed view of money is somewhat marred by its erring on the side of sloppy liberalism when it comes to the morals clause; the pathetic *Strangeways* (if you can't do time, don't do crime), which at least proved that, far from being *really* tough, criminals (at least, those who carp constantly about their self-inflicted condition) are the weakest, most inveterate whiners on earth. Another sucker is **When The Bough Breaks (BBC1)** whose intentions are good but whose attitude veers too much towards the "Pity The Poor Child Batterer" obtuse angle. It subscribes very much to the modern credo of Forgive and Forget — Forgive the criminal, Forget the crime and the victim.

Prisoners, criminals and the like get a disproportionate look-in where the media is concerned; this is because the media is awash with men who came out of the red-brick universities and polys in the late '60s and early '70s, not having been clever enough for one of the old halls of learning which always creamed off the excellent end of working-class youth. The red bricks simply allowed inferior working-class upstarts to get above themselves. In an effort not to be thought square/pleb, these students threw off their parents' caveman (ie superior) standards and morals and began to believe that creative/intellectual equals liberal/libertarian.

In the '60s the red-brick libertarian tried to take the black man's cause under his wing — but blacks proved too suspicious and not grateful enough (good for them; only ugly, scared, upper-class crypto fascists — hi, Auberon Waugh — would have preferred the social order to remain pre-War. Most of what women wanted, and most of what blacks wanted was simply fair play. It's fair to say, though, that what white middle-class men think of as 'progression' invariably makes life a little lousier for the rest of us.)

So the buck of liberal media mascot was passed to the dog-end of the white working-class — the criminal, not as stylish but twice as starstruck, always willing to act up for the TV camera. Although liberals, media or otherwise, show a great deal of concern for aggressors, you will find few of them making a noise about the *victims* of crime. To be a liberal/tarian you have to CLOSE YOUR EYES a lot, you have to imagine that every crime is victimless crime, and that society is the only criminal. (Maybe liberals have no time for victims because they see them as being in cahoots with the police, the people who have to pick up the pieces.) They're spouting excuses for the speck of scum that killed John Lennon right now. They're more than a little sick.

Oh, unfair, you're being *emotive!* Well, excuse me for getting emotional about life and death — an aberration of mine. And anyway the alternative is to be a ZOMBIE, which, post-Manson, is nothing more than hippie on ice.

I'll give ya'll a foolproof way to spot and nail a liberal zombie — it'll say VALUE JUDGEMENT a lot. Because it has practically no original brain power it will employ jargonese as a cover up. (The American people, all but the very poor, long ago abandoned Anglais for jargonese.) Any instinct or emotion or truth zombies call a value judgement. They say 'community' when they mean people. They talk about 'growth' — and they mean knowledge, *not* a tumour.

Spiritual daddy of all the zombies may well be Howard

■ *Continues over*

ON THE BOX

Your week on telly by MONTY SMITH (far left)

Thursday January 29
In **Writers And Places (BBC 2),** John Fowles investigates 'The Enigma Of Stonehenge'; like, wow, John, know what I mean? A bit of thought's probably gone into it, though, which is more than can be said for **ITV's** prime-time pap: **Charlie's Angels, The Jim Davidson Show** and a double dose of Joanna Lumley doing silly things in sillier costumes in **Sapphire And Steel** and **The New (sic) Avengers.** Best bet: **Bugs Bunny And Friends (ITV),** teatime.

Friday January 30
An unbelieveably feeble line-up: the grossly sentimental **Starsky And Hutch (BBC 1),** the creepy-crawly **Royal Heritage (BBC 1),** lots of plain dire, dull stuff like **Vegas** and **Second Chance (both ITV),** and the return of the sleep-inducing **Friday Night, Saturday Morning (BBC 2),** here introduced by talented American Jane Walmsley.

Saturday January 31
Small screen fame comes late in life for John Peel, the subject of **Arena (BBC 2);** and even though he did bad-mouth *NME* on last week's *Roundtable,* the last thing we'd want to do is knock the boring, bald old bugger. (Everton! Everton!!) More 'pop' music later on in an **OGWT (BBC 2)** special from Chris Bohn's favourite venue, Dortmund's Westfallenhalle: Talking Heads and Dire Straits entertain the frenzied huns. Skipping merrily over the **Search For A Star Final (ITV),** which should be a hoot, there's more delight for inveterate hippies with a new four-parter **Dr Who (BBC 1),** now taking on the Union of Traken; honestly, what bilge.

Sunday February 1
I am forwarding the following press release to Mary Whitehouse: **"The World About Us — Black Music Of Brazil (BBC 2)** . . . Melodia, an overnight pop star, performs a grotesque, drug-induced and highly explicit act on stage with glamour star ZeZe Morta." I just hope and pray that none of you will tune in (BBC 2, remember, Sunday night). More depravity on the same channel in Douglas Hickox's 1969 version of Joe Orton's **Entertaining Mr Sloane,** with Beryl Reid and Harry Andrews (both magnificent) vying for the affections of epicene Peter McEnery. And Johnny Cash takes his faith in both hands and guests on **The Muppet Show (ITV).** Wonder when they'll be booking ZeZe Morta . . .?

Monday February 2
At dinner time **Panorama (BBC 1)** discusses 'The Politics Of Hunger' — did you know that 800 million people in the world today suffer from hunger and malnutrition and that the death toll from starvation-related diseases exceeds 150 Hiroshimas each year? And did you know that people get paid money to research statistics such as these? More reasons not to get out of bed in the morning are afforded by **Horizon (BBC 2),** which looks into the work of hospices. The **Fawlty Towers (BBC 2)** repeat is the one with the incredibly rude deaf woman, the film is James Bridges' remarkably duff **The Baby Maker (BBC 1),** made in 1970 when people took seriously such arrant nonsense (hippy pin-up Barbara Hershey hires out her body to well-off couple desperately keeping legs crossed for first child etc.), and Barry Norman's **Film 81 (BBC 1)** comes up with another of those fascinating statistics: did you know that, for his part in *The Formula,* opening soon, Marlon Brando was paid one million dollars a scene? I bet George C Scott was delighted.

Tuesday February 3
A match made in heaven — or the BBC canteen? Lily Tomlin and David Essex guest on **Russell Harty (BBC 2).** The 'Six Of The Best' offering is **Alias Smith And Jones (BBC 1);** no, I don't remember it very fondly either. **Omnibus (BBC 1)** looks into media censorship and what I feel about that isn't fit for a family periodical; see, censorship's dead easy.

Wednesday February 4
We have it on good authority that there will be no television programmes broadcast this evening. Even if there were, they wouldn't be worth watching — I've seen the schedules.

"listen to them, the CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT; what music they make."

bram stoker–DRACULA circa feb. 1867.

NASH THE SLASH –DINDISC circa feb. 1981.

■ *From previous page*

Kirk, pivot of **The History Man (BBC 2)**, an adaptation in four parts by Christopher Little-Hampton from the novel by Malcolm Bradbury. Howard and his wife Barbara, who moved to a Southern university town and started swinging in 1967, shaking off their working-class Northern shackles for shekels, are typical 1971 "consciousness-conscious people", the dreadful lecherous Howard in his lilac grandad vest (see *NME* advertisements pre-1976 if you want to know what a grandad vest is, har har) and the bright but easily led Barbara with her ugly liberal causes — "The Children's Crusade For Abortion", which has the grotesque ring of the true, seen next to absurdities like Prisoner's 'Rights' and Claimant's 'Unions'.

Lecturer in Sociology Howard divides his time between stirring troubles on campus and steering students towards the exam-couch. He is in his middle thirties (no fool like an old fool!) but the students, blossoming zombies, look on him as their comrade. Howard is a 'thinking' man — 'thinking' as in following the latest trend, who wear attitudes like accessories; if you live in London or in a second-rate university town you will know him.

The Grange Hill Mob

Woody Allen is a colonial creative cousin; Ted Knight of Lambeth Council spends other people's money just like Howard would, were he anything as collaborative as a Councillor. The nearest thing to Howard Kirk I've met (albeit a female, pulchritudinous version) is bail-agent/model/journalist/punk Caroline Coon, who can shed political attitudes with last season's gladrags more adeptly than you would believe possible.

Talking of fellow Kirks, there was a Lecturer In Television on the woolly-minded **Did You See? (BBC2)** — Peter York's dismantling of the pathetically tame Toyah awhile ago was the only edge that's ever graced the wretched effort — with a name like a Tottenham Hotspur import; very Third Worldy, so I suppose I'm not allowed to ridicule his ridiculous 'post'. He was one of a number of assorted liberals — including compere "Ludo" 'Pity The Poor Mass Murderer' Kennedy, the ultimate non-vertebrae — who drooled over *The History Man*, not realizing that he was a *target*, not an observer.

Indeed, the TV critics are going like slobs to the slaughter; Herbert Kretzmer, who in the past has called a molester of small boys featured on a prison programme "sensitive" and "handsome" (hollow laugh) can't live without *The History Man*, to judge from his ramblings. The same set made fools of themselves (the old shut-eyes characteristic again) when the book came out in 1975, the *Observer* and swinging old warhorse *Cosmo* running not to miss the self-flagellating boat.

Indeed, the cast itself is not without fools. Antony Sher, who plays Howard Kirk, smirks: "Kirk has no redeeming qualities, does he? But I have a sneaking liking for him. He is what most men would secretly like to be; powerful, manipulative and successful with women." (But men *are* like that. What kind of boys does Mr Sher know, I wonder?)

Indeed, the *Daily Mail* observes that Howard Kirk has been dubbed "the thinking man's J.R." (by the *Daily Mail*, no doubt) and is "ruthless and randy." I myself think that *The History Man* has everything that superbore **Dallas (BBC1)** had two years ago; snappy dialogue, intrigue, good-looking women and *brevity*. These days it takes four episodes for superbore J.R. to break wind.

I wasn't especially impressed by the performance of Antony Sher — any old slob actor could have played the slob — but I loved everything else; from the Lichtensteinian pop art graphics — Kirk-Zapata, girls all lips and hair, loud rock (circa ERIC IS DEREK) and wine bottles that go POP! — to the performances of Veronica Quilligan (as the sly, fey monkey on Kirk's back). Peter Hugo Daly as Kirk's nearly-Nemesis ("the only boy in the university with a trouser press" and therefore an outcast) and the ever-great Miriam Margolyes as a typical brain-in-neutral, mouth in-overdrive Americanne.

My epic mind longed for an old-fashioned decline — but these are probation times so Howie's punishment was only peripheral. Nevertheless, a perfect expose of the charade of 'further education' — the unpalatable stuffing the brains of the unemployable.

Writing of education, I'm sorry to say that I adopted a rather cavalier attitude to **Grange Hill** last time I wrote of it. I take it all back — it's now developed into a sort of ongoing *Harrison High/West Side Story*, with none of the creepy corn that the Yanks, even when trying to be 'gritty' and young (see — or rather *don't see — Times Square)* invariably wallow in.

The new female focal points — Linda Slater and the staggering (and I'm *not* talking about her deportment) Rene Alperstein — are sublime, and Todd Carty and Terry Sue Patt are *almost* as sweet as they were (breaking voices and bad complexions — ever wondered why there's no male equivalent of 'nymphet'? Look no further than a thirteen-year-old boy).

Every Tuesday and Friday you can thrill to the battle between glamorous good-bad and banal evil — refreshing to see vandals portrayed as cretins who make life even worse, rather than sensitive, misunderstood glamour-pusses. Every breath is a value judgement for the heroes of *Grange Hill*, and aren't they gorgeous on it!

Patt, Alperstein, Carty and Slater, these will be — if they *want* — the next generation of film stars; fresh air after the zombies — Streep, Bo, Al de Niro — America's been dumping on us for years. And they make the tame stable of 'alternative' British actors — Hazel, Toyah, Phil Daniels — look like plain, vain fare.

You know, recently there was a once-in-a-generation survey of youth between the ages of 11 and 16. Their favourite things are *Grange Hill*, money, Deborah Harry and the BBC. While extremely humane in their outlook — very anti-racist, very pro-sex — these kids approved overwhelmingly of *hanging*, would you believe, for people who murder other people.

Something tells me that the sticky hands of the liberals aren't going to bend and brainwash the minds of this generation. I hate to employ a rock cliche — but this does seem one time when the history men don't know what the little girls understand.

THE ALBUM

ESSABOUNDS

AND CASSETTE

SPLODGENESS

...Ten Pints of Lager and no crisps would probably help you get the jokes... NME

...More crud hollow drivel and trash aesthetic taken to particularly worthless extremes... All in all a record that will be hugely successful... RECORD MIRROR

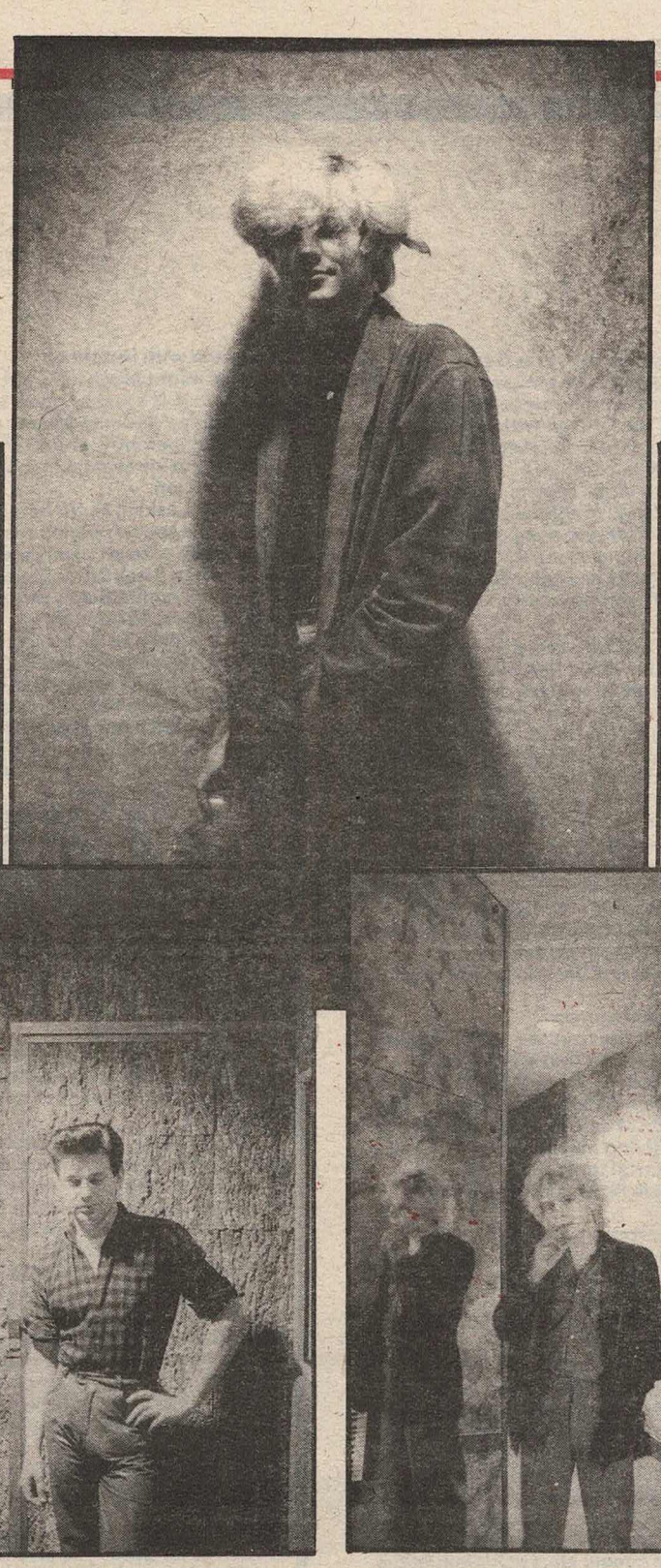
...The album is complete undiluted rubbish and I love it... SOUNDS .....

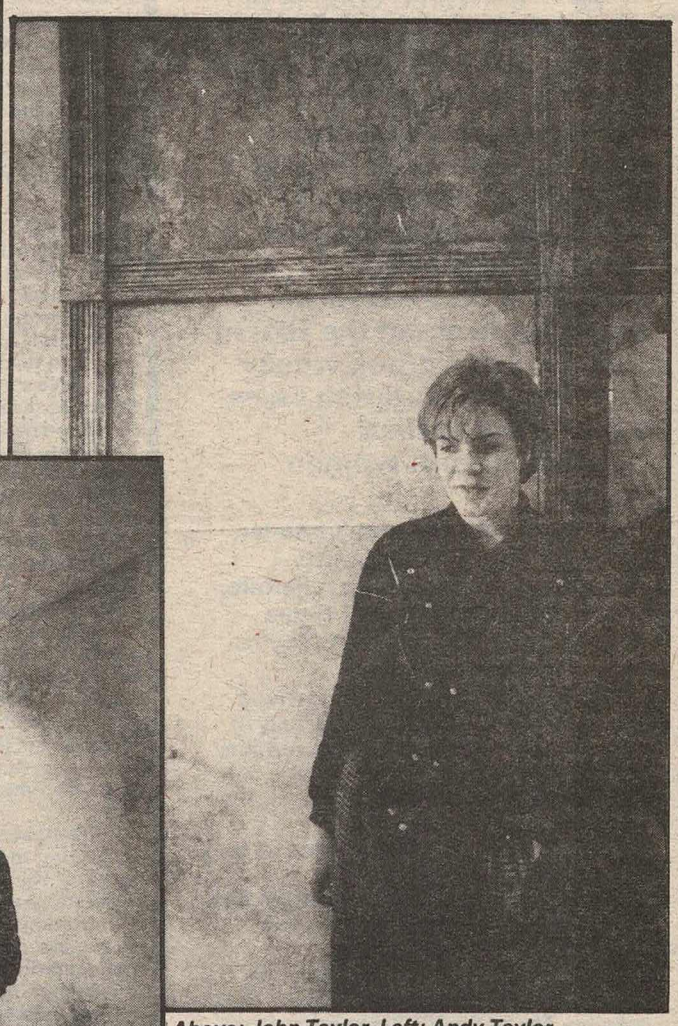
Inside:- Bum Competition–Win a Fab Night out with Splodge
Complete Rock Opera featuring Malcolm's Mum
Rolfs fav'rite Two Little Boys, Max Splodge falling in love with
a Female Plumber From Harlesden NW10.
Simon Templer creates some Wiffy Smells and a fracar with
Two Pints of Lager and a Packet of Crisps. Pintsman finds
Famous People Living Under the Floorboards of His Humble Abode and more...

DERAM

JUST FINE

DURAN DURAN — nothing to do with Panamanian boxers . . .





Above: Roger Taylor. Above, centre: Nick Rhodes. Right: Simon Le Bon.

Above: John Taylor. Left: Andy Taylor

THE NAME of Birmingham group Duran Duran has no connection with Japanese covers of Chiffons songs.

The name, in fact, is taken from a character in *Barbarella* — the film, that is, not the former Birmingham punk club — sorry about all this. . .

On the other hand, as three unrelated members of this five-piece have the surname Taylor it's perhaps not surprising that they should have become involved with the same New Narcissists' High Fashion scene for which Spandau Ballet have set themselves up as a musical spokesmen.

In Brum, though, claims eighteen-year-old synthesizer player Nick Rhodes — who has a Muffin The Mule-like thatch of dyed blond hair dangling in his eyes which, along with his mascara, manages to make him look (and is probably making him) cross-eyed — the Blitz-like scene is far more democratic and less stridently elitist: "The whole London scene seems very superficial. In Birmingham, people really look forward to the weekends when they can get dressed up and go to somewhere like The Rumrunner, which is the hip club there. And it's all sorts of people — office workers, factory workers, students. The London lot seem very tense."

At the beginning of February, Duran Duran release 'Planet Earth', their first single on EMI Records, with whom they have recently signed for the predictable massive advance. Soon after will follow their first album for which you reporter uncovers them rehearsing in a Putney studio.

The other members of Duran Duran are fresh-faced former art student John Taylor on bass, troglodyte-like Geordie guitarist Andy Taylor, whose dyed blond hair and bouncy lack of stature makes him resemble Charlie Drake, gum-chewing, glum drummer Roger Taylor, who looks as though he's heavily into Puerto Rican camp, and singer Simon Le Bon, at twenty-one the eldest in the band, who is subtly podgy in a Bryan Ferry big-bummed sort of way . . . which is appropriate considering that Roxy Music are a powerful influence on these fellows.

Though there's more to it that just *that!* Isn't there, chaps?

"What we're doing is European white disco," says enthusiastic, politic, soft-spoken John Taylor. "All those twelve inch soul imports sound really great on the dance floor, but when you're in your own living-room it's a bit difficult to know what to do with, say, a Rapping record."

"What we wanted to do," adds the irrepressibly garrulous Nick, "was just pick out all the elements of various musics. Disco's pretty good on its own, but a lot of the vocals wreck it. All that 'Bump and grind in Wonderland' I find a bit hard to take. But, anyway, it's just the total *beat* in disco that counts, which I think is what we've taken from it.

"We're just trying to make a much more interesting dance music, as well as keeping one foot well lodged in the obscure end of things. There's a song we open the set with called 'Night Boat', which is very atmospheric and at the same time just very much over on the straight rock side of things rather than disco. It'd be dead boring if the whole thing was like that, though — we like to branch out a bit.

"We've got really strong melody lines. I think that's something that Disco's lacking. In general, melodies have been missing over the past couple of years.

"We disco out a lot," he adds helpfully.

WHEN Duran Duran formed its first line-up in the spring of 1978, it featured old school-friends John Taylor and Nick Rhodes, who both hail aptly enough from the Hollywood area of Birmingham, a further bass player, a clarinettist, and a rhythm box. "We were playing very sort of avante garde English rock," says Nick.

The lack of a drummer and the group's direction hardly accorded with the pair's fondness for funk sounds. At a Birmingham party John, then an art student, and Nick, who was still at school, met up with Roger Taylor, at the time drumming in a Brum punk band called the Scent Organs but with a marked preference for Disco sounds.

Assorted guitarists and vocalists were worked with, until the trio found themselves being managed by Paul and Michael Berrow, who run The Rumrunner. At the Berrow brothers' suggestion an ad was placed in *Melody Maker,* which turned up guitarist Andy Taylor, who moved down to Birmingham from his native Newcastle.

Two months later, in mid-summer 1980, a Rumrunner barmaid recommended to the band Simon Le Bon (Is this really the sort of information we should be putting in a pop paper?), a former singer with assorted London punk bands who had moved to Birmingham to study drama at the university.

The cap fitted! They let him wear it!

BEFORE Christmas of last year Duran Duran supported fellow Midlander Hazel O'Connor on a British tour. Though supposedly at the forefront of a scene notable for its extreme bitchiness quotient the chaps gallantly refuse to attempt to gain themselves easy points by hurling abuse at the hapless Hazel. "I think for what she does, she's really good," says Nick. "She's a great entertainer."

The trouper spirit Duran Duran find admirable in Hazel they find lacking in their supremely hip rivals Sandau Ballet.

"They're okay." grants Nick. "But they've had such hype that anything they do's bound to be a let-down. I don't think they're particularly new. When I saw them one thing they did reminded me of Status Quo — driving drums, three of them with guitars . . .

"Their audiences are usually quite interesting, though. When they played Birmingham they brought down this huge contingent of followers from London who all went and stood in the bar when the group were onstage. They weren't interested in watching them at all.

"Even so, there's no point slagging Spandau off because they're much better than anything else new that I've heard. At the same time, though, I must say that they're pretty flimsy."

"In the long run," adds John, "they're going to have to back themselves up with some solid live shows, otherwise they're going to become like The Bay City Rollers, where it's totally irrelevant what they sound like onstage."

"There's no excitement, no outrage at all," points out Andy. "People aren't going to go away the next day and talk about their gigs."

"But isn't that part of the thing?" questions Simon, a sophisticated Londoner, "You don't go there to be excited: you go there to be able to see them just so that you can *say* you've seen them. Just so you can *experience* it."

Me: "Yes, the actual show is definitely just part of the evening's entertainment."

Andy (a bluff, no-nonsense Geordie who isn't taken in by all this southern cissy foppery): "Best part of the evening's when they've finished!"

Nick: "I don't know why no-one's spotted where Spandau Ballet are getting their image from. Do you remember how the The Pop Group used to look six months ago? Funny shirts and jackets with braiding on, and tight trousers. They're The Pop Group! It's funny — I remember The Pop Group were pretty hip for a while."

AND DANDY

. . . not just Birmingham's answer to Spandau Ballet either.

AS SEEMS to be the case throughout much of the country, there are virtually no good new groups coming out of Birmingham, claim Duran Duran. "The reason that loads of bands haven't taken off in Birmingham is that there's just such an incredibly low level of appreciation," says John.

"There's a lot of budding UB 40s and Dexy's Midnight Runners," adds Andy. "Actually, I don't know where Dexy's can go now — what's left of them anyway. They've really dug their own grave with that heavily formularised style."

Nick: "Kevin Rowland shouldn't have done all that stuff, because around Birmingham everyone knows he was into Bowie and Roxy *(laughs).*

"He came into The Rumrunner the day that 'Geno' was number one. I went up to him, 'That's great, Kevin. You're number one'. 'Urrrgggghhh', and he storms off. The day he was number one. Unbelievable!"

Almost surprisingly for an outfit supposedly obsessed with their own appearances, the members of Duran Duran discuss their own craft in such detailed muso terms that you realise they are closet serious musicians. The two influences common to all the group are Talking Heads and, they surprisingly admit, Peter Gabriel-era Genesis.

"We're using an orchestra on one track," say Nick. "But it's just because we want to experiment with it. We're not going for techno-rock. It'll be amongst rhythm boxes, clarinets, defective basses . . .

"We have all the melodies worked out when we go in the studio, but the gloss gets put on later. I knew two of the synth parts I was going to put on this number we've just been doing, then suddenly I found this fantastic whizzo noise and I've just *had* to put it on. I just love pressing things and hearing what they sound like."

"For us," adds Andy, "playing live is a bit of an awesome task. Especially for Roger. A lot of things are on head-phones for him to keep time with — on rhythm-boxes. I know *I* have to compromise live quite a bit, because if we did the songs exactly as we're recording them, we'd just be standing there twiddling knobs all night, and all the excitement would disappear. There'd be no visual at all."

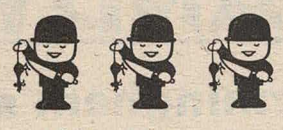
John: "I think a lot of bands don't pay enough attention to their drums when they're on tour, yet to us they're the main instrument. The drum-kit is everything. With Duran Duran the rhythm sound is much more prominent that it is in many groups.

"We're also trying to get a quadrophonic thing going with the snyths, so you get a whole swirl, and a whole load of atmosphere."

"Uh-oh," mutters Nick, in a Shakespearian-like aside, "there goes that technorock thing again!"

By Chris Salewicz

Pix: Pennie Smith



THERE ARE four women in the cluttered cubicle of UA's cramped office. Press officers Pat and Kathy, Pennie Smith and myself are drinking tea and swopping chat while we wait for The Stranglers. Amongst the stacks of records and piles of correspondence some surprising discoveries are being made about the absent members of a group whose unpleasant reputation owes a great deal to their notoriously anti-women aura.

To Pat and Kathy they've so far proved model clients: polite, obliging, even slightly shy. Pennie, who has met them many times before, quietly states that they're scared of women.

Bulky Jet Black has already arrived and at intervals blunders cheerfully in and out of the office, making a sudden, self-conscious exit when Pat plays some of the tracks from The Stranglers' forthcoming album 'THEMENINBLACK'. These turn out to be a swirling waltz tune under demented laughter, plus a pleasant but unremarkable Stranglers-style pop song called 'Second Coming'.

When Jet Black bumbles back into the room he asks eagerly for my opinion. My polite but transparent lack of enthusiasm is not an auspicious start to our encounter.

It's almost an hour later when Hugh Cornwell whirls in, fresh from a session with *Smash Hits,* oozing apologies and oily charm. He plants a deferential peck on Pennie's cheek, shakes my hand and begins to recount a genial denial of The Stranglers' infamous Journalist Kidnapping episode, partly, I suspect, for my benefit.

He passes me a copy of their planned album cover, a reproduction of The Last Supper with the Man In Black (in real life a more mundane employee of EMI) superimposed amongst the disciples close to Christ. On the back there's a bastardised version of The Lord's Prayer with The Stranglers themselves called Jet-In-Black, Dave-In-Black etc. And the concept is credited to Hugh-In-Black-In-Nice.

We drive to a nearby pub to discuss the significance of Themeninblack project. I'm also seeking some explanation of The Stranglers' bullyboy reputation, particularly in relation to their past portrayal of women. It seems to me that sexual politics is a subject for discussion, not dogma, and I'm fully prepared for any reasonable justification of the attitudes they've appeared to propagate.

It also seems an appropriate time to once again air the topic of the group's controversial character, since Jet Black has just written a book about the Nice debacle. While he maintains that the fines and suspended sentence imposed by the French authorities were a face-saving exercise designed to stop the group suing for wrongful arrest, he also admits that it was suspicion of The Stranglers that led the University administration to try and stop the performance and indirectly provoke a riot.

Hugh Cornwell is not as sinister-looking as his photographs suggest, and he has a faint air of Jack Nicholson's comic madness: chin stubbled, hair askew and eyes aglint with a dangerous inner amusement. His expression this evening smacks of polite, amused tolerance mixed with a slight lasciviousness that fades pretty swiftly as our conversation continues.

Jet Black is a large, middle-aged man with an old, shadowed, rough-featured face. Sitting round a table in a pub full of excitable boozing city businessmen the interview starts innocuously enough with the original idea behind 'Themeninblack'.

IT WAS Jet who first developed an interest in UFOs and the frequent references to related, unexplained men in black. At the time The Stranglers were working on the 'Black And White' album; they also discovered a man in black lurking in the background of the cover to 'Rattus Norvegicus', and this set of coincidences acted as the catalyst for combined investigations.

Who are these mysterious men?

Jet: "Nobody really knows. They appear and threaten people who talk too much about them. The puzzle is, are they someone from the government saying Be quiet, you've sussed it and we don't want this to get out?"

An earthly government?

"Yeah, or is it the reverse? Is it someone from a flying object? That was just the central thing that got us thinking about the religious context. When Jesus Christ came down in clouds of smoke, maybe he was in some kind of flying machine. Maybe he was just a mere mortal from another planet. I mean the whole Bible is full of stuff like that."

Hugh elaborates an idea that owes something to Erik Von Daniken's theories and adds that most phenomena that aren't understood are given a religious connotation. He also explains that The Stranglers' research into the "spacemen" manifestations in the Bible led them to decide that God treated his people with marked malevolence, a statement which I assume refers largely to the Old Testament.

Jet: "The whole thing is that *all* the Bible is supposed to be a holy book which is supposed to dictate some code of conduct that people have been following for thousands of years. What we're saying is maybe people should start questioning the traditional beliefs that the interpreters of the Bible have given them. Maybe they've got it completely wrong."

SO FAR our interview has been affable enough on either side, but things begin to go awry when I ask about the strange connotations of the 'Men In Black' track on 'The Raven' album.

Hugh: "Well, one suggested explanation is that we're just a farm for beings from another planet, and that whenever they've got a function on, like a wedding or something, they come down and grab a human and take them back and eat them."

Jet hurriedly adds that the album is a more serious appraisal of those kind of ideas.

"Like, everyone's sitting round waiting for The Messiah to return. Well, maybe when he does he might not turn out to be a bloke with a ring round his head and a white suit on. He might come down and start herding people into space ships and take them off somewhere. I mean you don't know, do you?"

It's at about this time that I realise I'm smiling. My expression isn't complete cynicism so much as mild, well-meaning mockery of this earnest explanation of an outlandish idea. I'm also amused by the thought that such a sinister vision of the Second Coming seems so typically Stranglers in its tortured, determinedly pessimistic theorising.

However, the effects of my disrespectful levity suddenly show when Jet Black begins to twitch with irritation.

"You might laugh at it, but you can't disprove it. It's just as good an argument as him coming down to save the world," he barks belligerently, and spinning round savagely in his seat he stops the conversation.

'I'm just asking Hugh how seriously he treats this space/religious mysticism — "Seriously enough to write an album about it" — when Black barges back into the interview, emphatically prodding the table with a meaty forefinger.

Jet, it seems, had a strong Roman Catholic upbringing, and the dire consequences of disbelief that were impressed upon him at an early age have somehow led him not just to reject religion but to totally deny the concept of love and substitute instead a woolly theory of total, universal, self-interest.

"I don't see any love anywhere. I mean, what is love? *Show me some!*" he demands ferociously. "All anybody ever wants to achieve is their own happiness. Any kind of love is just the opposite. It's a totally selfish emotion. *Absolutely!*"

I disagree strongly, but since I'm unwilling to reveal my private convictions by exposing my personal experience, I'm at a disadvantage. The Stranglers treat this as a tremendous triumph.

On a different level I argue that if an action gratifies yourself and benefits someone else it achieves both aims, and what's wrong with that?

This prompts a fresh stream of nihilistic blabberings from the antagonistic Black, who entirely avoids my question and ends his outpourings by declaring that it'll take about 5,000 years for him to get his views across to the vast majority.

While Jet sighs and he and Hugh indulge in some sympathetically complacent chucklings, I return to 'THEMENINBLACK'. I say that whereas The Stranglers have previously celebrated the darker side of life without proposing solutions, on this occasion they seem to be trying to achieve something positive by making people question accepted values.

Jet weighs in ponderously. "We want to stimulate brain cell activity, *you know?* That means putting something on record that you actually have to think about. And they'll have to think about this one."

Taken widely that's a moral judgement on achieving something worthwhile. Therefore you've just indirectly said ...

"You're trying to trap me, aren't you?" Jet accuses sharply.

Yes, of course. You've just tried to trap me.

Jet: "I just think it would be wonderful if the human race stopped lying. Everyone, everywhere's telling a pack of lies ..."

And he's off again on the utter deceit of moral codes, personal, political, spiritual ...

Manoeuvring back onto seemingly more solid ground I ask Hugh how he thinks Themeninblack concept is going to go down with Stranglers record buyers.

"I don't know. It's probably going to go totally over their heads," he laughs.

Then he contradicts himself by adding, "We've always aimed our records at people who like to think about what they're listening to, so hopefully they'll make an effort to understand it." This statement leads into my second line of argument.

I TELL Hugh Cornwell that a lot of women, including myself, found the songs on the first two Stranglers albums threatening and offensive. If, as he's previously said, The Stranglers claim to be trying to show something to their audience, then what were those lyrics supposed to illustrate for me?

Cornwell, adopting a lofty air of detachment, replies blandly, "I'm surprised you found them threatening. Maybe that demonstrates your own insecurity."

I don't think so, because . . .

"If you felt secure," Hugh interrupts, "then you wouldn't feel threatened by them."

But women aren't secure from violence in this world, are they?

Answering, Cornwell becomes sharper and more dictatorial in tone. "So that shows something then. That shows that a lot of women feel insecure."

Yes. But you were playing on those insecurities, weren't you?

"Not at all. I was playing on my guitar." (Great manly guffaws accompany this humorous gem).

"I don't see anything wrong with using song lyrics to extol the virtues of women. Yet women find that offensive. They should take it as flattery. An author like Vladimir Nabokov, who wrote *Lolita*, spends the first hundred pages extolling the virtues of young girls, and yet that's treated as art, whereas a three minute song that's putting it bluntly isn't."

Staggered by such a sweeping comparison, I point out that *Lolita* is a work of art because it treats the subject truthfully and not as a prurient exploitation of the attractiveness of young girls. At the end of the book when Humbert Humbert finds a faded and pregnant Lolita, he is overcome with regret at never having made an attempt to explore her personality and at having destroyed something in her by taking away her childhood.

"I'm not into people going round destroying other peoples' lives," Cornwell responds, "I don't want to praise that attitude . . ."

So what about lines from your lyrics like *'Beat you till you drop'*.

"That was about a particular situation where, um, where a girl is unfaithful and the guy reacted violently. It happens all the time," he adds dismissively. "It's just a document of life."

"Your argument is like saying Tolstoy should never have written 'War And Peace'," Jet Black tells me.

I don't see how you can possibly compare that with your situation where you're putting a viewpoint into a three-minute song directed at young people who may not have fully formed their views. It might have been construed, in fact at the time it *was* construed, that you weren't only advocating that attitude, you were actually glorifying it.

"Then we were misunderstood," Hugh states simply.

Does that give you any regrets?

"No, not at all. I feel disdain and sadness for the way in which our lyrics were interpreted."

(And in case you've forgotten, let me remind readers of the references to *'pieces of meat', 'peaches', 'nubiles', 'treat you rough', 'smack your face',* etc, and the general crass vindictiveness with which The Stranglers' early lyrics treated women.)

I don't think your explanation would satisfy someone who was offended by your songs. You obviously don't feel any sense of responsibility for what you've written.

"We admit certain responsibilities towards people who buy our sort of stuff," Cornwell replies smoothly. "Of course, we have to. It would be irresponsible not to. But just because we describe a certain incident, it doesn't mean we're saying go out and do it."

But you didn't make that clear, did you? In one interview, you were quoted as saying women like to be dominated.

"Well a lot of them do. It's down to their insecurity."

HUGH CORNWELL'S last statement takes him right round in a smug, simplistic circle of blinkered bigotry. And by this time it's clear that there is very little point in continuing our conversation since The Stranglers are now entrenched in the limited, juvenile roles they're acting out, flashing conspiratorial grins and fuelling each other's flippancy with forced gales of laughter.

THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE YOU AWAY HA! HA!

It's now Jet Black's turn to sally forth from the safety of the defensive, locker-room mentality they've created in their corner of the pub, and he launches into a line of argument that leads him further into the realms of the ridiculous.

This time he pretentiously compares The stranglers' songs to Winston Churchill's memoirs of the Second World War which, he insists, I'm implying shouldn't have been written either since both deal with strife and are open to misinterpretation.

There follows a tedious argument on the word sexism which Jet persistently declares that I've just this minute made up, although he does concede to having previously seen it in print. The only justification that The Stranglers are able to offer about the sexual attitudes illustrated in their songs is that they "love girls". and incidentally, the last person I heard use the old "I adore women" stance as an excuse was Whitesnake's David Coverdale, and that was immediately after he'd just described half the human race as "beautiful animals".

By the same token, they blame the violent incidents with which they've been associated on the absent Jean-Jacques Burnel, and when I ask whether they either disassociate themselves from his actions or can offer any explanations, since they are representing The Stranglers to me tonight, they lapse into muddled denials and more grating mirth.

Eventually Hugh does magnanimously announce that he believes men and women to be equal, but there is of course a catch, and it's my turn for amusement when he trundles out the most banal and boring cliche in the book.

"I think women's mentality is more emotionally geared than men's. You don't?" he snaps, irritated by my smile. "Well, it's just down to personal experience, isn't it. I'm not going to say you're wrong."

TALKING TO two grown men well into their 30s and 40s who treat any attempt to seriously question their work by retreating behind an unnecessary belligerence or a smug wall of sniggers is a wearing experience that leaves one little inclined for niceties of expression.

I'd say The Stranglers are wrong on many counts, not least their refusal to consider or even admit the existence of any possible causes for the sour, sullied reputation that they've either actively fostered or done little to dispel, and that ultimately degrades and damages them more than anybody else.

Their sort of wilfully perverted pessimism is a dullard's defence against the blows of existence that has very little to do with the realities of life for most men and women. Music has moved on since their bleak brand of nihilism first caused a stir, and it's long since left The Stranglers stranded and rattling the bars of their bearcage.

However, back at the bar, they've suddenly revealed that there's an unsuspected and largely unseen streak of humour in their work whose essence Jet loftily describes as just "too subtle for the masses".

Giving examples as they go, they solemnly trace this rich vein right back through their work — although I personally don't find 'Bring On The Nubiles' amusing; I can't see anything edifying in the dull darkness of 'Black And White' or even any entertainment in the more varied textures of 'The Raven'. And I doubt very much whether I'll find much enlightenment in the unearthly mysteries of 'THEMENINBLACK' especially when on the evidence they offered me, The Stranglers haven't yet solved the simple, human problem of relating adequately to the opposite sex.

Still, as Hugh says, The Stranglers do represent a sad humour in life.

And, as Jet adds, they are both comedians and tragedians who "observe everything around us and end up singing about it, you know?"

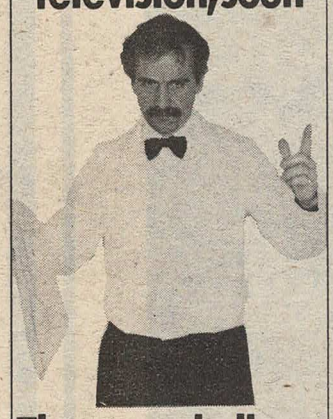
Of course, Jet.

It's just like Winston Churchill.

JET & HUGH IN THEMENINBLACK ROOM PIC PENNIE SMITH

WAS SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AN ASTONAUT? CAN GREEN MEN SING BLUE SONGS? ARE THESE PEOPLE ROUND THE TWIST? LYNN HANNA CONFRONTS HUGH-IN-BLACK AND JET-IN-BLACK, AND GETS SOME BLACK LOOKS BACK

I... Manuel tell you about new Fawlty Towers record album, from the re-showing on BBC television, soon



The record album she is called 'Second Sitting' and she is in the shop now...

Oh... and Meester Fawlty say if Manuel make mistake this time and record album she no sell – Manuel get the boots... I no understand?

FAWLTY TOWERS
Album 'Second Sitting'
OUT NOW
Featuring 'The Rat' and 'The Builders'
BBC records & tapes

SINGLES

ALIEN SINGLES OF THE WEEK

RALF DORPER: Double Feature (Rondo German import). A chilling bill if ever there was one. Dusseldorfer synthesist Dorper brings to you for the first time on record impressionistic instrumental accounts of David Lynch's *Eraserhead* and John Carpenter's *Assault On Precinct 13;* his versions are as sinister and unnerving as the cults which inspired them. He recalls the freakish dreams of *Eraserhead's* bedroom obsessive by looping panicky breathing (remember that bandage-swathed, twittering little thing on a pedestal?) with a simple, cool breeze of a phrase that immediately slithers under the skin, bringing a cold sweat to the surface. After a few minutes you wonder where it's all leading to, and so, it transpires, does Dorper, as his explosive finish unsatisfactorily shatters the shadowy mood he'd hitherto sustained. *Assault* is a far more difficult picture to accurately evoke without resorting to narrative, but he pulls it off by framing fearful snyth sounds with taped bursts of dialogue. A single as eerie and as uncomfortable as its subjects. Good night and sweet dreams.

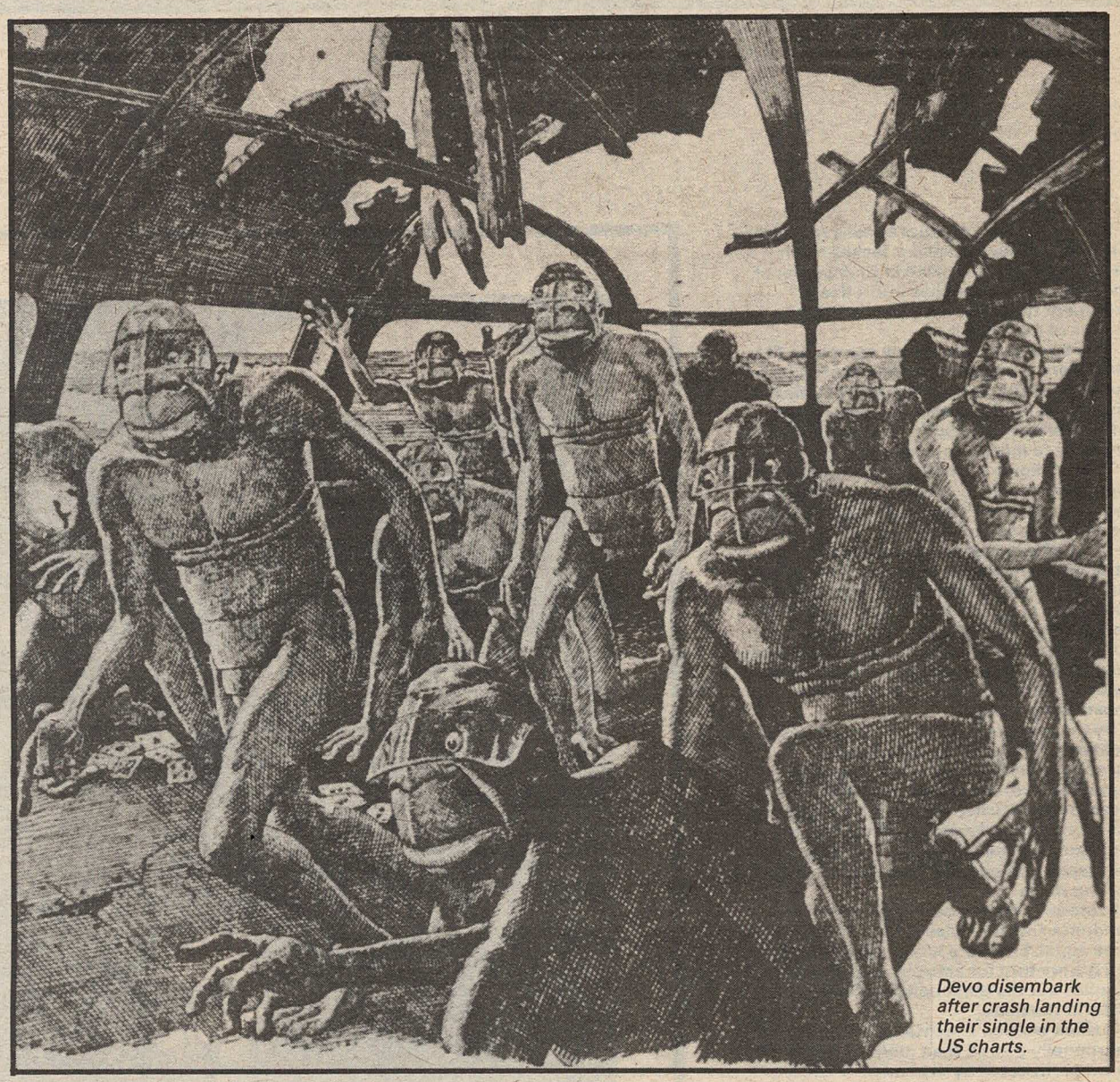
RADIO FREE EUROPE: It Likes You (MiG Texan import). In keeping with the screen theme, RFE crossbreed *Mork And Mindy* with *Close Encounters* to give birth to It — the cute little alien of the title. Like John Cooper Clarke's 'Monster From Outer Space', it's a witty plea for tolerance — *What is THAT I saw you with tonight/Do you think you're doing what is right?* — set to a rampaging, electronically-treated tune. Its slightly other-worldly edge is taken to more sombre conclusions on the flip's atmospheric 'A Couple Screams'. RFE are an inventive mutant pop trio who're not usually so cheerful — though they do have one song called 'Eno's Funeral'. This one catches them at their most engagingly absurd. (MiG Records, Box 5421, Austin, Texas 78763).

DEVO: Whip It (Virgin). Long after the de-evolution Devo have de-evolved from a future shock band into the almost-conventional rock outfit they threatened to be, thereby reaping the rewards of their early attention-grabbing spud philosophies and promo gambits. Don't begrudge them their success now if you were daft enough to take them seriously before — Devo have always been funny, at least, and they still are. Thankfully they've passed through their too-perfect parody stage of Album 2 into their present, highly entertaining age. 'Whip It' mixes and matches the familiar (a constipated riff reminiscent of the Beatles' 'Birthday' tune) and the bizarre (John Wayne heroics mouthed by weeds) to jerk you out of despondency with its authoritative order: WHIP DEM BLUES! Don't stop now, I love it.

BACK ON EARTH . . . THINGS AREN'T GOING SO WELL

I'M SO HOLLOW: Dreams To Fill The Vacuum/Distraction (Hollogram). Though failing to live up to the promise of teaser tracks on various comps and samplers, the Sheffield Quartet's debut single spiritedly attempts a fusion of guitar-heavy pop and modish electronics. They mesh together quite well on 'Dreams. . .', but the studiedly composed vocal lets it down, while on 'Distraction' the oft-repeated spindly guitar line only breaks the surface tension of its watery synth intro. Maybe they'll do it with the next one.

GODS TOYS: Everybody's Got A Mother (Badge).
CUDDLY TOYS: Astral Joe (Fresh). Gary Glitter makes a comeback, Sweet play the Lyceum . . . a paltry eight years on and nostalgia for '72 has already overtaken us. Going by their second single, Gods Toys are only partly enamoured by it all. Their first love is seemingly early Roxy Music — vocalist Dill has absorbed Ferry's conceits and the swathes of organ hint at 'dream home' drama. It's all quite good fun, even if the unnecessary clutter of wideboy horns suggest a band hedging their bets. No sympathy for the Cuddly Toys — ever since they first called themselves Raped they were destined never to get anything right. Glamour might be stylish again, but nothing dates faster than fashion — and Cuddly Toys' is pure early '70s camp androgyny. Musically, they flop too, their uneven pastiche of Bowie and Bolan lacking the trash panache of The Sweet, who at least had the decency to ransack their sources with some verve.



Devo disembark after crash landing their single in the US charts.

They're coming to take you away

(part two)

THE TEENAGE FILMSTARS: I Helped Patrick McGoohan Escape (Fab Listening)
THE EXPRESSOS: Tango In Mono (WEA). While The Expressos desperately want to be the band in the party scenes of swinging London movies, the Filmstars are content to sit back and watch them on TV. On these two showings I'm with the latter. The Filmstars' amusing fantasy has them pulling a Pimpernel stunt on *The Prisoner,* only to re-locate him next door to *Man In A Suitcase.* Some service! The story is wistfully told to a loving, if somewhat creaky, patchwork Beatle soundtrack. The joke of the title apart, The Expressos' single has very little going for it — their cheery naivete is both too forced and a touch too heavyhanded.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS: Kids On The Street (EMI).
VICE SQUAD: Living On Dreams (Riot City). The rot is in dire danger of setting in when punk bands start getting sentimental about 'the kids on the street' rather than getting angry. The Upstarts' latest is a long way from their early proud declarations — this one's a tired, failed anthem and surprisingly lifeless. Punk bands necessarily have a built in obsolescence, so maybe it's time to make way briefly for Vice Squad's brash rantings. Nothing special here but there's a nice fillip in the title chorus.

THOMPSON TWINS: Perfect Game (T). Or who's watching the watcher? As admirably concerned as the Tin Tin twins are about the manipulation games the ubiquitous "they" play on us, their music's a bit too dizzy, their message too fuzzy to make us really care. Sounds like Steve Stills paranoia to me.

THE FRESHIES: I'm In Love With The Girl On The Manchester Megastore Check-Out Desk (MCA). At long last, love requited. The Mancunian Freshies' Chris Sievey has been courting the majors with a passion and a whole slew of witty-to-irritating singles for the past few years; and finally he's got a deal for this cute paean to record store assistants. The record deserves that attention. A speedy Buzzcocks-type tune with a Mick Jones sound-alike on guitar.

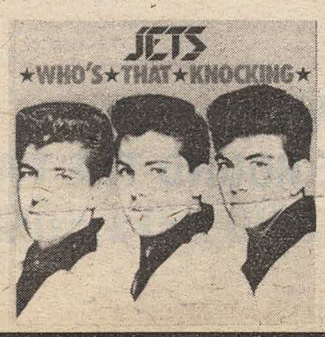
SAD AMONG STRANGERS: Here Come The Caesars (Brave Tales). Nice to know that someone remembers Steve Harley. He won't be flattered much by this stuttering mess of a song, hampered by cloying synth squiggles and a pointless "cavalry's coming" drums outro.

THE RADIO ACTORS: Nuclear Waste (DB). Conceived (two years ago) by Nick Turner and Harry Williamson as a public health bulletin, and they assembled a strong cast that includes Sting singing, Steve Hillage caterwauling and Mike Howlett (bass). The sentiments are fine, their presentation a little too dated (again circa '71). Can't imagine Sting getting involved today.

GOING RED? Some Boys (MCA). Its origins on Chris Sievey's Razz Records reveal all. More deliberately provincial schoolboy humour about (the lack of) personal hygiene, though singer Graham Fellows goes to great lengths himself to keep clean. It'll amuse those who fell over laughing at 'Gordon The Moron'.

CHRIS BOHN FENDS OFF SINGLES INVADERS FROM THE OUTER LIMITS

UFONAUTS ARE TAKING OVER OUR ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY — SHOCKING VISUAL PROOF



RESTRICTED CODE: From The Top (Pop: Aural). Skip the dour 'From The Top' and flip to the great teen drama of 'First Night On', which has Tom Cannavan sobbingly singing alone during the wonderful intro, before the band romp in to rescue him from his plight, bringing him to the realisation that she never loved him anyway. Restricted Code have rather splendidly re-arranged traditional pop components without letting on that they did it.

DAVE STEWART: What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted? (Broken). They wise up (like Cannavan), get bitter or sulk about it — like guest vocalist Colin Blunstone here; he nevertheless pouts quite winningly. Stewart, formerly of National Health and countless other Canterbury off-shoots plays the one-man orchestra — the tugging undertow of bass noises pull the dodgier moments through, but it's really Amanda Parsons' brittle backing singing that turns what began as an academic exercise into something more emotionally complete.

CALLING HEARTS: Haunted House (Spasmodic). The sort of song you might hear in *Caspar The Ghost* Cartoons. Calling Hearts, an electronic pop quintet, have spent a lot of energy getting the atmosphere right but still fail to chill.

WILD WILLY BARRETT: We've Gotta Get Out Of This Place (Black Eye). The virtuoso half of the Otway/Barrett duo gleefully funks up the old Animals standard, amassing swell chorus in the process — you might admire his craft, but you're still left wondering why he did it.

GANG OF FOUR: Four Track 12" (Warner Brothers US import).
NINA HAGEN BAND: Four Track 10" (Columbia US import).
TWO examples of American companies trying their darndest to sell alien European product to the folks back home. The Nina Hagen job would have been easier if she re-recorded the vocals in English, but maybe they thought German songs would be a novelty. They do however recognise Hagen's comic photogenic mugging and the saleability of her history: "Over the wall and into your arms," the helpful sleeve notes tell us. "Nina Nagen from East Germany to you. . . . Nina Hagen, whose albums are not available in nations where truth is suppressed." And so on. The sleeve notes are worth more than the chosen tracks: 'TV-Glotzer (White Punks On Dope)', the kooky 'African Reggae', her German version of Lovich's 'Lucky Number' and, finally, one that does present her at her best, 'Superboy'. It's a savage, funny slice of sexual politics — trouble is her marvellous soaring voice leaves her lame band limping far behind. GO4's stance isn't an easy one to offload on Reagan's America, though it may prove a rallying point for the disaffected. Again the choice of tracks diminishes its impact. 'Outside The Trains Don't Run On Time' was a great disappointment when it was first released here last March and it doesn't sound much better now. Incisive analysis replaced by abjectly easy sloganeering, exhilarating Gill/Allen interplay slowed down to a sluggish de-railed blues. The British flips 'He'd Send In The Army' and 'It's Her Factory' flesh out the 12", while the old 'Armalite Rifles' is included as a reminder of how acidic the band were at their best.

Devo pic by Chester Simpson

INERTIA: Dancebeat Attitude (Pop Anguish En Route EP) (Inertial). Great title — shame the band can't transcend their Human League infatuation to live up to it. You know the score: deliberately arid synth pop (accent on the latter) matched with a poker-faced, oh-so-weary vocalist who's good for a smirk the first time you hear him sing "hey-hey" ('The Singer Is Absent') as if nothing outside meeting Philip Oakey would really impress him. After that it gets a bit duller.

CHEAP TRICK: World's Greatest Lover (Epic). Gosh, let's welcome Cheap Trick to the '70s and congratulate them on finally graduating to Jonn Lennon's solo output after plundering the Beatles' (not to mention the Kinks') back catalogue so successfully for the past five years. At least they do it in grandiose style and it's nice to hear that the title refers to the lover and not modest Nielsen (the writer). I like the twist in the chorus: *"You're the world's greatest lover/In My world."* Gee, thanks a million!

JOHNNY BRITTON: The One That Got Away (Oddball).
JOHNNY HOLLIDAY: You Are The Power (Bridge House).
JOHN COUGAR: Hot Night In A Cold Town (Riva).
BRUCE WOOLLEY: Blue Blue (Victoria) (CBS).
JETS: Who's That Knocking? (EMI).
"Everybody says he sure looks funny — That's Montgomery Clift, honey!" Going by the picture bags the above come in, the cleaned-up grease monkey look is back with a whimper. Contrived innocence rarely succeeds but, predictably, Bernie Rhodes almost makes it work with his latest flame Britton — a dead cert for the Cliff Richard role in an *Expresso Bongo* remake. Tame, yet listenable Billy Fury pop. Holliday messes his hair back with axle grease but he listens to Giorgio Moroder and Original Mirror records; a meccano disco rhythm suffocating in rock organ swells. Cougar is still lost somewhere down New Jersey's mean streets. Riva's faith in him is touching, but stupid. Woolley craftily quotes The Kinks' 'Victoria' chorus, which is subsequently lost in enough half-formed ideas for at least three songs. If only he didn't try so hard. The Jets don't try at all — they leave it all to EMI, who got the very expensive photographer Brian Aris to do the sleeve, and presumptuously include their fan club address on the back. Anaemic doo wop trio probably discovered during ATV's *Search For A Star*.

HARRY THUMANN: Underwater (Decca). Having made number five in *NME's* 1980 funk chart when it was an import, it's finally picked up for release here by Decca. A persistent rhythm might hold your feet to the floor, but the widescreen doodlings, though expertly channelled across the speakers, don't make for captivating home listening.

92: From 6am till 2pm (RTV Ljubljana — Yugoslav import). Two years ago 92 (999 equivalent emergency code) were breezy, barely competent power poppers, whose youth (16/17) and energy covered for their errors. Today much improved, thanks to the presence of the most warped organ sound this side of Doug Sahm, they debut with a great, distorted ska single, produced by Yugoslav new wave pioneer Igor Vidnar. Unlike their Warsaw Pakt neighbours, kids in the non-aligned state enjoy freedoms equivalent to our own, not to mention easier access to Western records. 92's is one of half a dozen home produced new wave/punk records I've received in the past four months and I gather there are many more. Others worth checking out are Paraf and The Bastards' albums.

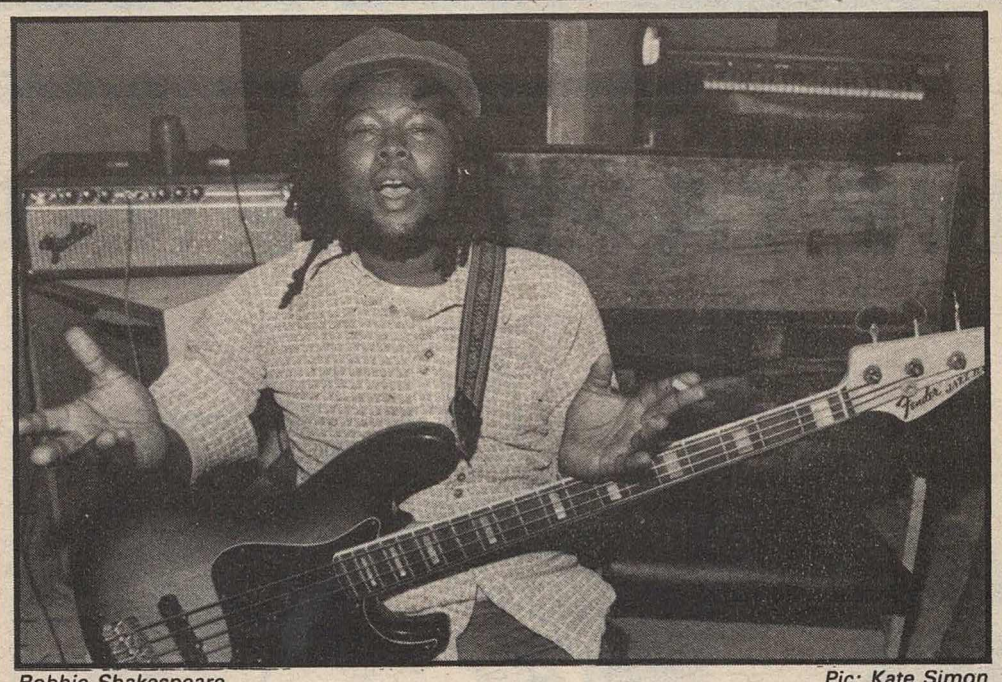
GIL SCOTT-HERON/BRIAN JACKSON: The Bottle (Vintage Champagne). The gentle flowing funk of the flute and piano combination belies the anger and sorrow of Scott-Heron's 1974 depiction of winos and drunks. Once mooted as one of America's most important jazz poets, he later diluted his impact through repetition, but there's no doubting the quality of this re-issue.

VOLKSTANZ: Signs Of Vice (Fanfart Platten).
An Anglo-German duo, their droll attempt to explain away drug use *("I gotta do something")* is set to a dispiriting bass grind/guitar whine (thus discouraging dabblers, no doubt). That's a good thing, but their philanthropy makes for unpleasant listening nevertheless. The flip's lurching 'Regulation Comedy' is more fun.

ADAM AND THE ANTS: Young Parisians (Decca); Zerox and **Cartrouble** (both **Do It**).
In the wake of Adam's current chart successes come the predictable flood of re-issues — already entrenched in the Top 50. If I were Adam I'd be truly embarrassed by 'Young Parisians' being available again — *"Young Parisians are so French"* indeed — a sloppy Sailor styled evocation of the capital. 'Zerox' is only a slight improvement, but by 'Cartrouble' he's beginning to get things right, thanks to the twin-powered drums and Marco Pirroni. A glittery stomp dedicated, one suspects, to second hand car dealers. One for Alexei Sayle to cover. Talking of whom . . .

FLAK: When The Gold Runs Dry/ALEXEI SAYLE: Dedication (4 Play).
"Jeered by the new young fascists at the *NME* Xmas party", the accompanying press release challengingly reminds us. He wasn't very funny then and quality control prevents me from apologetically praising his part of the record; "I'm er, an alternative comedian — it means I'm not funny . . ." Haw haw. Flak's chirrupy account of the earth's natural sources drying up is the brainchild of one Sandy Arundel, a founder of Alternative Cabaret. Does this mean he's not entertaining? Not really — just not bad.

STRAY CATS: Rock This Town (Arista).
'Runaway Boys' silenced cynics (like me) who thought — and probably hoped — that their skeleton rockabilly would be exposed as a passing fad when they took it into the studio. On the contrary, the record's vitality proved very winning and this one confirms it was no fluke. Again, their natural vibrancy and skinny agility comes through strong, while producer Dave Edmunds' excellent studio work inflates their necessarily reedy noise to completely fill the mix without dulling its youthful essence. It's good enough even to make you forget the hash they make of The Supremes' 'Can't Hurry Love' on the flip.



Robbie Shakespeare *Pic: Kate Simon*

ROCKERS TIME

TRISTAN PALMA: Ungrateful Girl (Orbit 12"). Keep on rocking and swinging to the sound of the bad-minded, ungrateful dame who's giving Tristan 'Round The World' Palma a hard time. Why, right now if you look over in the corner, you can just about see it going on. He's motioned her over to the corner with a subtle inclination of the head; you wouldn't notice it if you weren't tapped in to that channel of the bush telegraph. Wordlessly, he puts his arms round her. As their bodies begin to sway in cycles, he mutters into her ear: "Why didn't you tell me you have a boyfriend?" "But I haven't," the woman says in surprise. "Don't try and tell me such foolishness. I saw you." "What are you talking about? Where? Who with?" "I saw you holding hands with that man in Tescos." "Oh for God's sake, if you're trying to tell me I can't hold hands with a friend in *Tescos*, I really think it's about time you realised . . ." Just then Tristan's agony of jealousy peaks in a cascade of percussion, and the tambourine rattles into the dub. "I teach you to be smart" echoed the record, as he grabs her back. And the bass goes on to the next record, which is . . .

JOHNNY OSBOURNE: Kiss Somebody (Cha Cha 12")
Night Fall. *"You must have kissed somebody with a cold last night / Or where you get it from? / If I'm ever gonna kiss you again / I'd kiss you on your hand."* by Johnny Osbourne, another geezer who's only heard of an open relationship with his mirror. From the school of sexual politics for virgins or hypocrites, wherein anything goes — on a strictly one-way ticket. Funny that all these songs with sub-Teen Romance emotional development have such great socking punching rhythms. Johnny Osbourne had better watch it — the amount of records he's releasing points to that familiar year-of-fame syndrome. His newer 'Night Fall' just ain't as punchy.

JIMMY RILEY: My Woman's Love (Taxi / Island).
THE TAMLINS: Smiling Faces (Sometimes) (Taxi / Island).
SHEILA HYLTON: Bed's Too Big Without You (Taxi / Island). Not that these are all new, but it's worth pointing out that Sly and Robbie's hitmaking factory are still on the go, and available on British release. Each track cooks up a different pot of ital stew, with Sly's syn-drums whacking out some crazy voice, not noise, some new toe magnetiser that compels you to propel while the beats bounce well. Taxi's on that winning streak, the thrill of a label when it's releasing

REGGAE ROUNDUP BY VIVIEN GOLDMAN

beauty after beauty — it was Channel One, it was Joe Gibbs, it was Arawak with Dennis Bovell, it was Scratch's unsurpassable Black Ark and Upsetter productions — then voice after voice coughs, chokes, shuts up. Right now, Taxi carries the swing, because it's always a production team that counts, and Sly and Robbie are peaking. Maybe they'll just carry on, like George Clinton or Norman Whitfield, or Quincy Jones . . . wouldn't it be nice. Meantime, if Island hasn't released the classic Viceroys' 'Heart Made Of Stone' Taxi 12-inch, they should get a move on, because it shaped last year (along with 'Baltimore', that other Sly and Robbie / Tamlins triumph that came out on EMI). And then take a listen to . . .

THE WAILING SOULS: Old Broom (Taxi pre). Another of Taxi's funny noise specials — but then I always find those strange sounds warm, funky and charming — plus they make me laugh. I suppose people that don't like Shaka because he's 'not natural' (poor twits) get irritated by Taxi's fun/k. Tough. Admittedly, it's another case of the production outweighing the W. Souls' usual intense plaint, as exemplified in the popular . . .

THE WAILING SOULS: Kingdom Rise Kingdom Fall (Greensleeves 12"). Straight into it, that scorching fiery wall of chanting. It's Burning Spear and Misty territory with the Wailing Souls keening a phosphorescent trilogy that chants down Babylon kingdom. When the voices quiver and disappear, the bass strides on, majestic, through the ruins of civilisation as we knew it back in the 1980's . . .

GENERAL SAINT & CLINT EASTWOOD: Tribute To General Echo (Greensleeves 12"). This is the pure, uncut stuff, in a MURDERAAAAA styleee . . . . Henry 'Junjo' Lawes' production is magnificent, paying attention to each quiver and rattle Boy Wonder Style Scott coaxes from every orifice of the drumkit. There couldn't be a more biting tribute to the memory of dirty talking. DJ General Echo, shot by the police when he was walking out of the bank with money he'd just cashed to buy some new equipment. One of the friends he was with had a licensed gun, but the Beast didn't stop to ask. The voices are harsh, angry. A truly crucial record — and, as the DJs remind us, there's others that are dead and gone, too . . . . (hear it in a Walkperson style / sound system sound.)

HOME T 4: Irons In The Fire (Jonjo pre). More of that Jonjo — I assume that it's the same Lawes geezer, from the quality, though it's not as fiery as the General Echo tune — magic, in another head-shaking sermon about loose morals by a bunch of guys who — well, let's say I ain't met 'em, but if they practice what they preach I'll buy them all dinner. Good disc, though.

FREDDIE McGREGOR: Natural Collie (High Times pre). Mr Jogging hits that high note again; this single is exquisite. Very unusual bass — two, by the sound of it, one stepping, one singing, with ethereal keyboards and a horn solo so feeling and free that every time it's played at the shebeen, the DJ flips it right back to the moody intro so that everyone can go into it twice. The words are as good an expression of the Rasta-in-the-hills job definition as I've come across: *"Way down in the valley / Smoking natural collie / Getting inspiration / Spreading it to the nation / That's my work 'cos there's nothing else to do. People / Look around you / Can't you see we're living in poverty /— Jah, save the people."* It all sounds pretty counter-revolutionary to me, but I'd have a go for a couple of months. Bliss on a disc.

VICTOR ROMERO EVANS: At The Club (Special Request). Bet this is where Jean and Melina do all their raving — *"you see a skirt/You wanna flirt / You got your suit / You're looking cute / At the club,"* warbles Victor. Innocuous good-time music that has gained quite a few followers. Pretty soppy, though.

SISTER LOVE: At The Station (Soundoff). Harmless chugalong melody with a nice line in silvery bells. Thematically parallels Sheena Easton waiting for her man.

Rock to page 45

INTRODUCING THE AMAZING NME/ROUGH TRADE C81 CASSETTE OFFER

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24 TRACKS FOR £1.50

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★ 2. THE BEAT – Twist And Crawl (Dub)
★ 3. BLUE ORCHIDS – Wait
★ 4. THE BUZZCOCKS – I Look Alone
★ 5. CABARET VOLTAIRE – Raising The Count
★ 6. THE MASSED CARNABY STREET JOHN COOPER-CLARKES
★ 7. D.A.F. – Kebab Traume (Live)
★ 8. IAN DURY – Close To Home
★ 9. ESSENTIAL LOGIC – Fanfare In The Garden
★ 10. FURIOUS PIG – Bare Pork
★ 11. GIST – Greener Grass
★ 12. JOSEF K – Endless Soul
★ 13. LINX – Don't Get In My Way
★ 14. ORANGE JUICE – Blue Boy
★ 15. PERE UBU – Misery Goats (Live)
★ 16. THE RAINCOATS – Shouting Out Loud
★ 17. RED CRAYOLA – Milkmaid
★ 18. SCRITTI POLITTI – Sweetest Girl
★ 19. THE SPECIALS – Raquel
★ 20. SUBWAY SECT – Parallel Lines
★ 21. JAMES BLOOD ULMER – Jazz Is The Teacher, Funk Is The Preacher
★ 22. VIRGIN PRUNES – Red Nettle
★ 23. ROBERT WYATT – Born Again Cretin
★ 24. WAH! HEAT – 7000 Names Of Wah

FAST FORWARD
Onwards, upwards and out of the slump. The *NME*/Rough Trade C81 is — logically enough — 81 minutes of new noises, new words, new trousers and sometimes new bands, all packed onto one of those new-fangled cassette type things people are talking about, and on offer to you — the public — for the inflation-trashing sum of £1.50.

RECORD
With two exceptions — the Orange Juice track, which was out as a single and the James Blood Ulmer album track — everything on C81 is unavailable elsewhere. The contributions from Robert Wyatt, Wah! Heat, Cabaret Voltaire, Aztec Camera and The Massed Carnaby Street John Cooper Clarkes! have been recorded specifically for C81, and many of the other tracks have been specifically remixed for the occasion. Some of the items — the Scritti Politti opus, for example — may appear on record in the future, but with different mixes. Basically, the contents of C81 are strictly exclusive, and you can't walk into a record shop and get this material — yet.

PLAY
We hope — passionately, lovingly and quixotically — that the C81 will put the fun back in your funk, the bop back in your pop, the unk back in your punk and the snazz back in your jazz. Why a cassette? Because it isn't enough that you move to your music: your music has to move to you. It's portable, it's cheap and it's FUN.

We're offering you the C81 to demonstrate to anyone still harbouring doubts (nasty, inhibiting things, doubts) that the various independent labels are currently manifesting more courage, ingenuity, diversity and colour than any or all of the majors. Bleak? Industrial? You're making us laugh, John. Besides ... why do you think such a varied collection of popular music artistes have agreed to participate in this venture? It's because a belief in the right of artists and audiences to have the freest possible access to each other provides a unifying principle that overrides any kind of stylistic partisanship.

PAUSE
... and while we're on the subject, we're doing this because we believe that your music has cost you far too much for far too long. Plus it scratches too easily: all your cat has to do is walk across your turntable on its delicate little paws and there's six quid's worth of vinyl in the dumper.

Neither *NME* nor Rough Trade are making any money on this: your thirty bob pays for the cost of the cassettes and anything left over goes to the artists. When you consider how many of *them* there are, the performers aren't exactly going to be retiring to the Bahamas on the strength of this either.

The C81 isn't going to be available elsewhere for several months. You can get it through *NME* for a limited period, then you can't get it at all, and then — much later — you can buy it over the counter at Rough Trade and a selection of hand-picked elsewheres and then it'll cost you somewhere in the region of twice as much.

Even when that happens you'll be getting 24 tracks for around £3, which still makes your ordinary full-price album look almost as extortionate as it actually is. And in case you'll be yearning for all those pretty graphics, witty and allusive liner notes and technical details that we've all grown to know and love, then we're giving all you tapeheads a 32-page C81 Owners' Manual with full fab pix'n'info concerning and supplied by the artists themselves on the page opposite. Now is that fair or is that fair?

REWIND
So now we've finally convinced you that we're not just (re)winding you up, how do you go about getting this tape scampering merrily around your heads? Simple, Vladimir. All you do is collect two coupons from any of the next four *NMEs* (starting with this one and of course you can buy all four and the next fifty if you want to, we won't mind a bit), fill in the despatch form and post the thing off to *Rough Trade* with the appropriate quantity of bunce. Full details for ordering come next week with the second coupon.

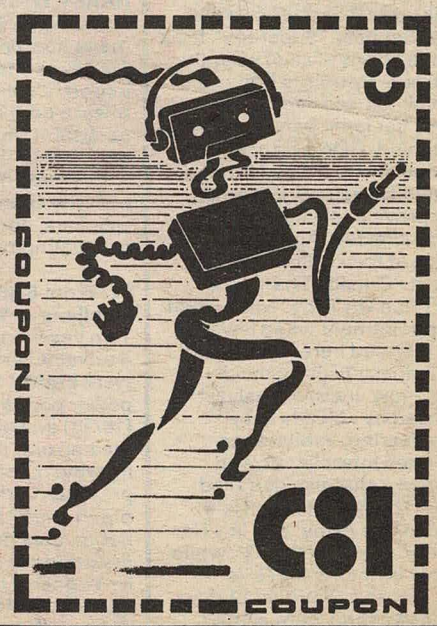
STOP
If you don't believe that we're putting our music where our mouth is, spend £1.50 down the pub this lunchtime ... and then try re-winding and replaying that.

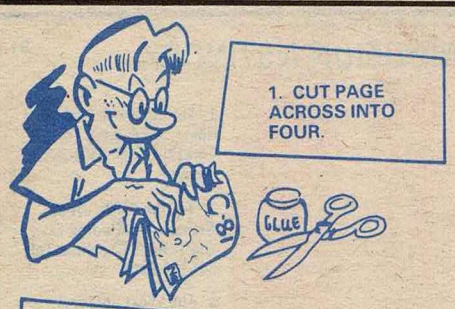
EJECT
From here on in it's up to you. Tape it easy — but tape it.

HERE'S YOUR FIRST C81 COUPON!

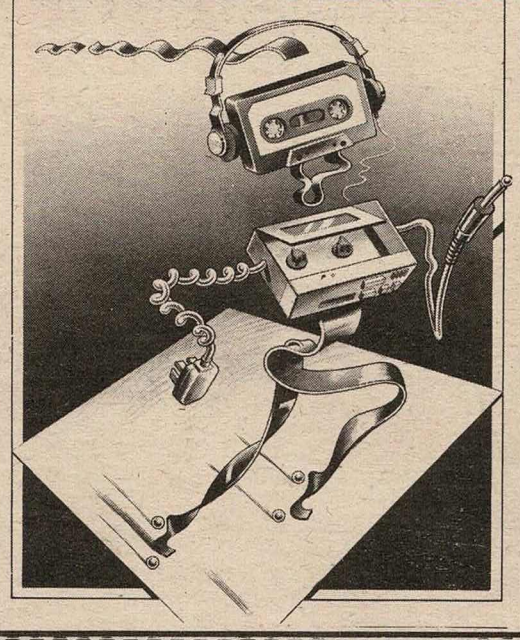
Just collect two coupons from NME during the next month.

Order form and full details of how to send for your C81 next week.




1. CUT PAGE ACROSS INTO FOUR.
GLUE
2. CUT PAGE VERTICALLY INTO TWO.
C-81
3. FOLD RESULTING SIXTEEN PIECES IN HALF AND ASSEMBLE.
HOW TO BUILD YOUR C81 OWNER'S MANUAL

NME / ROUGH TRADE C81 OWNER'S MANUAL



32

24

FOR REPORTER JOE LIPARI, MAY 13TH STARTED OUT LIKE MOST OTHER DAYS...
SAY, LIPARI--- THERE'VE BEEN FOUR OR FIVE REPORTS OF A FLYING SAUCER LANDING IN THE ALLWOOD SECTION! LOOK INTO IT, WILL YOU?
OH, NO, CHIEF--NOT AGAIN! WHEN WILL PEOPLE STOP SEEING FLYING SAUCERS?
DAILY STAR

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

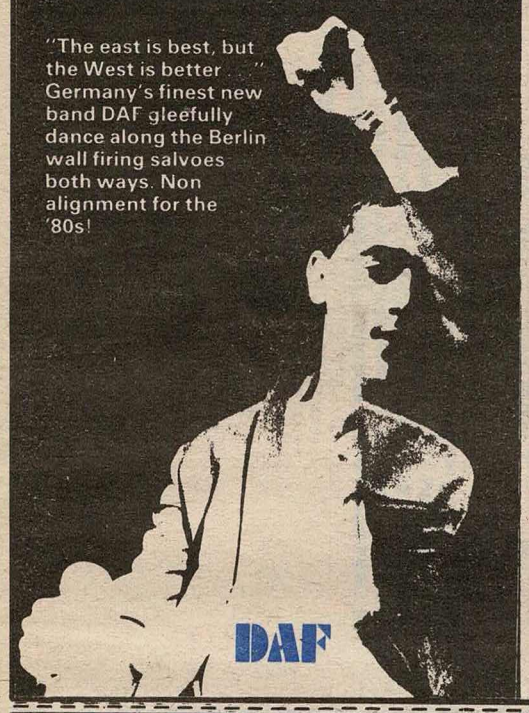
EVERY THURSDAY 30p

WHERE WORDS TRAVEL FASTER THAN SOUNDS

9

THE BEAT: 'Twist And Crawl' (Dub)

International celebrity Saxa advises: "Buy a tape head cleaner. 1981 will be a very busy year for cassette players."

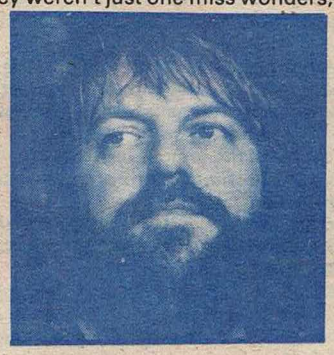

"The east is best, but the West is better" Germany's finest new band DAF gleefully dance along the Berlin wall firing salvoes both ways. Non alignment for the '80s!
DAF

3

ROBERT WYATT

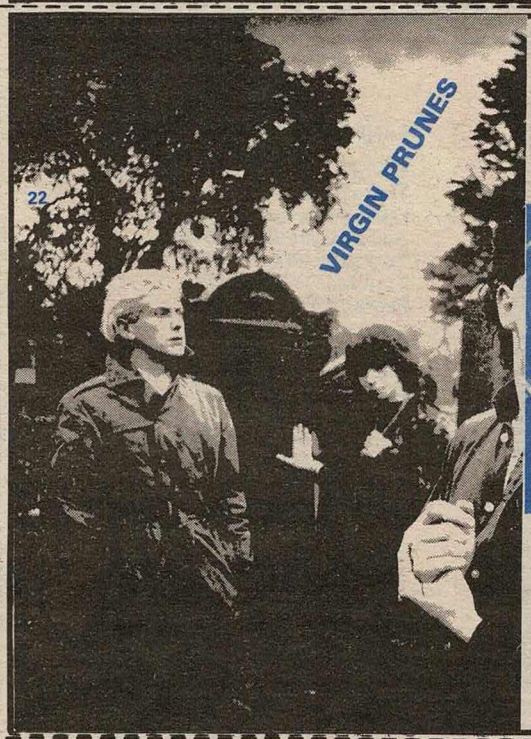
Is it too late to become a punk? God, I'm so slow. I'm just beginning to realise how great it was. 'Never Mind the Bollocks!' 'Alternative Ulster'. 'White Man in the Hammersmith Palais!' Poly Styrene!

And they weren't just one miss wonders, either.



What about PIL? Amazing. And for the title alone, 'Sandinista.' Right up my street that title. Suddenly I'm fed up with feeling old. I used to say, "I've seen it all before. Johnny Rotten's just another pop star. "Well that is true in a way, but right now I'd defend his record against anyone. GO JOHNNY GO!

22



WAH! the ETERNAL . . .

SAY WAH! It's from the soul, it just can't stop! The handful are here to crush painted eggshell worldviews . . . the WAH! the TRUTH! the LIGHT!

Next time you look into your lover's eyes look deep and you will see WAH! — the coarse men, the lions of non-apocalyptic vogue, the testers of man . . . Heroes? HEROES!!!

Quake, heathens, for thou art seen and numbered;

WAH! has sought thee all and found unworthiness to prevail.

Thou art tepid and lukewarm and thou shalt be borne forth on the vomit and bile from the pit of the bellies of the righteous

The good WAH!' guts shall heave thee out and lash thee on thy journey to oblivion with the tongue of tongues of fire that resideth in the temples of WAH! . . . SAY IT LOUD!!!

— GAELIC-DUBWISE. . .

11

28 ROUGH TAPES

ROUGH TRADE

5

THE SPECIALS: 'Raquel' Originally written and performed when the group were known as The Coventry Automatics. Finally recorded during the sessions that produced 'More Specials'.

BUZZCOCKS: 'I Look Alone' — history

This song was written between 10 and 12 am on April 1st 1980 in the courtyard of the Hotel Tramontano, Sorrento. Before trading as an hotel, the Tramontano was a private establishment, patronised by Goethe, Keats, the other Shelley and others, and many other works have been written there.

The song was recorded at Pluto Studios on April 19th with Martin Hannett and completed at Genetic between October 7th and 12th with Martin Rushent.

To date it has been our only unreleased track, but as the song says: "Why be alone? Come down off the shelf".

Pete Shelley 2.10 pm 26/1/81

20

BLUE ORCHIDS: "Wait"

Ian S. Rogers (drums). Martin Bramah (guitar, vocals). Rick Goldstraw (bass).

Recorded at Largo Studios, Rochdale. Produced by Blue Orchids. Engineered by John Brierley.

Discography:
The Flood/Disney Boys RTO65. Released 1.12.80.
Work/The House That Faded Out RTO67. Released end of March '81.

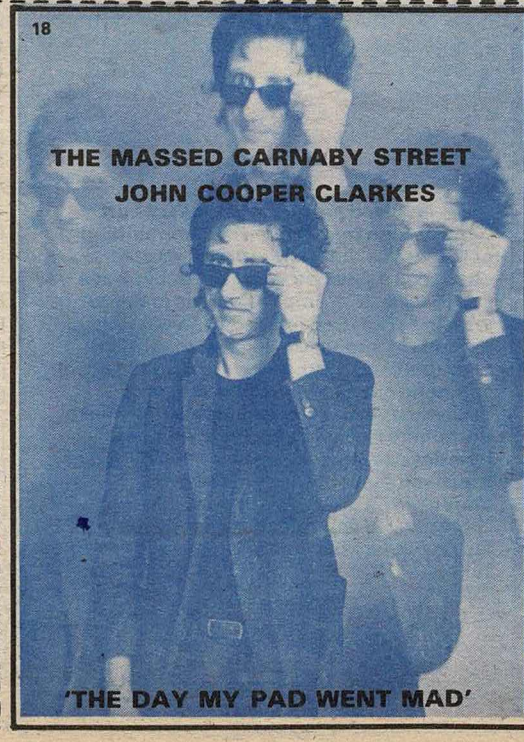
IAN DURY: Close To Home

"Recorded this demo in 1977 as a possible song for 'New Boots And Panties'. There's just the two of us — I sang and played drums whilst Chas Jankel took care of the piano, bass, guitars and anything else. I've been meaning to put this out for some time but never got around to it until now."

26

THE RAINCOATS
Oh, he didn't have no umbrella
CLOUD ALONE
FANTASY
MISTAKES
FEARS
PINNED UP ON THE WALL
TAKE ME HOME
Our relationship with Rough Trade
Our contracts are for each record that we make, and any band stays with Rough Trade as long as both parties want to work with each other. The expenses of production (recording, cutting, processing, printing sleeves and labels, and pressing) and promotion (biographies, press kits, photos, badges, posters, depending on how much the band wants) are split in half with the band and Rough Trade. The profits are then halved as well
releases:
single RTO13
Rough 3
album
BOOKLET
LP in March
Working in a group of people doing music or any other aspect of art is a very challenging experience and not always easy to cope with. There is so much to find out about yourself and about the others to be able to keep the necessary dialogue going. Also you have to find out what that group means, so that you can keep that dialogue going with the people outside of
7
We take seriously what we do, and we work hard on building our music, our ideas, our understanding of life and the issues atatched to it, and we try as much as we can to bring them all together. Not everything is clear but we keep trying to find out.

18

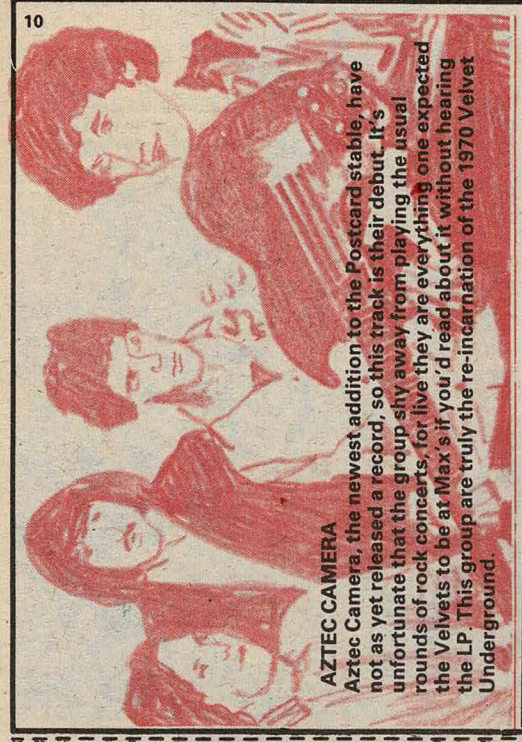


SCRITTI POLITTI 15

"A squeeze of the hand — enormous documentation — a tiny gesture within the palm, a knee which doesn't move away, an arm extended as if quite naturally, along the back of a sofa and against which the other's head gradually comes to rest — this is the paradisiac realm of subtle and clandestine signs: a kind of festival not of the senses but of meaning."

The myth of the sensual/sensory primacy of the body of the individual in sexuality can be debunked and its ramifications for the ideas of sensual primacy to "cultural experiences" (e.g. music) are similarly displaced. Consider foot binding, circumcision and playing footsie. Bye for now.

10



AZTEC CAMERA
Aztec Camera, the newest addition to the Postcard stable, have not as yet released a record, so this track is their debut. It's unfortunate that the group shy away from playing the usual rounds of rock concerts, for live they are everything one expected the Velvets to be at Max's if you'd read about it without hearing the LP. This group are truly the re-incarnation of the 1970 Velvet Underground.

23

2
A

THE INDEPENDENT DISTRIBUTION NETWORK

31

1. For the North East: Red Rhino, 9 Gillygate, York, N. Yorkshire. Tel: 0904-36499 (Tony).

2. For the North West: Service, 91a George St, Altrincham, Cheshire. Tel: 061-941 3810.

3. The West Country: Revolver, 1 Berkeley Crescent, Triange, Clifton, Bristol. Tel: 0272-299105.

4. In the Midlands: Inferno, 3 Dale End, Birmingham. Tel: 021-236 9201.

5. The East Country: Bucks, 3 Swan Lane, Norwich. Tel: 0603-25658.

6. Country-wide: Fresh, 359 Edgware Road, London W2. Tel: 01-258 0572 (Alex).

7. Country-wide: Rough Trade, 137 Blenheim Crescent, London WII. Tel: 01-221 1100.

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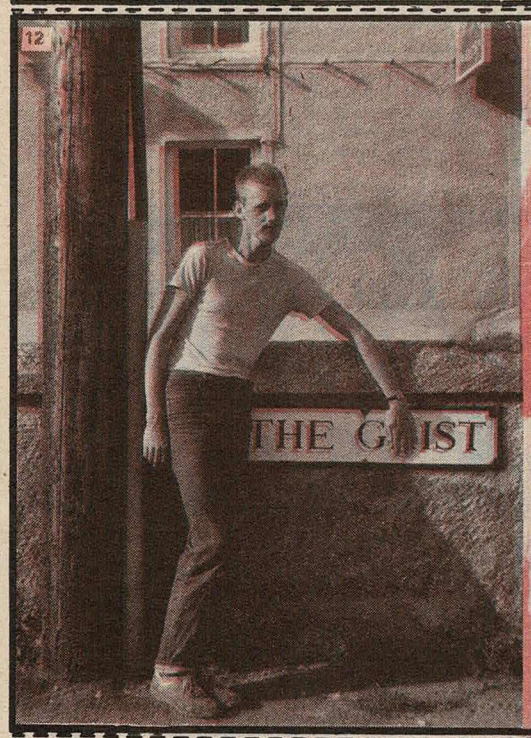

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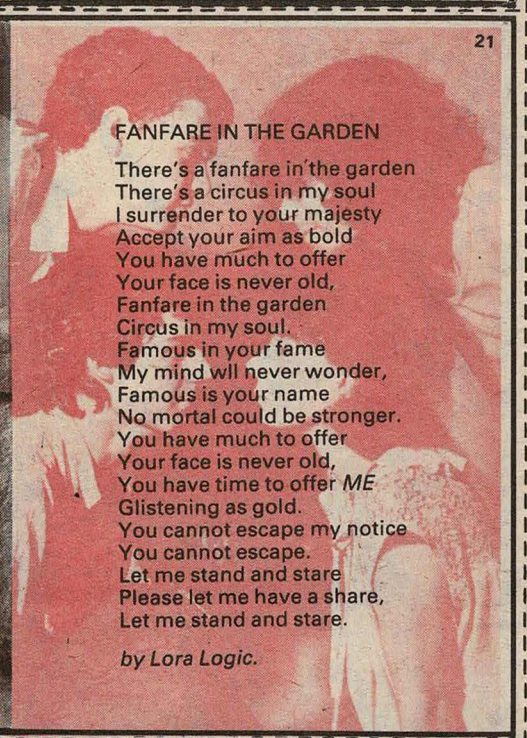


FANFARE IN THE GARDEN

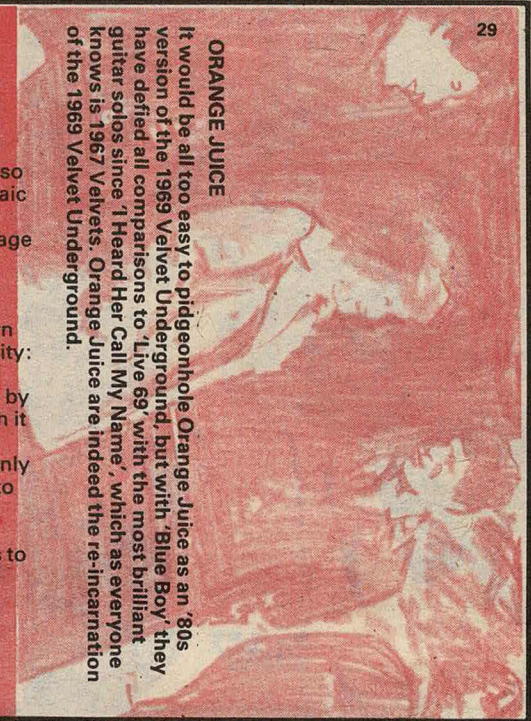
There's a fanfare in the garden
There's a circus in my soul
I surrender to your majesty
Accept your aim as bold
You have much to offer
Your face is never old,
Fanfare in the garden
Circus in my soul.
Famous in your fame
My mind wll never wonder,
Famous is your name
No mortal could be stronger.
You have much to offer
Your face is never old,
You have time to offer *ME*
Glistening as gold.
You cannot escape my notice
You cannot escape.
Let me stand and stare
Please let me have a share,
Let me stand and stare.

by Lora Logic.

4

The Milkmaid (The Red Crayola with Art & Language) is a monstrosity of detente. It is also didactic. It refers to a real picture, a wall mosaic in the USSR.
The language of the song refers to the language of those who would claim that the picture is both socialist and realist. It is the rhapsodic language of bureaucratic lyricism.
The music of the song refers to some Western formulae of romantic innocence and sensitivity: cabaret pastorale.
The performance of the song is a didactic act by agents estranged from the materials of which it is composed.
A resolution of this monstrosity is possible only as a consequence of an inquiry which seeks to explain the mechanisms of these genetic materials.
The contradictions of the present are such as to make such an inquiry only partly thinkable.

29



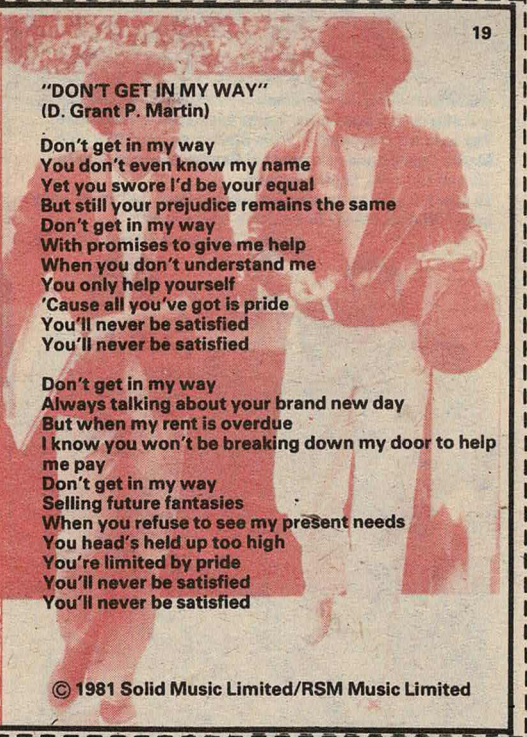
ORANGE JUICE
It would be all too easy to pidgeonhole Orange Juice as an '80s version of the 1969 Velvet Underground, but with 'Blue Boy' they have defied all comparisons to 'Live 69' with the most brilliant guitar solos since 'I Heard Her Call My Name', which as everyone knows is 1967 Velvets. Orange Juice are indeed the re-incarnation of the 1969 Velvet Underground.

14

Cabaret Voltaire: 'Raising The Count'

Claiming only to have sexual relationships with Europeans was, without the necessary technical information, doubtful. However, analogue inputs can (allied to a suitable system) in the words of Katherine Hart "include the interception of non oral communications." It's as easy as one plus one, rudimentary as mind over matter, your mind and they matter. A man can have but one master, yours smirking all the way to the bullion farm and this is entertainment?
Greedy faces from the school of modern violence swear bibles and attack by ambush. Three shots ran naked across a field. (legislation will now control the imaginary threat of rock and roll).

19



"DON'T GET IN MY WAY"
(D. Grant P. Martin)

Don't get in my way
You don't even know my name
Yet you swore I'd be your equal
But still your prejudice remains the same
Don't get in my way
With promises to give me help
When you don't understand me
You only help yourself
'Cause all you've got is pride
You'll never be satisfied
You'll never be satisfied

Don't get in my way
Always talking about your brand new day
But when my rent is overdue
I know you won't be breaking down my door to help me pay
Don't get in my way
Selling future fantasies
When you refuse to see my present needs
You head's held up too high
You're limited by pride
You'll never be satisfied
You'll never be satisfied

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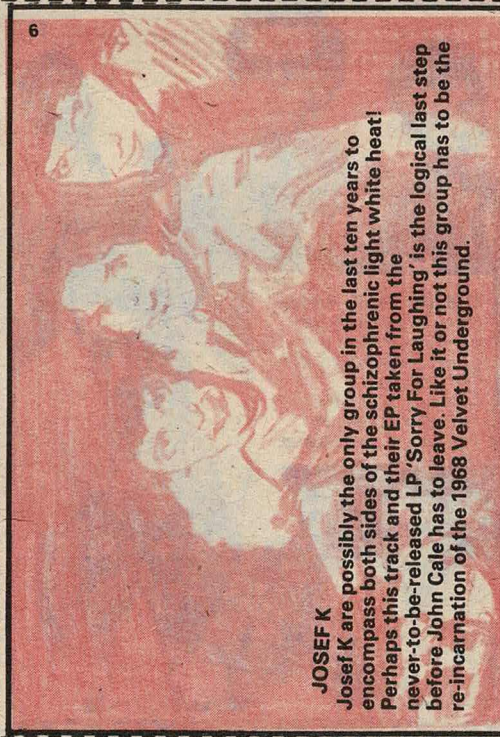


JOSEF K
Josef K are possibly the only group in the last ten years to encompass both sides of the schizophrenic light white heat! Perhaps this track and their EP taken from the never-to-be-released LP 'Sorry For Laughing' is the logical last step before John Cale has to leave. Like it or not this group has to be the re-incarnation of the 1968 Velvet Underground.

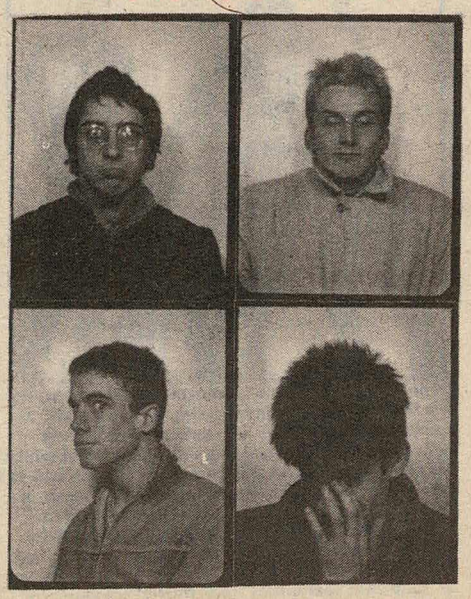
27

MISERY GOATS:

Don't fret now baby; don't be so tired: no mope, mope, mope-a-dope. Oh now, it's not as bad as all of that; no, it's not as bad, not as bad as all of that — don't be a misery goat.
Oh, I could cry; I could just cry!
What's wrong!? What's wrong with the ickle boy?
Oh, the tears fall down.
The chorus sings: I've got one bright hope.
I sang three songs and marched around, marched around; I sang — Looky here; here comes the poetry:
"I'm a cave with a wind inside;
I'm a shell with a sound of the surf inside."
What?! What's the point? What's the point, hunh?
Don't be a misery goat!
The chorus sings: I've got one bright hope.
Herd 'em up, Tex.
Instrumentation: SK: drums. TM: bass, backing voice. AR: synthesizer. DT: voice. MT: guitar.
A 'live' recording from a performance of Pere Ubu in Cleveland, Ohio, July, 1980.

FURIOUS PIG: BARE PORK

17



More involved promotional gallery hurt popular january eighteen nme something sound anvils drumkits storage accept abstract origins two and push in big trade rough bizarre all smoke it music massive with in of hundred is words annihilating hammers i known turtler else repetition your unmixed parts music turtling tap vocal someone city incorporating someone backward device is tendency second sticks drummers relaxing dancing bygone shit pointless cold black thunder at but a and of the blood meat stones movement stereotyping around with dont and two three sunday reproduction feet by buppies lazy is blisters the hands know out with time.

FURIOUS PIG: BARE PORK

16

8

Parallel Lines was written (mid 1976) by Vic Godard and recorded by Subway Sect one year later. At this session Ambition/Different Story was also recorded. The group members playing on these tracks were Bob Ward — drums, Paul Myers — bass, Rob Simmons — lead guitar and backing vocals, Vic Godard — rhythm guitar and lead vocals.

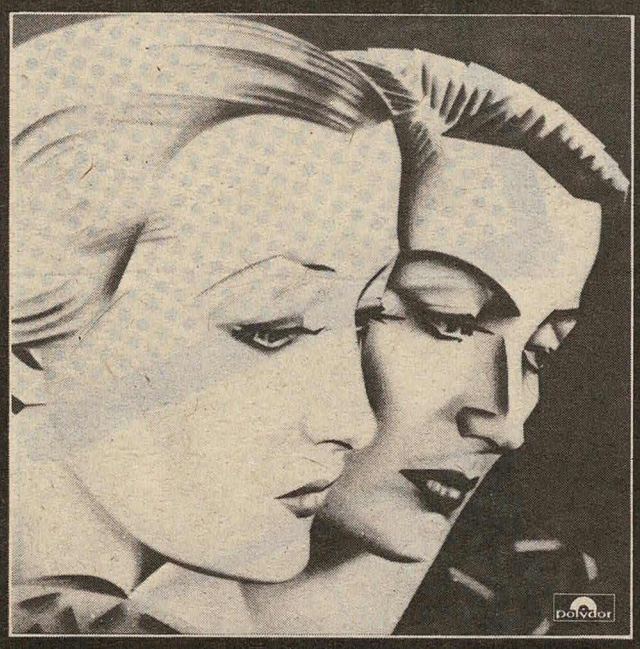
"Class war will never change history
While parallel lines are in a cloud of mystery".

25

Thanks To Everyone For Voting
For Us And For Your Support In 1980

Bruce, Paul & Rick

The PASSIONS



NEW SINGLE
I'M IN LOVE WITH A GERMAN FILM STAR

Next week in NME

JAMES BROWN
Ian Penman tracks down the hardest working man in showbiz in gay Paree.

CUBA LIBRA
Max Bell munches an oatcake with some more of Scotland's finest.

PLUS!
All the usual garf, and the first of several chances to buy the fabulous NME/Rough Trade C81 cassette.

SEND A MESSAGE?

IT'S ONLY 36p PER WORD IN N.M.E. CLASSIFIEDS

N.M.E. — YOUR PAPER, USE IT.

"It's top of the league."

"The Grundig RR220 is one of the finest radio recorders around.

It costs about £66, and for that you get a superb 4-band radio with a cassette recorder that includes Grundig Intermix and record mute facilities.

The powerful 2½w output gives the RR220 its great sound. And if that's not enough, it looks good as well.

You're onto a winner with Grundig."

GRUNDIG
Precisely Grundig. Precisely right.

The Exterminator greets his latest flame.

SILVER SCREEN

The Exterminator

Directed by James Glickenhaus Starring Christopher George, Samantha Eggar and James Ginty *(Alpha)*

THE best exploitation movies take a topical theme and milk it for every conceivable low-budget thrill. The violence and sensationalism often go hand-in-hand with a quickie speculativeness, a cheap dice with important social and political issues. *The Exterminator* certainly wastes no time laying its message on thick.

Here is a tale of two hells, the one in Vietnam and the one in America: it's a short trip from the horrors of jungle warfares (decapitations optional) to crime-infested New York where street games like the Ghetto Ghouls are shot away to the sound of 'Disco Inferno'.

Handing out most of the punishment is a disillusioned Viet veteran called Eastland who, after fighting for the Land of the Free, returns home to a dead-end job in a meat warehouse. In fact, the film pessimistically sees society as some vast abattoir with the people at the bottom as so many cheap cuts of meat. Eastland sides with the oppressed, reads Sartre and the *Anarchist Cookbook,* and puts a mafia boss with interests in the beef industry through a mincer (poetic!).

Exterminator Eastland sometimes gets as confused as the plot (homage to *Apocalypse Now, The Deerhunter, Taxi Drive* and *Deathwish*) because, as well as being a vigilante with a social conscience or a nihilistic Robin Hood, he's also on a — very literal — moral rearmament campaign and reactionary clean-up of the city, burning pimps alive and filling pederasts full of dum-dums.

Exterminating angel or devil? The film poses this and other more general questions about the nature of violence: who's dishing it out and why? If you think the exterminator is a villain, try the CIA. Yes, they get in on the act, too, and the film takes a conspiratorial walk on the post-Watergate paranoid side, enriching its list of rippings-off to include *The Parallax View.*

The CIA got up to all sorts of covert atrocities in Vietnam, and here they are now in NY making a mess of people, like the cop who's meant to be hunting Eastland but spends more time dallying with a nurse. Eastland himself refuses to be the fall guy of any government intelligence agency, even if they shoot him off a crane and into the river. Like he says in many a scene, he'll be back . . . exterminating.

The Exterminator is occasionally a shade creaky, but there's plenty of compensation in the way of breathtaking sequences and awkward but pertinent questions about justice and liberty. And, honest, there's a sort of warped concluding hopefulness.

Paul Tickell

BOX OFFICE

London

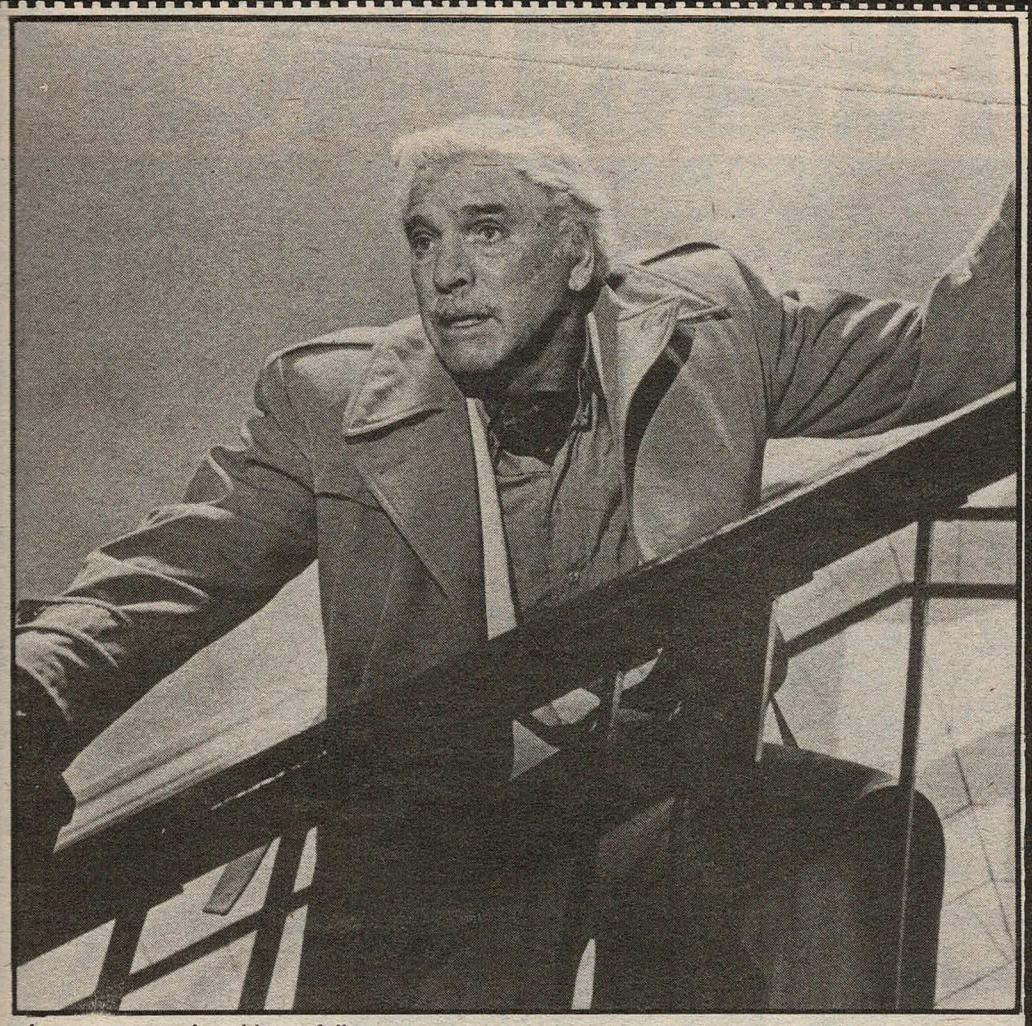
1. **Flash Gordon** (Directed by Mike Hodges)
2. **Caligula** (Tinto Brass)
3. **The Dogs Of War** (John Irvin)
4. **Airplane!** (Abrahams/Zuckers)
5. **Tribute** (Bob Clark)

Regions

1. **The Big Brawl** (Robert Clouse)
2. **Dressed To Kill** (Brian De Palma)
3. **Hangar 18** (Lenny Von Schtupp)
4. **Flash Gordon** (Mike Hodges)
5. **The Dogs Of War** (John Irvin)

(Screen International)

Jackson, Matthau: the CIA can be fun



Lan[illegible] growing old tastefully

Burt's Atlantic City Double Crossing

Atlantic City

Directed by Louis Malle
Starring Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, Michel Piccoli and Hollis McLarne *(Enterprise)*

SUSAN Sarandon rubs the juice of whole lemons into her breasts watched avidly by Burt Lancaster in the apartment across the way. Burt watches not like a young man with a hand on his tinkle but steadying himself on the window ledge of the kitchen. This is old man Burt now. Burt with a paunch and a head of Cindy Doll white hair.

Atlantic City has already been designated the film in which the old acrobat finally and abruptly ages but I think I'll remember it more as Louis Malle's sharp as cheese portrait of American Mob Culture.

Picture a casino 20 times larger and noisier than those chic little French jobs South bv the Med. Now move in on a seafood bar selling fast service lobster and clams. Upstairs, in a smoke-filled hotel room, tubby Al Waxman runs a card school for middle-aged Jewish /Italian coke dealers. Elsewhere, the golden-larynxed Robert Goulet inaugurates the Frank Sinatra Wing of the City Medical Centre. The song is 'Atlantic City, My Old Friend', slimy sentimental lyrics by Company hack man, Paul Anka. Goulet is surrounded by "gorgeous" girls in plumes and leotards, their arses all hanging out in a row.

In the black shanty-ville not too many blocks away arses hang out because they can't afford to be patched. (Malle's images of America's "new" urban poverty are as blunt as you'll see anywhere).

Everywhere the ball hammer is trashing the old Atlantic City, knocking down the last are facts of the '40s grand resort town and making all the sweeter Lou's rose-tinted memories of the period.

Lou is Lancaster's small time villain, dignified and with backbone, but for whom chances came and went. Now all he's got is the company of the arthritic hag in the downstairs apartment.

Years ago he was hired to protect her for the duration of a Betty Grable lookalike contest. But the job stuck. He became transformed into paid servant, walking the poodle, massaging her enflamed joints, sometimes rubbing the parts that lurk grotesquely under the top sheet.

As we join Lou his life takes on a fundamental twist. He becomes drawn into the newly - muddled life of the girl across the way; the trainee croupier with the lemon - scented breasts. Her name is Sally.

One day Sally's estranged husband, Dave, turns up with a stack of cocaine and a lover. The lover is Sally's own pregnant, flipped-out sister, Grace. Dave aims to sell his stash, cut 50% with baby laxative, to Al Waxman in the smoky hotel room over the casino.

Unfortunately the coke belongs not to Dave but to the Mob's Philadelphia branch office and it's from there two clods have been sent to recover the goods and punish the malfeasant dealer.

It's into this dungpile that Lou steps, at first inadvertently but then, as the muck flies and he sees the chance to prove his manly worth, with a real relish.

The lure of *Atlantic City,* however, isn't the twisting plot line or the routinely accomplished performances from all cast members. The attraction is Malle's very adroit and very French view of American schlob culture.

"Howard Johnson's running the casino now," says a disconsolate Lou. "Now it's all so goddam legal."

Andrew Tyler

Hopscotch

Directed by Ronald Neame
Starring Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson *(Rank)*

ENTERTAINING though it often is, this adaptation of Brian Garfield's intriguing novel lacks a certain sharpness that would have improved it no end.

Matthau is Miles Kendig, the CIA man who's demoted from field to desk for failing to bring in his opposite number in the KGB and so shreds his file, goes to ground and runs rings around his bungling ex-employers as he mails off chapters of his memoirs to interested rival secret services, and Jackson, his canny accomplice and old flame.

Matthau's morose, hangdog mask rarely slips and Ned Beatty acquits himself officiously as Myerson, Kendig's unpleasant boss, but the Agency's endless shows of incompetence soon pall. Then, when the game finally begins to play itself out in deadly earnest, Neame appears unable to quicken the tone of his film accordingly. As a result, you're left adrift, uncertain whether to snicker or merely shrug.

Afterthought: five years ago a film like *Hopscotch* would have been unthinkable in the wake of Watergate and with Alan J Pakula's *The Parallax View,* Coppola's *The Conversation* and, to a lesser extent, Sydney Pollack's *Three Days Of The Condor* all taking a very dim, concerted view of the CIA in particular and intelligence networks in general. But back in 1981 we find America's new vice-president is an ex-director of the CIA. Pardon my paranoia, but so it most certainly seems to go.

Angus MacKinnon

THREE
GOLDEN GLOBE NOMINATIONS!
NEIL DIAMOND
Nominated Best Motion Picture Actor in a Comedy or Musical Film.
LUCIE ARNAZ
Nominated Best Motion Picture Actress in a Supporting Role.
'LOVE ON THE ROCKS'
Nominated Best Original Song.
His story will make you cry.
His music will make you sing.
His triumph will make you cheer.
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THE JAZZ SINGER A JERRY LEIDER PRODUCTION
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Based on the play by SAMSON RAPHAELSON Original Song Score performed by NEIL DIAMOND
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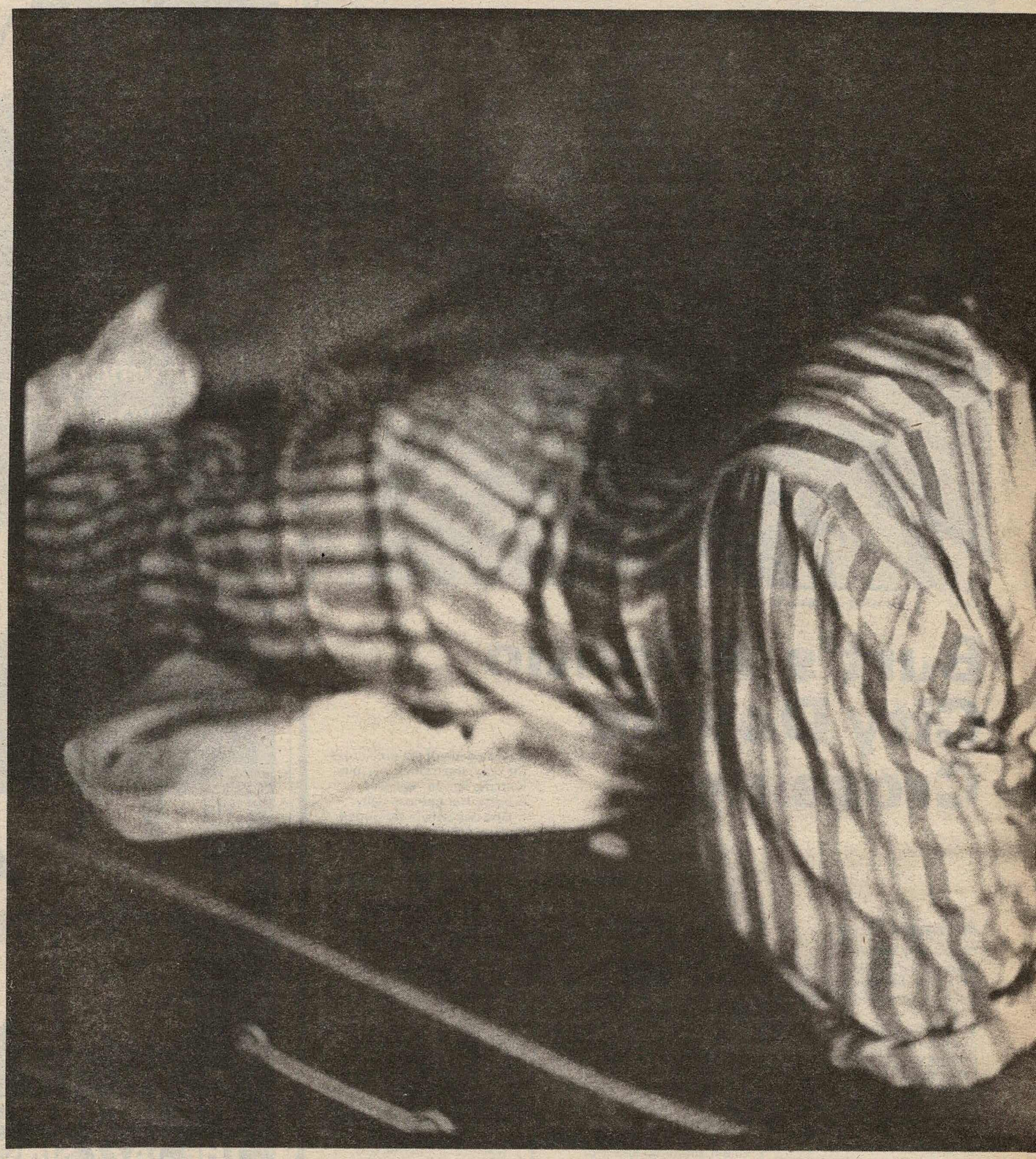
THE TEARDROPS



THE IMMENSE JULIAN COPE INTERVIEW

by Paul Morley
photos Anton Corbijn

Just the other day Scott Walker — whoops sorry — Julian Cope realised that he "could be great". In fact he's decided he wants to be "technically one of the best singers in the world". It doesn't matter that his band has just fallen to bits. He'll just form another one! And it'll just be so incredible!! You wouldn't believe . . . It'll just be so . . . . so . . . oh! Words fail us! Never mind! Find out for yourself!

THE GOLDEN wonder boy Julian Cope lounges languidly on this single bed in an anonymous London hotel, his carefully wrecked appearance merging seamlessly into the slightly dishevelled bedspread, head resting casually in his hand, fingers automatically tousling his bowl-cut hair. He stares into mid-air, briefly fixated ...

Abruptly! his body tightens, he jerks himself up into a kneeling position on the bed, flings his arms out, and his eyes bulge to communicate a dedicated, unmanageable enthusiasm.

What he's trying to say is momentarily swallowed ... a stammer ... then he charges into unflagging mischievous passion. As the interview develops he changes position on the bed constantly: discreetly throws shapes: slides down it's side to sit on the floor: fidgets, steels himself, explodes with haphazard alacrity.

God does he talk: is he loud! An irrepressible, craving volume. Love him!

Somewhere, I ask him if his Liverpool based new pop group The Teardrop Explodes are prey to whimsy, referring to a possible Englishness.

"I've never felt that," he exclaims, words typically transferred into a mild melody, accompanied by a stylised gesture and expression. "I've always been very anti those things. I think of things like that when I think of bands like The Enid and Monochrome Set. I love Englishness, but not that we're drinking tea and having a good time, that thing of forming *Crossroads Appreciation Societies* ...

"My definition of Englishness — it just happens to be my Englishness. I mean, I really love *Corry*. I love the way they talk, the whole characterisation, but I don't try and make a big deal out of it."

Corry?

"*Coronation Street*. Don't you call it *Corry*"

No! It must be a Liverpool expression.

"Yeah ... "Cope tends to say 'yeah' with a confounding mix of agreement with what you've said and yet a lingering disagreement, this generally melting into a more convinced, "Actually, yeah."

Cope sings in his speaking voice. A paragon of deepness and completion, the voice of a full heart and a glamorous resolution. As a singer, for all his obvious debts, he is one of the best. When he sings the romantic gladiator is in control: when he speaks the racy, sensationalising teenage raconteur dominates.

Julian Cope is The Noble Nitwit. Enjoying it all, yet fretting and wondering.

Once in almost hammy full flight he diffusively uses phrases like: 'pure cringe', 'incredibly intense', 'just one of the most immense things ever', 'it's freaking me out', 'never felt so brilliant in my life', 'unbelievable', 'do you remember when ...!'

He is an archetype Liverboy: bright, commanding. Like his pals Ian McCulloch and Pete Wylie a natural getting on with his own speciality, who's watched with relish as it's built up from private, primitive fiddling about into a space where public attention and expectation is not inconsiderable.

HIS ENTHUSIASM is inexhaustible, rousing and slightly susceptible. Enthusiasm for such things as ideas, friends, motives, talk, music, for Great Moments In Time.

"... do you remember when!" he'll almost shriek, leaping towards me.

John The Postman's first acappella version of 'Louie Louie'! The first Pere Ubu LP! Anthony Moore's death single! Peter Hammill's 'Silent Corner And Empty Stage'! Pere Ubu and The Pop Group at Manchester Rafters in 1978 ...

"Oh God !!!!!!"

Devo's first single! Neu! Faust touring with Henry Cow! Tim Buckley's 'Sweet Surrender'!

"... just artistically immense !!!!!"

The Fall with Martin Bramah! The Velvet fucking Underground! Especially John Cale !! The Doors! H.P. Lovecraft!! Don Covay! Love! Mike The Postman!! Slap Happy! Virgin Records in the early '70s! Captain Beefheart!

"... just incredible !!!!!!"

SCOTT WALKER !!!!!!!

"It's just the most joyous thing in the world."

Cope is such a fan — with an intuitive discrimination — it's truly spectacular.

We tremble with glee at our (co-inciding) recollections. Shake our heads at a loss for words at what has happened and is happening. There is indisputably a route that the '50s babies have taken if they've reached this far with vision and fascination: moving from Bolan to Roxy, the Velvets, Can, Beefheart, Faust, jolted by the Pistols, Patti Smith, surging through 'Spiral Scratch', Devo, early Pop Group, Verlaine, Pere Ubu, Fall, Subway Sect ... with Julian Cope it's these things and then Scott Walker and Tim Buckley, an emphasis on The Voice.

The Teardrop Explodes uniquely energises Cope's love, commitment, understanding; transforms this detailed, involved passion and sublime identification into enhancing majestic new age pop.

Cope, along with the best of our new heroes, has used the values and insight of the greatest possible influences and radically rejuvenated and regenerated the visualising and converting spirit. Cope has been directed by the sabotage of The Fall and Pere Ubu, inspired by the ambiguous romancing of Scott Walker and Tim Buckley. He's using them! Fully in touch with how dangerously beautiful, desperately sensual and vitally aggravating this music can be: how haunting and embittered.

Teardrop Explodes music is the work of an obsessive. Julian Cope is a valuable writer: he wants, *he needs*, to remain interested, to change; he refuses to sink into contrition. He stands firm and graceful against immobilising banality. He invents new shapes faithful to the mood of self-revelation that *have* to represent and respect the complexity and even blandness of his own desires.

Julian Cope's best songs are among the most sensitive, satisfying and actually modern of the day, full of intelligent intention, ingenuous invention and an elusive awareness of inevitability. Their structures have a limpid accuracy, a sensational succinctness. The songs stand for elation.

1980 wasn't a good year for Cope and The Teardrop Explodes. It was awash in indecision and inconsistency. Two singles: the artistically immense 'Treason' and the minor hit 'When I Dream'. A Phonogram recording contract that dislodged the smooth Teardrop flow — which began in 1979 and the two Zoo singles 'Bouncing Babies' and 'Sleeping Gas'. An LP 'Kilimanjaro' that substantially and immorally ruined Cope's worthy songs: potential and class injured by the record's sound and presentation. The group falling apart: guitarist Michael Finkler was replaced by Alan Gill after recording most of the LP, and Gill himself has now gone. Keyboard player David Balfe departed as the year sadly faded away, as all that epic promise seemed to have evaporated.

But enthusiasm's what counts in this business! Cope didn't collapse. He's currently in the process of auditioning for new musicians. Ex-Shake, Troy is the new guitar. Gary Dwyer still bangs. They need a dashing bassman. Records and dates will be here in two shakes of a lamb's tail. Here we go again! On towards legend!

Cope is also, in the style of a dream, in the middle of organising a compilation of Scott Walker songs for Zoo. Whenever he mentions Walker, Cope implodes into orgasm: clenches his fists, looks to the heavens and yells: WAAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!

For someone who gets so enthusiastic about comparatively little things, conveying pure joy and ecstasy is a problem. So he just SCREAMS! He doesn't hold himself in any reverence.

As we begin to talk, a tape of Scott Walker works its heavenly way in the background. Cope

S IMPLODE

rolls about on the bed. His conversation is lathered with imaginary exclamation marks: sometimes he's on the verge of running out of breath! Life's too short! Words of little use! Sometimes!

Such visions — though! — are making me *stay!!*

HAS IT been important that you came from Liverpool — what it led you towards, the people you belonged with? I see a common cause in the chatter and personalities of the Liverpool set.

"The ironic part is that I'm not from Liverpool. I'm from Birmingham, but I am totally Liverpool orientated. I met Mac (Ian McCulloch) and Wylie (Pete Wylie) the same day, and it was like just the most vital thing ever. I just thought this is incredible!!! We formed The Crucial Three.

"We hadn't got a name, and Wylie said, The Crucial Three, people have got to remember us. I said, Yeah you're right. And I remember Wylie was drumming on the back of a chair and he said, God we're just going to be legendary!!!!! I remember thinking, Yeah — we will!

"It's great that in the end we're all leaders of bands. The Crucial Three was so strange. We never did anything. The only song we had was 'I'm Bloody Sure He's On Dope'. But . . . I can understand how legends build up. I can look back at that and think God that was so legendary!!!"

Was it in any way oppressive being part of that set?

"No. Not at all. Like Jayne (Pink Military) and I used to talk in a very dubious way. Once, I hadn't seen her for six months, and Dave McCullough (a *Sounds* writer) was interviewing her in The Tea Shop. I walked in and went, Hello Dave! And looked down at Jayne and said, What you interviewing her for? She's crap!! Jayne came up to me afterwards and said to me, That's the first time you've talked to me in six months and you say that. It was just totally flip and there was no way I meant anything of it . . .

"It's like I remember when 'Horses' came out, and I just thought it was the most immense thing, and I realised that most likely Jayne is doing just what Patti Smith did to me and to loads of kids up and down the country. It's one thing I've noticed coming out of Liverpool, now that I can see it, I realise that characters like Jayne are immense. Really immense."

The Crucial Three definitely have that mythical Scouse/fab/Mersey/wack/beat edge to them.

"Yeah . . . I always live as if I'm in a film. I walk down the street, and maybe it's insecurity, and I'm looking in car windows to see if my hair's alright . . . and then I look away in case people see me and think that I'm going to nick the car!!!! Really embarrassing! I always pick the best routes for good windows . . . and then I think maybe I look good but my walk's crap. Mac's the same."

Are you kind of revered in Liverpool?

"I am actually. Which is weird, which is GOOD. I get lots of letters from girls. I get schoolgirls coming round to the front door, and we get phone calls with giggly girls saying, Will you speak to my mate? Which is great! That is the first time I thought, Well, maybe we're getting quite big, when I actually got more letters from girls than boys. I always used to get these letters from grubby 18 year olds . . ."

Fall type letters!

"That's it. You just want to hit them . . . They all look the same. They've all got the worst pants on and they all wear those raincoats."

Are you surprised how serious people take you?

"I can't get over it. It really freaks me out. When I do interviews with people, because I don't know them, I tend to be flippant. It's bad, because when it's printed it just sounds CRAP! The whole bitchy Liverpool scene, that's just got out of proportion, because it isn't really like that . . .

"Like the impression that I hate Mac. I don't hate Mac at all. I used to totally love Mac . . . I still love Mac really. I think he's great. I think it's sad there's so much rivalry . . . I want to be famous . . . I want to be GREAT more than I want to be famous. I want to be GREAT!!!"

Why did Phonogram sign The Teardrop Explodes, taking them out of the Zoo?

"Three months before they signed us, they rejected us. We've got a rejection letter for about half the money we got.

"I didn't want the tokenism of being on Zoo. Bill (Drummond: Zoo keeper) is really good as a manager. He gets a lot of crap out of the way, which is important. I can't cope with that. I did want to be on a major label . . . I always wanted to record albums in the best studio. I got a bit fed up with The Fall attitude. I do want to be technically the best you can get . . . I want to be technically one of the best singers in the world.

"To me there are three singers who really count: Morrison, who everybody knows about; Scott Walker, who nobody can get records by, and they're up on this big stylistic level; and then there's Tim Buckley who's just above everything. They all had lessons in projection, and they didn't deny that it was necessary.

"I don't think there's any reason in denying that you want to be a musician. That's why I've stopped playing bass now . . . I've got as far as I can playing bass, I'm just holding Gary (Dwyer) back on drums."

Technology and technicality can end up overriding factors — there had to be balances between that sort of maturity, and the natural spontaneity.

"I do think it's all about balances."

You didn't get them right on your first LP 'Kilimanjaro' — it didn't sound right at all.

"I'll accept that. I still think it's way above everything else at that time; the quality of the songs. I did put a lot into that LP. I think a lot of it got swamped. I think it was mainly the period it was made Michael Finkler leaving. It took a long time for those songs to come out. The next album's going to be great. I know people always say that. I wrote the songs in about three weeks and I've just never felt so brilliant in my whole life. Just incredible!!!!"

YOU say you want be great. Have you ever been great?

"I think 'Treason' is brilliant. You once said that I was in control of what I was doing, and I couldn't believe that!! I've got this knowledge, of poetry, and of music, just through being utterly consumed by music. I can't deny that I know about things, I can't deny a sort of academic thing about what's been before, but when I'm writing anything it's always been written in a kind of euphoria. I'm unaware of it at the time, there's just good feelings. Like that part that goes *'I can see a course of action leading to a chance'*, and it is a totally experimental thing.

"I just said to Mick do you think we could go to that chord, and he said, Yeah I suppose so, it's a bit weird. And we just went down six frets instead of your usual amount and we just went WOWEEEEE!!!

"It is just a brilliant feeling. It's that sort of surging forward feeling that I want to get. I wish 'Treason' was coming out next year."

When you say you want to be great, you're not being flippant?

"I realised the other day that I could be great. I can sit at home and cry over songs that I've written. I realised that I could be great and sometimes I am great. It is important for other people to know about it. People meet me at gigs and they're so sombre and serious and I just feel so stupid and I just want to say to them that you should go out and just shit on the floor and just kiss people or anything. Just don't feel so constricted. Sometimes I just want to run up to Mark Smith and go WAAAAAAARGHHHHH!!!! You're just amazing. Cos he is! He can slag me off forever. I'm just not bothered, cos I think he's amazing."

Why do you think Mark Smith does slag you off?

"I think he thinks that I avoid the situation. He thinks I'm escapist. I'm really pleased though because I know he bought 'Treason' and I just can't imagine him ever buying records."

Are you prepared to confront the possibility that you are an escapist entertainer?

"I don't think that laying everything on the line is being honest . . . no more honest that some of the pure love songs that I used to write using pure live song imagery. Like 'Sleeping Gas' has got pure love song imagery but certainly isn't a love song. I don't think it's escapist. The way I've been brought up is to use words, and often to hide behind them . . . It's hard for me not to, my background is based around that.

"I do worry. I worry loads. There is this thing of Oh the bomb's going to go up in two years time, we'll just enjoy ourselves . . . I don't believe that. I do believe that you might as well look good. I don't think that's a crass thing to say. It's a crass thing to say that it doesn't matter what you wear. It matters to Mark Smith as much as anyone. He's careful that he wears penny collar shirts and sickly green semi-flares. Seventy per cent of what you are is what you wear."

You've got a style that has never fully come through in pictures or TV. You look great sat here and crap in pictures.

"I know what you mean. I tell you I love the way I look! Photos never come out the way we want them to. And it just totally buggers me off . . . all the time. I just hate it. I can't believe it. I'm certain that they get all the reject photos and publish those . . .

"The photo that accompanied the last Teardrop tour was just the most obscene thing. It was like Advertising, remember that group? I looked like Tot Taylor, we were like a crap teen magazine band. I'm trying to project this image that is like warm and intelligent and basically just investigate this band because we're pretty good. Looking at our photos I just wouldn't want anything to do with us. We always look so crap!

"I spend ages getting ready, because I care. Like I got these pants, I've never taken them off. They cost me £15, they're 1951 (brown leather breeches) and I was so freaked out when I got them, I just couldn't believe it. It's like when I buy a rare record and I take it home and just look at it. Put it on the bed and just look . . . and I'm doing the same with these pants. The first time I'd ever done it with clothes. That sort of feeling.

"So you can imagine what a total freak I feel when I see these horrible pictures. When the album sleeve came out I remember thinking this is the crappiest album sleeve that I have ever seen."

It wasn't even that good.

CONTINUES ➧

TEARDROPS

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"Yeah . . . I'm married right and the wedding photos . . . you should see the wedding photos!!! What a balls up! I had a £2 suit on, and it's the best suit you've ever seen — on somebody else. It was a 1950s' suit. My wife got dressed in black and she just looked incredible. I'm looking all gaunt and lanky and horrible.

"You know your parents' wedding photo is embarrassing? Well, these pictures were immediately embarrassing."

You come over more John Otway than Sting.

"Yeah, an intellectual John Otway! How horrible. I hate John Otway. I hate all those people. What worries me is that the people I love all have an incredible style. Really overwhelming. Maybe I'm just missing it. I don't think so, though . . ."

FOR YOU the important thing about great music is that it is uplifting . . .

"That's important. That's what I think people missed about Joy Division. I mean the whole adolescent new music thing is missing out on the fact that Joy Division were uplifting . . . They weren't down! Even though . . . You know in 'Insight' when Ian goes *'I'm not afraid anymore . . .'* I just feel like melting into the walls!!"

The Liverpool set somehow got caught up in the doomy gloomy knights in grey raincoats thing.

"I couldn't work that out. That is one thing I didn't think about at all. They're all melody bands. Like people have made their minds up about Joy Division, they think it's all tuneless and black and white and they miss out on so much."

Is a Teardrop song very representative of Cope the boy, the enthusiast, the wit?

"It's something that I've always assumed. That people will see the humour . . . There was a couple of 17 year olds who came up to me and said, Oh we like 'When I Dream' but if it had been anybody else we wouldn't have. It's really ironic, they said. I thought, well they've seen something of what I'm trying to do."

What about those who announce Teardrop are returning to a wet late '60s consciousness?

"I thought Danny Baker was a total turd for what he wrote. There can be no base for that sort of accusation. I know 'When I dream' isn't a great single. As a song, it's classic, but it's not a classic production of a classic song."

Why was there a lyric sheet with 'Kilimanjaro?'

"It's something Wylie said which I thought was interesting. I was thinking about lyrics and I remember Mac saying, Oh, I'd never have a lyric sheet, that's the worst. But I'm thinking that a lot of my favourite albums had a lyric sheet, so why not? Then I talked to Pete about it, cos things like that really prey on my mind, and he said, Yeah put your lyrics in because you're one of the few lyricists who I understand the song when you sing it but when I actually read the lyrics I won't have a clue about it. A lot of my lyrics work on inflection more than meaning. I love metaphysical poetry, the immenseness of it . . ."

You see no limitations as to how you can re-define the pop song, to what you can introduce into it.

"Oh no! There was that anti-ambition thing during punk, and it still lingers. A lot of people, it's how they talk. The language that people use is so important. If people don't talk like the way I talk then I don't want to hang around them."

Pete Wylie brilliantly crystalised current feelings in *NME* a couple of weeks ago. He called those limited, crumbled rock attitudes rockism. Punk was rockist — vulgar, lacking curiosity. But even if you use bass, drums, guitar you can still be anti-rockist.

"Oh totally! One of the things that Pete said that was really good was the thing that if rock is good and inspiring then we're a rock group."

A great answer to Lydon's flip generalisation that rock is dead. Rock is like the enthusiasm we're generating in this conversation . . .

"Totally, yeah. . .That's why as soon as you get a blase feeling you might as well just stop. . .because people are going to see it Just the way that people responded to 'Kilimanjaro'. If there were things wrong on that LP there were people aware of it. I used to worry about it — this little bit spoils that bit, why did we let it through? I thought, let's hope they're too thick to notice! And they weren't. Well, you weren't.

"The gig we did at Leicester just before Christmas, I came off the stage and I said that I never want to play again. That was the worst thing that I've every done. It was like being in a 'rock' band. Then I realised that there were loads of possibilities of it going wrong if I didn't make a change."

YOU WENT through 1980 starting out as potential heroes and ending up as potential failures. Did the year piss you off?

"Absolutely. Totally and utterly. I hated it! It started to get pointless. I've always felt that Teardrop music is nearly better than everything else around. But it's got to be much better. It's very easy to say, Oh yeah, we're not a rock'n'roll band, but it's harder to say we're a rock'n'roll group and we're really good. It's got to be that feeling. That uplifting feeling. 'Treason', I can listen to that all the time."

You're not adverse to exclaiming enthusiasm for your own songs.

"No!!!! Why do it if you don't think it's good? I wouldn't even think about doing anything if I didn't think it was good. It'd turn into pure masturbation. . .I've got high standards for people that I think are good and they shouldn't fall below them and it pisses me off when they do; of course I've got no claim on them.

"Obviously it must piss people off when I do something that they think isn't as good as it should be. Vic Godard once said that he never listened to his own stuff. I agree — I never listen to his stuff either. But I listen to mine all the time. I want to listen to his stuff all the time, because it's all there."

'Ambition' has the sort of greatness 'Treason' has. The two songs are complementary.

"Yeah! Yeah! To be classed alongside 'Ambition' — that's pretty immense. When I said there was no point continuing, that it was getting pointless, it was like contradicting that spirit. I've always tried to be as experimental as possible. Drugs and things like that. . .

"I never tried any drugs until about six months ago. I had always kept away from them. I found it hard to cope without adding drugs to it all. Then I thought I might as well try it. So I tried acid. And I thought this is really good! I saw it totally on a hedonistic level. There was nothing mystic in it or anything; nothing chic about it. I think it's one of the most depraved things I've ever done.

"For about three of four months I did a lot. It was pure experimentation. It certainly wasn't clever. Aren't I a big rock star! None of that. That would really piss me off, the idea that you're expected to do things. I kept from it as long as I thought necessary. I suddenly thought I want to do it now. To be 22 and suddenly discover something you hadn't done before is great. It is like discovery. I am into that discovery thing. It is exciting and broadening."

So where did it lead?

"It led to the fact that I like taking drugs. No, it's led to — can I play you John Cale's 'Helen Of Troy' (switches tape from Walker to Cale)."

Cope taking acid got rudely plastered over the miniature Teardrop Explodes myth. Cope succumbing to the evil side of ego. Cope claiming to be psychedelic after all.

"What I hated more than anything within this whole thing was the people denying the whole psychedelic link. I think there's nothing more embarrassing than people denying all their influences. When we first started we were really into bands like Love. Then suddenly nobody had ever heard of them! Oh, are we supposed to sound like Love? I think Love are great!! I don't think we're anything like any of those groups, though. . .I think any vision I have is on a pure pop level."

Following what tradition?

"Do you know I really don't know. Other than something like 'Ambition'. It threw up recollections of other things. . .I think John Cale is one of the best ever. . .did you see him in '75?"

One of the best things I've ever seen — mental.

"I saw him at Birmingham. I came out with a piano leg. Y'know he smashed up the piano? He had these shades, tights, and a horrible gut. . .he came on, the band started to play, he began to sing totally the wrong words. He slammed the piano lid down and just went FUCK!! I couldn't believe it. He just got more and more immense."

ARE YOU going to be Julian Cope — solo entertainer?

"It's going to be The Teardrop Explodes. I've thought about being Julian Cope for a long time. I definitely don't want to be."

I think it's a great idea.

"I want The Teardrop Explodes to be great."

It would be an admission of failure?

"In a way yeah. Teardrop Explodes for me has always been something that I'm very proud of, and very determined to get right. . .it could be Julian Cope after I got it right."

Has Teardrop Explodes been a failure so far. Just patches of isolated greatness?

"Totally. I think it has been a failure. Anything less than greatness is a failure really — if that's what you're aiming for, and it is as far as I go. I'd love to be Julian Cope just on an ego level, but I definitely want there to be a second LP. I do love things to fit in all the time.

"I love the way The Doors' albums fit together. You can get them all out and look at them and think that they're all good and fit together. I hate the way the Velvets' albums have this patchiness, they're all on different labels and some of the covers are bad. I just want there to be a symmetry for The Teardrop Explodes."

So how is this second LP going to make it where the first didn't? You must be aware that to an extent you have to grab back attention.

"That's right. Looking back I don't think I had enough control. Just before Christmas I think I had an aberration. I just didn't want to do it anymore. The only way I could get out of it was just by going away. I hid for three days. Nobody knew where I was. Which was great!! It was almost like saying to myself, right I've got to do it now, getting ready for it.

"I said to (David) Balfe — or I told Drummond to tell Balfe — that there was no way I could carry on writing like this. We wrote in different ways. We got trumpets in now. We used them on 'Kilimanjaro'. I wanted them to sound like a medieval thing, not a soul thing. Now I want to take it all a step further, phase them, pull the songs a bit more apart. It all feels a lot more real now. I'd just hate the general public to think Teardrop Explodes is 'Treason' and 'When I Dream'. Or even worse *just* 'When I dream'. And some do.

"But I feel very optimistic about Julian Cope and I'd like it to be The Teardrop Explodes. There is no point in anything lame. I do see it as being a career. . .that was the first LP in terms of people looking back at it and saying that it was a really good first LP."

That's pretty rockist.

"Very, very. . .but a lot of things do only work in retrospect. Do people notice at the time about things like The Velvet Underground, Can. . .

"The biggest compliment I had was

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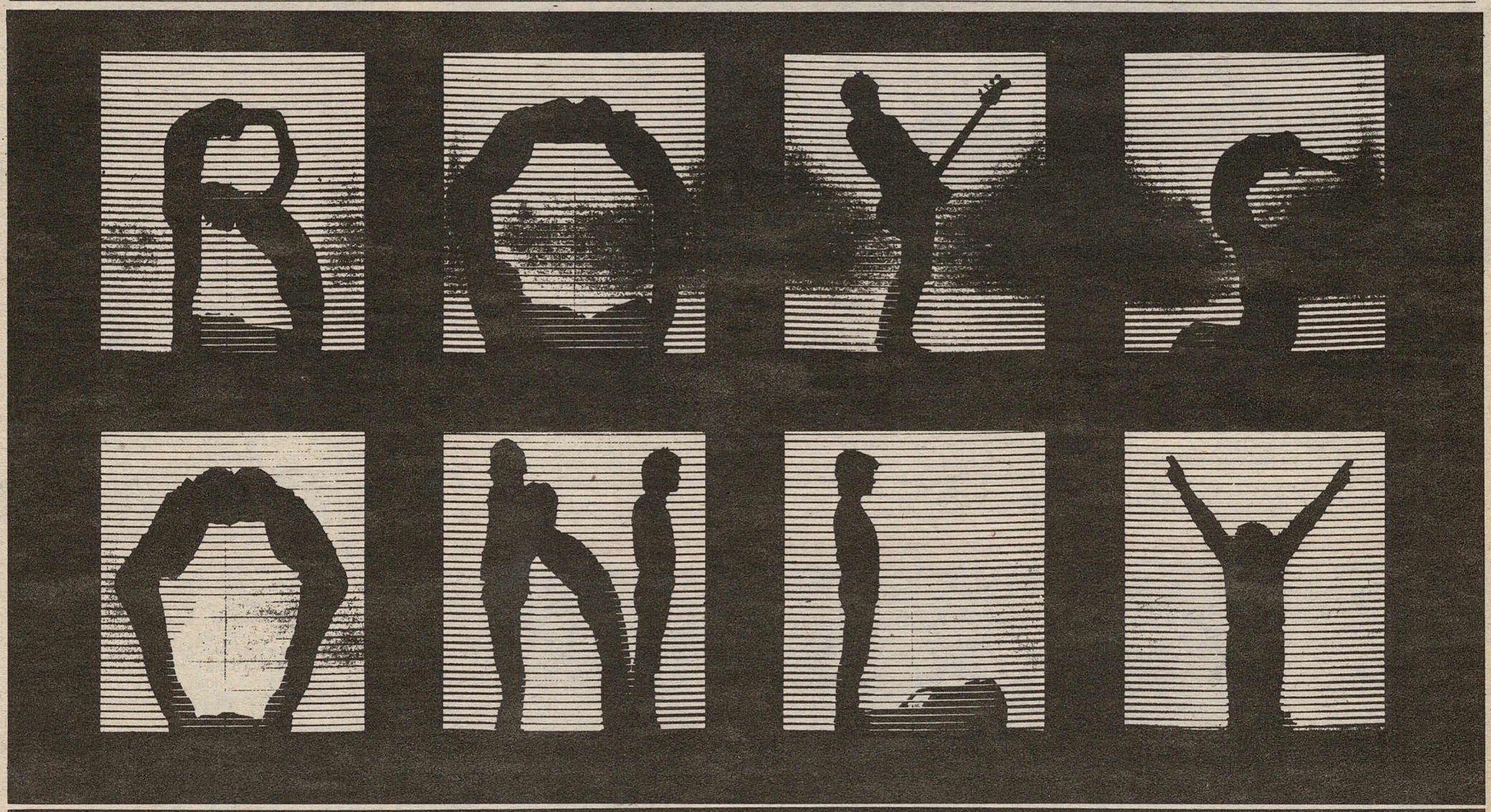


ALBUMS

Pic: David Corio

Dickie's bow and titfer tat. (Is this man a social demoprat?)

A STRANGE CASE OF FUTURE SHOCK!

RICHARD STRANGE
The Live Rise Of Richard Strange *(PVC — import)*

THE RECENT rise of Richard Strange may not be quite as phenomenal as that of his fictional namesake but there's no doubting that — in a dispirited music scene — he is the man of the moment.

Like many before him, Strange sees similarities between present hard times and the '30s: specifically, "international anti-semitism, massive unemployment and rearmament". If it seems a little disconcerting that his response to these horrors is to open a cabaret — an act which smacks as much of the entrepreneur as of the 'concerned' artist — it *is* true that London badly needs new venues and new ways of presenting music; and I'll take on trust Strange's comment that he's just exploring artistic possibilities and doesn't want to end up a club owner.

I'm more dubious about Strange's claim that Cabaret Futura offers "entertainment and politics", since its more newsworthy items — Richard Jobson reading his own poetry, a mime group dissecting a dead rabbit with a power-drill — don't seem to fit easily in either category, let alone both. But again, these are early days and, for now, I'd agree that Cabaret Futura's promise eclipses such crabby reservations.

I'd hoped 'The Live Rise Of . . .' would help clarify Strange's notion of politics, but it proffers only further mystification. Recorded last September in New York's 'Hurrah' club, the LP features Strange performing solo over pre-recorded back-up tapes (the first time, he says, a live record has been made this way). The curious thing is that, although both the title and content of the LP refer directly to Strange's current *meisterwerk*, the song-cycle 'The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange', the existence of this work is nowhere indicated on the record. And, apart from the fact that several tracks are obviously, if loosely, linked, you'd have to have read Strange's press interviews to have any idea that they form part of a longer, narrative sequence. Such a piecemeal approach by Strange is puzzling and, I think, mistaken, if only because some of the tracks take on a new depth in the context of the overall work which they lack on the live album.

'The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange' song-cycle (it's also the title of the opening track) tells the story of a rock star — the fictional RS — who colludes with big-business to become President of a united Europe, whereupon he becomes concerned with social justice, redistribution of wealth etc, and is, apparently, assassinated by his former backers.

A highly implausible scenario: and, even granting that Strange plays it as some kind of political fable, it's hard to see what point he's making, how he connects it up to those problems of anti-semitism, unemployment and rearmament that we face. I suspect it's more of a romantic yarn about a sensitive chap, beset by doubts, pressures and temptations, who clings to his idealism in the teeth of death itself — ie all the old myths of individualism rehashed in the guise of political debate. But as I only know the songs on the album, maybe it's unfair to judge the whole work by a few of its parts.

Strange has carried over from his Doctors Of Madness days a penchant for melodrama and high romance, though these do seem more under control now and are restricted mostly to his lyrics. The Doctors' apocalyptic pomp-rock dirges, like sort of distempered 'Diamond Dog' out-takes, are replaced here by roughshod synth and guitars, plus a punchy rhythm section, that mesh (on tape) into a functional, pleasingly humble, but disappointingly trad-rock backdrop.

The tracks illustrate particular moments from the song-cycle. The first side sets the scene, describes RS's rise to power, his plans and his doubts. On side two, 'International Language' — previously a Cherry Red single — refers to his wife's suicide (this and other tracks are, apparently, optional extras to the basic plot, to be included or omitted depending on the final length and running order of the cycle, while later tracks have him deploring the gutter press and foreseeing his doom.

The closing 'I Won't Run Away' is a grandly romantic reassertion of the hero's idealism: a new age 'My Way', in vintage Mott The Hoople ballad style, which sweeps you along on its tide of emotional bravado. It's not until afterwards that you realise there's scant information on the album as to what these reasserted ideals actually consist of; and you're left with a track that, out of context, appears to be a pretty valueless idolisation of sincerity for its own sake.

If I remain sceptical of Strange's claim to current political relevance — and I *do* suspect his tendency to romantic *gestures*, his lapses into a cosy humanistic overview that *devalues* people by ignoring their specific political context — I also remain curious. I'd like to hear the full, finished version of 'The Phenomenal Rise Of...' and find out what exactly he's getting at. For which inviting prospect, 'The Live Rise Of...' is an intriguing but frustrating trailer.

Graham Lock

THE JIM CARROLL BAND
Catholic Boy *(Atco — import)*

BLOND, FLESHY-FACED and 30 years old, Jim Carroll was slated for status as a rock poet way back in '71. Meant to be the other half of the Patti Smith/Lenny Kaye bill at St Mark's Church, Carroll missed that historic first fusion of rock and verse for a night in the clink when some dealer friends he called upon got busted.

Instead, he struck with literary endeavours — perfecting his perspective and publishing a volume of poems *(Living At The Movies)* nominated for the Pulitzer Prize when he was a mere 22. . . and freshly relieved of a seven-year smack addiction. Last year, having fled New York for California, Carroll published *The Basketball Diaries:* a half-fictional, half-autobiographical novel which catapulted him to cult fame. The book's hip-Holden Caulfield hero with his sex-and-drugs-and-the-world-as-a-whole concerns seemed like a natural operator within the canons of Rock Culture. But Carroll "had never listened to much rock after the Velvet Underground split".

He did, however, undertake some lyrics for friend Allen Lanier. And when Patti Smith convinced him to open for her with PSG as backing, the experience proved seductive — Carroll located a band of his own, rehearsed, wrote, and began to perform. Rolling Stones Records sank their shark's teeth into what they saw as his readymade clout — and that's where the trouble comes in.

Carroll wanted to call his debut LP 'Dry Dream': because he didn't like "the attitude that rock and roll has to be dominated by the sexual image; there's nothing spiritual about that". But it was the title of his *It's Alive*-style autobiography, with its chorus of *"I was a Catholic boy/Redeemed through pain, not through joy"*, which ended up on the sleeve.

Carroll is a confident, intelligent writer with a uniquely strong and compelling delivery. He doesn't actually sing, yet his feeling is absolute and his sense of communication — what the inherent rhythms of interaction between words can and do mean — is undeniable. The problem is that Carroll seems to know little about the actual manufacture of rock sound and aging supremo Earl McGrath's production on 'Catholic Boy' is a pedestrian mess. It inflicts the gravest disservice to Carroll's genuine talents; monotonous riffs clog a modest open like 'Wicked Gravity' and plagiarisms from 'Beast Of Burden' detract from the pleasing Carroll-Lanier ballad 'Day And Night'. 'Nothing Is True', 'It's Too Late', and a potentially great 'I Want The Angel' are almost entirely scuppered by relentless plowing of the Heavy Metal Ponderosa — music which rises at most to what a tolerant mind might nominate as 'straightahead '60s stuff'.

All through the LP this chunka-chunka crud falls like a rain of loosened masonry over Carroll, and even while he dodges the dust which obscures his intentions his better tag lines are more often than not brained into inaudibility.

But 'Catholic Boy' is an important album, if only for its gem 'City Drops Into The Night', which escapes Bobby Keys' Stones-groupie sax to achieve almost incantatory status for its vignettes *("It's when Teddy's ghost is on the roof, beatin' his drum/And Teddy's best friend is two blocks East and/He's making Teddy's ex-girlfriend come")*. Or 'Crow', which captures Patti Smith's American mystic pose in a couplet: *"You start spinning like the pillars of the temple/You start screaming like Sister Aimee Semple"*.

Even a half-interested producer should twig that Carroll's voice *is* a major instrument, that he should ditch the sub-Stones clique and get a band in touch with his intelligence. Then he could really pull off the theme which pervades 'Catholic Boy': the force with which memory lays bloody hands on the future (implicit in 'People Who Died', the upbeat catalogue of friends' demises which has polarised opinion about Carroll so radically). Like *The Basketball Diaries* to which it is closely tied, 'People Who Died' traverses territory familiar from the work of other American poets such as William Wantling: making negotiable some perspective for dignity between the street habit and the slammer.

Jim Carroll's talent for finding the beautiful in the obscene is an act of will which refuses to recognise the limits of that body which supports it; a reach which usually goes under the name of compassion. And such talent stands in gross disproportion to the barreness-of-the-rock-world backing he receives here. Should he become just a(nother) Rolling Stones tax loss, *our* loss would be criminal. Are you listening, Allen Lanier?

Cynthia Rose

A radical Dolly mixture

DOLLY PARTON
9 To 5 And Odd Jobs *(RCA)*

IN AN age which has reduced success to a set - 'em - up - in - order - to - knock - 'em - down treadmill, Dolly Parton's stardom is oddly radical. She delineates her own caricature (and makes it a bizzare source of magic to scores of fans who would never think of sharing her 'tastes') in order to contradict it *herself*.

This year, publicising her incredibly winning movie debut in *9 To 5*, Dolly explained how she architected the Vegas orientation of her last few albums in order to gain a broad-spectrum audience with a strong enough awareness of her 'personality' that the power to draw people and "say just *what* I would do" might be guaranteed.

"I wrote half the songs on '9 To 5'," she told *Rolling Stone's* Chet Flippo, "And I wrote *all* the songs for the one which will follow. People thought I had sold out but I'm very aware of all that." It has to be said that '9 To 5 And Odd Jobs' — a casually conceptual LP on which Dolly embraces the alternative personae of the miner, car worker, executive woman, bread-winning matriarch, and madam — fits right into the Parton master-plan. Gone is the horn section; subdued are the strings. And so seductive a vocal stylist is Dolly that one forgets just how far she's stretched the boundaries of that C&W base she swears never to give up.

The last 15 years have seen an explosive growth in country music — *and* a change in the mode with which its themes of family life, crime and punishment, and love (happy, cheatin' or hurtin') have been expressed. There have been 'outlaws', redneck pride-mongerers, and rhinestone cowboys; there have been substantially more women singing songs of adultery and extramarital sex. But Dolly — with her agile and curious mind and fearlessly frank approach — has taken those eternal verities which do underpin the genre to places no one else could. Perhaps it's because no one else still accepts them so implicitly; Dolly can pack 80% of William Faulkner's oeuvre into two *"I want to go home"*s on '9 To 5's 'Detroit City'.

The strongest moment on '9 To 5' is her factual and unfatalistic rendering of Woody Guthrie and Martin Hoffman's famous 'Deportee' — an unvarnished delivery which only genuine understanding coupled with singular stylistic sense could bring off. Equally telling in another respect are the album's most important country-based tracks, like the 1972 'Poor Folk's Town', which echoes the message of Dolly's great 'Coat Of Many Colours' through jaunty, hyperbolic ironies rather than straightforward sentiment. Or the determined little rocker of a lullaby 'Hush-a-Bye Hard Times': a Parton-penned sequel to Stephen Foster's mournful mid-Victorian classic 'Hard Times Come Again No More' (last resurrected by Jennifer Warnes).

It kicks off with a snatch of Foster's chorus, then takes the original song's instructions (*"Let us pause in life's pleasures / And count its many tears / While we all share sorrow with the poor"*) as a starting point for some Parton Positive Thinking. *"Oh hush-a-by hard times, go ye away,"* chides Dolly, *"Cause my hungry baby wants a gingerbread cake!"* The last verse finishes with an *"I don't intend to be* treated this way!" — an echo, on the album's final track, of that radicalisation of C&W 'reality' which subtly pervades every song: that, despite rent, romance, sexism, sweet little mysteries, alimony, restlessness and life's robberies, freedom is a matter of perspective. And the Parton perspective is equal parts good humour and true grit.

The reflections of this in '9 To 5's less substantial cuts (the sub-Gloria Gaynor 'Sing For The Common Man' written by Dolly's sister and brother-in-law; an over-orchestrated 'House Of The Rising Sun'; Dolly's own tenacious 'Working Girl'; a warm rendering of Merle Travis' moving 'Dark As A Dungeon' and the Monday Morning Fever of the *9 To 5* film theme) are no less interesting for their lack of stridence.

There's no mistaking these down-to-earth views that successful survival requires a personal acceptance of responsibilities (*"It's enough to drive you crazy* if you let it"). So hear the album, see the film, learn the lessons; this Dolly mixture is both sweet and sustaining.

Cynthia Rose

Dolly the day-shift tripper.

McFADDEN & WHITEHEAD
I Heard It In A Love Song *(Philadelphia International)*
MICHAEL HENDERSON
Wide Receiver *(Buddah)*

ONLY THE title track from the McFadden and Whitehead album sounds remotely Philly or even remotely McFadden and Whitehead. The rest of it is the same old standard soul fare; the tuneless ballads all black singers fall back on when they can't get any more real material together.

It is this music which reveals the awful sentimental underside of urban black soul, commercial or otherwise. Flip the coin of 'Back Stabbers' — which, don't let's forget, McFadden and Whitehead actually wrote — and you get some of the dreckier items presented here: 'That Lets Me Know I'm In Love', 'This Is My Song', or 'Why Oh Why'.

McFadden and Whitehead's true role at Philly is as writers/producers. What they are good at is getting that magnificent deep bass sound — the sound on 'Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now', The Drells' 'Strategy', and Tom Moulton's mix of 'Bad Luck'. The moment they deal with slow songs about love that sound goes out of the window, and in comes some feeble string-oriented sound just like anybody else's.

And as for love, the whole thing gets so desperate here that on 'This Is My Song', Gene and John are actually reduced to saying "this is a song about living together". The final number, incidentally, is called 'Love Song Number 690' (is that number 690 on the Philly files or what?).

Maybe it's all just Jerry Cohen's musically illiterate arrangements which lead one to take such a dismal view of this case: endless harps and oboes, and a diaphanous net of violins drawn over the rest of the sound, drowning every effort by a bass guitar to step up the tempo and fill the sound.

Michael Henderson used to play bass with Miles Davis, and his last record was great. This one isn't. Apart from 'You're My Choice', a harshly unmelodic disco number with synthesizers like muted trumpets and an urgent, high-stepping rhythm that keeps threatening to overbalance, 'Wide Receiver' suffers from the same faults as the McFadden and Whitehead album. I really think that the next person who uses phrases like "I'll see you through" and "you're the one for me" ought to suffer some thoroughly humiliating ordeal.

Henderson is as cool as Chic, but like Bernard Edwards, he sings like a hirsute record company executive might sing. One can smell the Terylene.

There's no doubt about it. Black music needs to go through one hell of a radical change. And right now.

Barney Hoskyns

DONNY HATHAWAY
In Performance *(Atlantic — import)*

TWO YEARS after Donny Hathaway's sad and untimely demise from a hotel window, Atlantic have released a fitting tribute to the man that neither errs on the side of racketeering nor indulges in maudlin nostalgia. This 'In Performance' is an accompaniment to the earlier 'Donny Hathaway — Live', itself a moving example of one soul brother at a peak that is the equal of any vintage Marvin Gaye or Stevie Wonder.

The evidence of Hathaway's appeal, his soft focus honey-soaked vocal, his easy handling of rich melody and simmering funk, all these factors were combined with an ability to involve his audience at a level far removed from the chart action and hip super-dude image-mongering that has become the sole (bleached soul) appeal of acts as diverse as Earth, Wind And Fire and The Commodores. Sure, everyone likes to get down and dance more than once in a while but people like Hathaway and Gil Scott Heron provide a wider definition of the active response.

These recordings are gathered from a variety of American venues with the man's best band: Willie Weeks, Fred White, Phil Upchurch (a superb sideman back before he got the TK bug) and the essential colouring of conga player Earl Derouen.

Hathaway's delivery and interpretation is given expressive rein on an involved version of Nina Simone's 'To Be Young, Gifted And Black' and 'We Need You Right Now' while his ability to transcend the limitations of the love ballad are obvious on a hot resetting of Leon Russell's overworked 'A Song For You'.

In every sense 'In Performance ' provides an interesting counterpart in terms of shade and style to its predecessor: it's often too easy to overlook the singer's acoustic piano blues and electric bachafillin.

'In Performance' highlights a happy man who later became very unhappy, working with his people in the best live sense; this was a spiritually uplifting occasion. A celebration.

Max Bell

S.Y.P.H.
Pst *(Pure Freude)*

S.Y.P.H. WERE one of the earliest Dusseldorf bands to follow in Johnny Rotten's wake, but taking their lead from him, and not the Pistols, they've refused to be tied to their past. The point is proven by their second album 'Pst', which is as much a leap forward from their earlier recordings as PiL was from 'Never Mind The Bollocks'. S.Y.P.H. are similarly daring.

Not everything they do works, especially live, when leader Harry Rag's exploratory zeal leads him up blind — not to say well-trodden — alleys. But, in the studio, the excellent and sympathetic catalyst Holger Czukay (Can's bassist) — acting as co-producer, mixer, editor and musical extra — ensures that their best characteristics surface.

Like comfortably melancholic 'Lonely In Vienna', which broodily evokes the estrangement of a weary traveller temporarily at a loss in a strange city. Uwe Jahnke's meditative guitar meanderings are given direction by a gentle but purposeful see-sawing rhythm, while Rag's monotone singing is doleful, yet never self-pitying.

The rest of side one is more playful, juggling some game word-plays with primitive drumming, jittery guitar thrashes and the sort of treated cymbal rushes we're accustomed to from PiL. But only 'Moderne Romantik', a sardonic treatment of lovers' insults, matches 'Vienna's' depth or emotion.

'Rain Dance', opening side two, is the album's second highlight: more PiL-like percussion sidetracks across a chilling premonition of a tune, warmed and enlivened by Czukay's French horn intrusions. It segues into the less easy, slightly rarefied abstractions of 'Stress' and the side goes out on a slippery, not wholly convincing disco bassline that fits the punny word-play of 'Do The Fleischwurst' — or a new dance to eat to.

S.Y.P.H.'s attack at its best embraces both PiL's abrasive body music and the more varied emotions summoned up by Can's extensive battery of noises. They're good learners — they've used their knowledge well without lapsing into cheap mimickry.

Pst? Not yet, but I'm quite intoxicated.

Chris Bohn

A load of Gap

Gaping souls

THE GAP BAND
The Gap Band Three
(Mercury)

ROSE ROYCE
Golden Touch *(Whitfield Records)*

THESE ALBUMS further the domination of a smooth, shallow and systematic West Coast Disco sound for the '80s. Just as the white musicians of the '60s flower power era ended up converging on the promised land so have the '70s disco outfits. They draw on the same pool of musicians, use the same recording techniques and, inevitably, sacrifice their individual strength and determination in the process.

Traditionally notorious for their pervading dullness and blatant padding, these type of albums provide a great argument for the economy and precision of the single. The Gap Band and Rose Royce can make dance floors and singles charts enviable and exciting places to be but the interests of astute bopping teenagers and the insatiable economic diet of giant record companies have very little in common and this is ... business as usual.

The major problem with The Gap Band is that they try to prove they are all-round variety entertainers and come over as superficial dabblers in a number of fields.

The Gap Band — Ronnie, Charlie and Robert Wilson — are produced by Lonnie Simmons for *Total* Experience

Whine and cheese

UFO
The Wild, The Willing And The Innocent *(Chrysalis)*
APRIL WINE
The Nature Of The Beast *(Capitol)*

UFO pic: Gus Stewart

Bottom of the barrel?

HAVING VERY nearly exhausted my supply of Nasty Things to say about heavy metal/heavy rock records, I can do no better than take you on a fast, factual guided tour of 'The Nature Of The Beast', latest album by Canadian outfit April Wine.

Sleeve is blood red. Front depicts hero guitarist wearing animal mask. Back shows band themselves. They do not appear to be wearing masks. Side one. Singer Myles says his woman is *"runnin' round"* ('All Over Town'). Musical accompaniment goes Bam kerrang dump dump dump kerrang (repeat). This applies to all tracks. Next up, his woman is *"tellin' me lies"*. 'Sign Of The Gypsy Queen' has him saddling up the hoss and riding west. 'Just Between You And Me' is philosophical: *"words are sometimes hard to find"*. But then *"All I wanna do is rock'n'roll"*. Finally he is 'Caught In The Crossfire'. Side two is similar, but the titles are different. The record is dedicated to Tarzan and to Led Zeppelin's drummer.

All I can really say for April Wine is that their LP makes UFO's album sound dynamic and original in comparison. This takes some doing.

UFO's 'The Wild, The Willing And The Innocent' bears several resemblances to 'Beast', though on the whole it avoids the daftest depths of cliche plumbed by April Wine. Cover art is pure hack: threatened female flesh, the usual. Musically, Mogg and the guys thrash out your standard raunch, enacting the approved range of fantasies with more finesse than imagination. And so it goes. Last track is a meaningful guitar-whine ballad, 'Profession Of Violence'. It's an OK song, partly for its relief value. Like I always say: the best thing about headbanging is it's so pleasant when you stop.

Paul Du Noyer

½ JAPANESE
½ Gentlemen/Not Beasts *(Armageddon)*

HAVING something of a penchant for the less pre-packed and fast-frozen of musical endeavours, I've encountered quite a few unusual records in my time. '½ Gentlemen/Not Beasts' *has* to be one of the weirdest.

It's undoubtedly the most extraordinary debut album ever, a lavish triple-record boxed set, complete with lyric sheet, poster and booklet, all heavily emphasising a paradoxically primitivist approach to things — an approach carried over (and how) into the music itself.

½ Japanese are brothers Jad and David Fair, who, using just voices, drums, guitar and the occasional electronic squeal, recorded this opus magnum over a period of three years, up to 1979; the package consists of two "studio" records — by which I mean four sides of rough and righteous home recordings — and one live record, on which they're augmented by Ruck and John Dreyfuss on drums and sax.

They make some of the most crude, primitive rock music of all time, ranging from hilarious cover versions of standards like 'Rave On', 'Ain't Too Proud To Beg', 'Tangled Up In Blue' and an especially murderous '10th Avenue Freezeout', through similarly coarse, abrasive self-penned ditties like 'Patti Smith' to odd bits of improvised detritus like the moody, atmospheric — and genuinely pleasing — 'Ta Sheri Ta Ta' and the erratic 'T/T/T/T/T/T'.

'½ Gentlemen . . .' is a curious artefact built in the wasteland bordered by the TV Personalities, Sex Pistols and Captain Beefheart: a funny, annoying, bizarre mix of the rudimentary, the loud and nasty, and the idiosyncratic. Indeed, there's an air of prompting about the project as a whole, as if we're being tempted to say extravagant things like "the most (something) record since 'Trout Mask Replica'." It's not in that league, although I must admit to a deep affection for the first side, at least. And with time, who knows?

Andy Gill

STYX
Paradise Theatre *(A&M)*

PERSONALLY, I blame The Sex Pistols for this kind of thing. If they hadn't split up and the Clash hadn't gone soft, punk rock would be the mainstream and we wouldn't have to put up with so much bland American stadium rock.

Styx are in direct line of descent from the likes of Boston and Foreigner, performing ponderous ballads in a strident sort of way. A lot of Americans consider this to be "rock'n'roll" which just goes to show how severely they've been corrupted.

A&M are now conducting a publicity blitz on radio and elsewhere to push Styx products in Britain. This clearly must be resisted.

The album's principal gimmick is that it's the first in the world to be "laser-etched". This means that on one side there's a baroque little pattern incorporating the band's name which looks as though it's been scratched into the grooves but doesn't actually interfere with the music. If you shine a light on it, it's supposed to bounce up pretty patterns. In the event, the effect is similar to an oil streak in a puddle — a watery rainbow flickering dimly.

The music itself is of secondary interest. There's no denying the melodic gift evident on the album, but unfortunately it sounds, at times, like the melodic gift of Elton John. The opening track 'A.D. 1928' has the same chords as Elton's 'Rocket Man'. Maybe the boys missed that one. Another song called 'She Cares' is not unlike The Merseybeats' 'Sorrow' as recorded by Bowie on 'Pin-Ups'. Still, it's doubtless a coincidence.

The album aims to be a concept work built around the story of a Chicago theatre demolished in the late '50s because television stole its audiences. What insight into the '80s this is intended to give us is far from clear.

If Styx are suggesting that rock music must evolve or lose its audience, it's a message that's severely undermined by their own musical timidity.

Bob Edmands

Masked figure from ½ Japanese

Productions (that title seems to be their motto and their downfall). When Lonnie writes the songs they are superlative slices of ecstasy: 'Burn Rubber On Me (Why You Wanna Hurt Me)' and 'When I Look In Your Eyes' are the only times here he puts his trusty quill into action, but what action! — hungry hearts, breathless urgency and fiery imaginations; precise and emphatic catharsis.

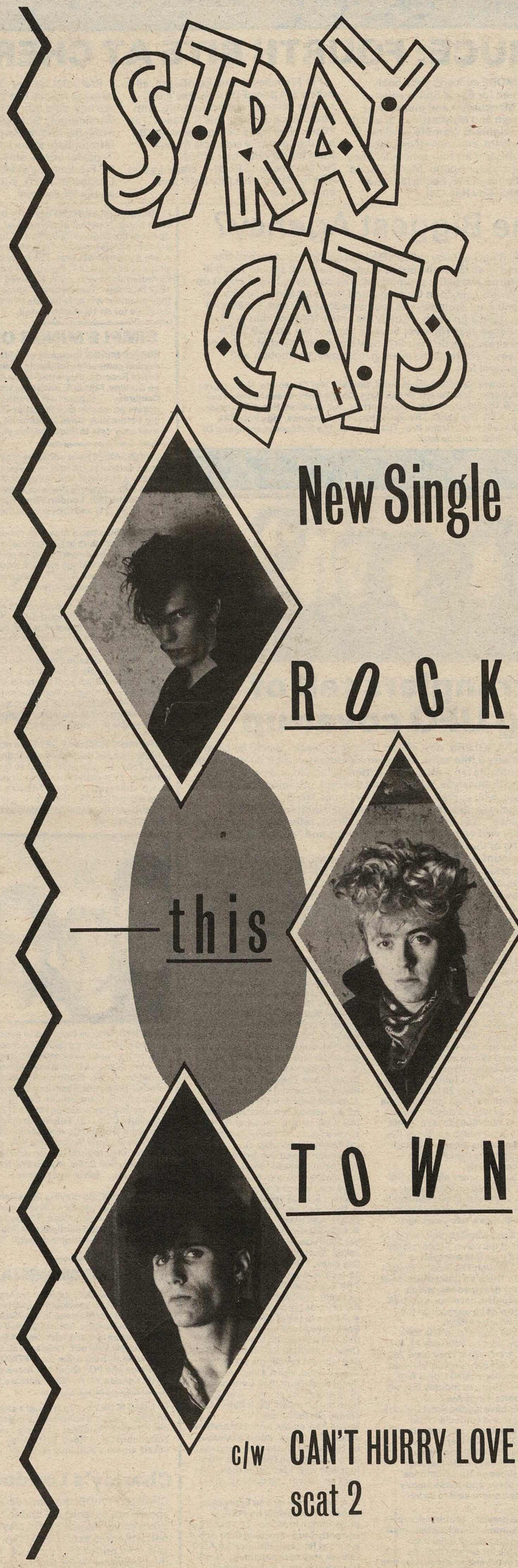
When the Wilson brothers write their own songs as balladeers, funkateers or philosophers, they fall flat on their collective muses.

The Rose Royce album has a lot of similarities with The Gap Band's, the most noticeable being the unbelievably tasteless clothes worn by the group on the inside cover. They are also governed by the 'variety at all costs' yardstick and, again, it's the lovesongs that plummet the farthest depths; tired pieces of slack-jawed nostalgia like 'Golden Touch' and 'You Wish For Yesterday'.

It's left to the guiding light of the erratic, legendary Norman Whitfield to provide the best song on this record — the hard elliptical funk of 'You're A Winner' — and suggest that, like The Gap Band, Rose Royce would be best employed quelling their own ideas and letting a mastermind use them as pawns in his masterplan.

Both of these groups have formulae which could reap stunning dividends but the albums are infuriating because they continually go for the options with the lowest risk factor. These two albums have three excellent tracks between them and can only be recommended to the very rich, the very desperate or the very stupid.

Gavin Martin



DATA CONTROL

BRUCE: FOURTH BITE AT CHERRY

FOUR MORE concerts have been confirmed for Bruce Springsteen — two in Manchester and one each in Edinburgh and Newcastle — to add to his five nights at Wembley and two in Birmingham, and these extra dates now complete his tour schedule. They are Manchester Apollo (March 23 and 24), Edinburgh Playhouse (30) and Newcastle City Hall (31).

For Manchester and Edinburgh, all tickets are priced £6, and they'll be sold to personal applicants only, with box-offices opening this Sunday (1) at 10am. Newcastle tickets also cost £6, but they are only available by post from the City Hall box-office, Northumberland Road — cheques and POs to "Newcastle City Hall" and enclose SAE.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith stresses that all five Wembley shows are now sold out, as is the first night at Birmingham. Some tickets are still available for the March 28 Birmingham show at £5.80 and £5.30 — postal orders only, made payable to GP Productions at PO Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL. Allow up to four weeks for delivery.

The Biggest Agency?

A MAJOR new agency called TBA International is launched this week and — as far as the public is concerned — it should result in bigger turns and better promotions. The company has been set up by Ian Wright and John Giddings, and they've been joined by Dan Silver and Alan Spriggs — all four were formerly with MAM, and they've taken with them virtually the entire MAM contemporary roster. Based at 24 Hanover Square, London W1 (01-499 9433), they've already made their first new signing in the shape of Jane Kennaway. And they'll be dealing in agency, promotion and management for:

David Bowie, Charlie Daniels Band, Smokie, Hot Chocolate, Nils Lofgren, Hall & Oates, Rose Royce, Beach Boys, Charle Dore, Steve Harley, Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers, Fingerprintz, Joe Jackson, Hazel O'Connor, Gen X, XTC, The Skids, The Stranglers, The Ramones, Iggy Pop, The Psychedelic Furs, Grand Prix, The Au Pairs, The Buzzcocks and Gang Of Four. *Which can't be bad!*

RECORD NEWS

Stranglers tell of big UFO cover-up

THE STRANGLERS' new album 'Themeninblack', issued by Liberty on February 9 (the same day on which they start their 20-venue UK tour), contains ten tracks — all written, arranged and produced by the band themselves. It has a basic concept, originated by Hugh Cornwell, who explains: "The LP continues The Stranglers' investigations into phenomena associated with the religious experience". It seems that the Men In Black, referred to in the title, allegedly visit witnesses of UFO sightings and "contribute to their silencing or disappearance".

The album is marketed in a gatefold sleeve, said to be somewhat controversial, not least for the back cover which features "a pastiche of The Lords Prayer". It's the band's sixth album, but their first new set since September, 1979 — and the tracks are **Waltz In Black, Just Like Nothing On Earth, Second Coming, Waiting For The Men In Black, Turn The Centuries Turn, Two Sunspots, Four Horsemen, Thrown Away, Manna Machine** and **Hallow To Our Men.**

● Island Records announce the release this week of their first cassette single — which, in fact, is the fourth to be issued in the UK (following Bow Wow Wow, John Lennon and David Bowie). It is 'While You See A Chance'/'Vacant Chair' by **Steve Winwood,** packaged in a flip-tox box as a limited edition of 5,000, and selling at £1.15.

● The debut album from **Praying Mantis,** titled 'Time Tells No Lies', is now set for February 20 release by Arista. It includes their current single 'Cheated', as well as studio versions of 'Flirting With Suicide' and 'Panic In The Streets', which appear as live recordings on the single. Selected dates to promote the LP will be announced shortly.

● **J. J. Cale** has a new album called 'Shades' released on the Shelter label (through Island) on February 9. It contains ten tracks, and is his first LP since '5' nearly two years ago.

● With **Barry Manilow** still riding on the crest of the wave, Arista release his new single this weekend — "I Made It Through The Rain' / 'Only In Chicago'. There's a limited edition in a specially designed bag which, when unfolded, becomes a portrait of Manilow as he appears on the cover of his new album.

● The new single from **The VIPs,** issued by Gem on February 12, is 'Things Aren't What They used To Be'. It's a self-penned number, and not the similarly titled Lionel Bart classic — which, as mouldy figs will recall, starts 'Fings Ain't . . .'

● Rocket have signed West Country folk singer and comedian **Fred Wedlock,** and are rush releasing his single 'Oldest Swinger In Town'. Previously available on a small indie, it's already been featured several times on Noel Edmonds' Sunday show, and consequently dealer demand is said to be very heavy.

● Due to pressing problems, copies of the **Bauhaus** 12-inch debut single 'Bela Lugosi's Dead' have been unavailable for several months. But it's back in the shops again, now that all difficulties have been overcome.

● The long-awaited **Marvin Gaye** album 'In Our Lifetime', his first studio set for over two years, is finally released by Motown on February 16. It was originally due out last March but, owing to the personal problems he experienced last year, he was unable to finish it until November. The LP was written, produced and arranged by Gaye.

● 'Shaddap You Face' by the **Joe Dolce Music Theatre,** claimed to be the biggest selling single ever in Australia (where it's been at No. 1 for six weeks), is rushed out here this week on the Epic label. There's a cover version on Rocket by **Manuel** (of *Fawlty Towers* fame).

● London-based five-piece **Modern Jazz** have signed a long-term worldwide deal with Magnet, and have their debut single 'In My Sleep (I Shoot Sheep)' issued on February 6. They start work on their first album next week.

● **Kelly Marie** attempts to emulate her 1980 success with a new single called 'Hot Love', issued by Calibre this week. There's also a special 12-inch version coupled with her No. 1 hit 'Feels Like I'm In Love', which has been remixed in New York by B.T . Express producer Fred Frank.

● After a break of almost a year, **The Boys** have a new album issued by Safari this weekend titled 'Boys Only' — it's their fourth set, but their first without keyboards player Casino Steel, and it's said to mark a move away from their punk origins to "a more rock sound". A single from the LP called 'Let It Rain' also comes out tomorrow.

● The new album from **Nazareth** is called 'Full Circle', and it's released by Nems this Friday. The band leave for a U.S. tour on February 8, their first with new keyboards man John Lock (ex-Spirit) and guitarist Billy Rankin.

● A new single by **The Expressos,** issued this weekend by WEA, is titled 'Tango In Mono'. The band are currently busy recording their debut album at Rockfield Studios for April release and, between times, they'll be undertaking a college tour in February and March.

□ **MICHAEL CRAWFORD** is to play the title role in the West End production of the musical *Barnum,* which opens at the London Palladium in June. The Broadway production, starring Jim Dale, received rave reviews when it opened last year. The story of near-legendary circus boss Phineas T. Barnum, it's expected to run at the Palladium for a year, to be followed in the autumn of 1982 by a new "Two Ronnies" show — which means that the Palladium will only be able to stage concerts on Sundays for an 18-month period.

SIMPLE MINDS ONE–OFF

SIMPLE MINDS, currently considering offers from several companies following their departure from Arista Records, play a one-off at Glasgow Tiffany's on Sunday, March 1, under the banner of 'A Night To Celebrate' — support act is Positive Noise, and tickets go on sale this Saturday (31). It's their only gig before they leave for America, and it's likely to be their only date in Scotland this year.

□ **LINDISFARNE** have added another seven dates to their current extensive UK tour — at Taunton Odeon (February 1), Exeter University (2), Ashington Leisure Centre (18), Coventry Warwick University (19), Oxford New Theatre (20), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (21) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (22).

□ **EDINBURGH** has a new rock venue called Club 81, situated downstairs at the Astoria in Abbeymount. Initially it will be presenting gigs on Wednesday nights, and February bookings are First Priority and Gift Thirteen (4), Scars and Twin Sets (11), Gigzi and 4MN (18) and Random Factor and Strychnine (25).

□ **MORE,** the British heavy metal band who've already been announced as support act on the Krokus tour starting February 28, precede that outing by playing a string of dates in their own right — at Leeds Fforde Green (tomorrow, Friday), Retford Porterhouse (Saturday), Newcastle Polytechnic (Sunday), London Marquee (February 3, 10 and 17), Scarborough Penthouse (6), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (7), Alderminster Ettington Park Manor (13), Dudley J.B.s (14), and Newbridge Club & Institute (15). Their debut album 'Warhead' is issued by Atlantic on February 6, with a single to follow shortly.

□ **THE MONOCHROME SET** have now split from DinDisc, but are nevertheless continuing to work on the road. February gigs confirmed so far — with other dates, including a London show, to be announced shortly — are Bristol University (7), Bath Tiffany's (8), Cheltenham Eves Night Club (9), Liverpool Brady's (13), Durham University (14), Manchester Polytechnic (15) and Leeds Warehouse (16).

□ **YACHTS,** who've been out of action for some time "due to a less than sympathetic record company", are back on the road at Leicester Polytechnic (this Friday), Coventry Warwick University (Saturday) and Uxbridge Brunel University (Sunday). Then follow London gigs at Camden Dingwalls (February 4), Islington Hope & Anchor (5), Fulham Golden Lion (6), Herne Hill Half Moon (7), Canning Town Bridge House (12), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (13), Fulham Greyhound (14), Woolwich Tramshed (26) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (27). With a new single 'A Fool Like You' due out on Demon Records, their revised line-up now features Henry Priestman, Bob Bellis, Martin Watson and new bassist Mick Shiner. . . left to right above.

□ **NEW MUSIK** are playing three concerts for Lightning Productions, as part of a UK tour on which other dates still have to be announced. Supported by Canis Major, they're at Croydon Fairfield Hall (March 8), Birmingham Top Rank (11) and Middlesbrough Town Hall (19).

QUO: BIRMINGHAM EXTRA

STATUS QUO have added a second Birmingham concert to their previously reported UK tour — it's at the International Arena in the National Exhibition Centre on Sunday, March 22, their concert at the same venue the previous night having now completely sold out. Tickets at £6.50 only are available by mail order from FTMO (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 4NB, London W1A 4NB — enclose SAE.

□ **CHAS & DAVE,** much sought after as "special guests" on other people's concerts, have at last aspired to their own London headliner. They play the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, on Sunday, March 29 — and tickets are now available priced £4, £3 and £2.

Charley's London pride

CHARLEY PRIDE, the black C&W singer, makes a special appearance at London Victoria Apollo on Wednesday, March 25. He plays two performances at 6.15 and 9pm, and tickets are on sale now priced £8, £6 and £4. There's a chance that promoter Derek Block may also fix some provincial shows for Pride.

TOUR NEWS

Comsats with Siouxsie

THE COMSAT ANGELS make their first 1981 foray on to the gig circuit next month, when they appear as special guests on the U.K. tour by Siouxsie & The Banshees — whose dates, starting at London Hammersmith Palais on February 16 and 17, were reported last week. They'll be featuring tracks from their highly acclaimed debut album 'Waiting For A Miracle', as well as new material.

Gillan extra

GILLAN have added another three dates to their March mini-tour, reported two weeks ago — so, in effect, it has now ceased to be a mini-tour and has become a short nine-venue tour! The extra gigs, slotted in as the direct result of public demand (so Virgin assure us), are at Middlesbrough Town Hall (March 9), Bradford St. George's Hall (10) and Manchester Apollo (11). Support act is Dedringer. Meanwhile, the band's new single 'Mutually Assured Destruction' has been put back one week, and it now comes out on February 6.

● UFO, who were due to finish their U.K. tour at Hammersmith tonight (Thursday), have added two last - minute concerts at Preston Guildhall (this Friday) and Edinburgh Playhouse (Saturday).

YET ANOTHER U.S. INVASION

BEGGARS BANQUET are bringing in, for their first visits to this country, three new highly rated American bands — and all will have new releases to coincide with their visits. They are:

● **HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE,** a Boston group featuring four lead vocalists and three instrumentalists. Their debut album 'Figure 14' will be issued in February on the new Don't Fall Off The Mountain label (through Beggars Banquet), with their single 'What Does Sex Mean To Me' to follow. They'll be making their first U.K. appearance in March.

● **THE RAY BEATS,** who've already been announced as part of the New York package at London Rainbow on February 20. This will coincide with their debut 12-inch single 'Roping Wild Bears', and they may stay on to play one or two other gigs here.

● **LOVE OF LIFE ORCHESTRA,** a New York band fronted by experimentalists Peter Gordon and David Van Tieghem. They're so far set for London dates at Victoria The Venue (February 19) and Camden Dingwalls (21), and Beggars Banquet will be issuing their 12-inch single 'Beginning Of A Heartbreak'.

BUSY B.A.

B A ROBERTSON is going to be in the public eye, in more ways than one, during the next few weeks. He's at present finishing work on his second album 'Bully For You' — and one of the songs on the LP is his self-penned 'Sucker For Your Love', which he also sings in the feature film *Monster Club* (starring Vincent Price and Britt Ekland) due for release in April. Also on the album is 'Maggie', Robertson's title theme for a BBC-2 drama to be screened on February 17.

Robertson can also be seen in BBC-2's *Rock Goes To College* on February 16, a BBC Scotland *In Concert* to be aired in March, ATV's new series *Rock Stage* also in March, and the first edition of Kenny Everett's new series on April 1.

Otway-Barrett 'concept' show

OTWAY & BARRETT have concocted a new conceptual work which they call *The Band Behind The Curtain.* Said to be more excessive than 'The Wall' and more innovative than 'Tommy' (that's Stiff Records talking, not us!), it's to be premiered by John and Wild Willy in three gigs next week — at Leighton Buzzard The Library (February 3), Reading University (5) and London School of Economics (7).

□ **DOLLY MIXTURE** and **The Wild Boys** play the first of a new series of Thursday night rock gigs at London Acton Kings Head on February 5. The venue already features rock on Wednesdays and Sundays.

STOP PRESS: Millie Jackson gigs

MILLIE JACKSON flies in with her full 12-piece U.S. group to play three dates — at Brighton Dome on March 6 (tickets at £4, £3 and £2 on sale this Friday); and London Victoria Apollo on March 7 and 8, two shows nightly (tickets £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50, on sale now).

□ **ODYSSEY,** who were among the Top Ten best-selling singles artists in Britain last year, begin a UK tour at the end of next month. Only two dates so far confirmed are at Doncaster Rotters (February 25) and Nottingham Rock City (28), but promoter Barrie Marshall is at present lining up a series of gigs to be announced in a week or two.

□ **STEEL PULSE** are playing a couple of gigs this weekend, though they appear to be isolated dates with no specific purpose — at London New Cross Goldsmiths College (tonight, Thursday) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (Friday).

□ **THE THOMPSON TWINS** have added more dated to their No Nukes tour, for which initial gigs were reported last week. They are Loughborough University (February 8), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (9), Durham University (11), York University (16), Derby Co-op Hall (23), Treforest Wales Polytechnic (25) and Lampeter Victoria Hall (26). Their gig in Aberdeen on February 19 is now at the Fusion Ballroom instead of the University, and their Wrexham date moves back from February 22 to 24. Their new single 'The Perfect Game' is issued this weekend on their T label.

SUMMER ON THE RIVIERA

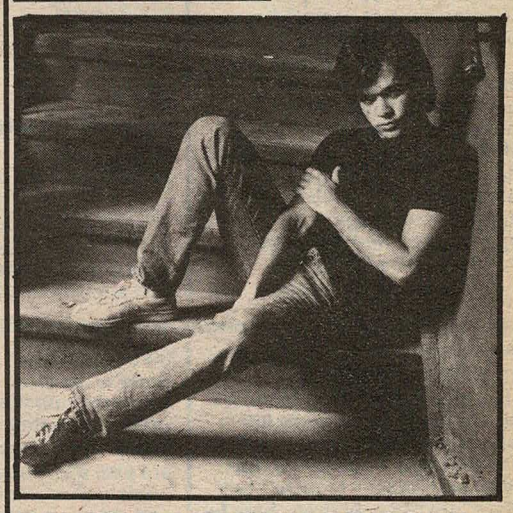
HERE'S AN opportunity for bands interested in spending the summer in the sun. Camping Club of the Mediterranean and Riviera Swingers, who have five sites in the South of France, are looking for groups for summer season residencies (May to September). Their style of music is immaterial — pop, rock, new wave, rockabilly or soul — as long as they are "visually exciting" and used to performing live. Interested parties should write to Duncan McPherson, Riviera Swingers, London House, 266 Fulham Road, London SW10.

□ **THROBBING GRISTLE,** Cabaret Voltaire, Clock DVA and American band Zev are featured in a Fetish Records night at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, February 8, promoted by Straight Music (admission £3). The whole evening will be video filmed for a compilation tape, to be issued in the spring.

□ **PRESSURE SHOCKS,** the Nottingham-based reggae band, undertake a short tour of Scotland with gigs at Edinburgh Astoria (February 20), Aberdeen University (21), Glenrothes Rothes Arms (22), Dundee Tiffany's (23) and Helensborough Trident Club (24), to be followed by an extensive tour of the Low Countries. Only confirmed English date is at Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic on Feburary 19, but nore are being set for March.

□ **CAMEL** have added another date to their previously reported UK tour. It's at Mansfield Leisure Centre on February 14, and it becomes the opening concert in what is now an 18-venue itinerary.

□ **THE PASSIONS** and **Theatre Of Hate,** both currently involved in UK tours, have both added dates at London Victoria The Venue to their schedules — on February 3 and 4 respectively. Newly confirmed Venue bookings for this weekend are Jo Broadberry & The Standouts (tonight, Thursday), The Cimarons (Friday) and Climax Blues Band (Satrday).



SEVEN DATES BY COUGAR

JOHN COUGAR flies in next month, accompanied by his regular backing band The Zone, to play his first British dates for almost three years. Those confirmed so far are at Liverpool Brady's (February 12), Birmingham Aston University (13), Manchester Polytechnic (14), Edinburgh Valentino's (15), Newcastle Polytechnic (16), Leeds Warehouse (17) and London Victoria The Venue (20), with the likelihood of one or two more being added. His visit ties in with the February 6 release by Riva of his album 'Nothing Matters And What If It Did', which was recently a Top 20 hit in the States — preceded this weekend by a single titled 'Hot Night In A Cold Town'.

TOUR NEWS

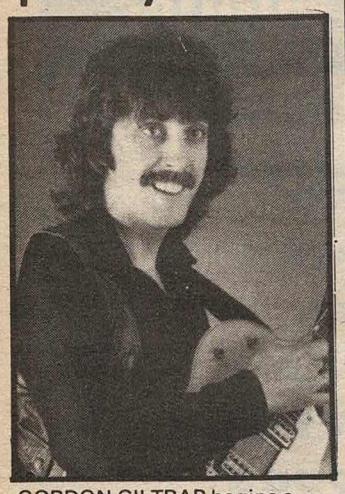
BECK BACK

JEFF BECK, the near-legendary guitar hero whose reputation extends back 15 years to the days of The Yardbirds, returns to the UK in early March for his first appearances here since 1974 — apart from an impromptu gig at London Roundhouse two years later. Together with his current band, which he formed about a year ago, he plays Newcastle City Hall (March 4), Edinburgh Playhouse (5), Manchester Apollo (7), Birmingham Odeon (8) and London Hammersmith Odeon (9 and 10).

Tickets are on sale now, but readers are advised to check local press announcements for details. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith, who has still to finalise the special guests for the tour.

Beck's band includes drummer Simon Phillips and keyboards man Tony Hymas, both formerly with the Jack Bruce Band — plus bassist Mo Foster, who's worked with Dr John, Van Morrison and Maggie Bell. This line-up also plays on Beck's most recent Epic album 'There And Back'. Shortly before Christmas, they played ten concerts in Japan, climaxing in two sell-out nights at the Budokan.

Giltrap on party line



GORDON GILTRAP begins a lengthy tour next week, coinciding with the release of his first album for more than two years — titled 'The Peacock Party', it's a concept work based on the best - selling book by Alan Aldridge, and it's his first on PVK Records with whom he recently signed. The renowned guitarist will also be the subject of a major promotion and advertising campaign by PVK, possibly the most extensive ever mounted by an independent label.

With many more dates still to be confirmed, those set so far for Giltrap and his band are Brighton Sussex University (February 4), Manchester University (5), Birmingham Aston University (6), Sheffield University (7), Aberdeen University (12), Stirling University (14), Edinburgh University (15), Ayr University (16), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (18), Cromer West Runton Village Inn (21), Hardstoft Shoulder Of Mutton (26), Nottingham Rock City (27), Sunderland Polytechnic (28), Redcar Coatham Bowl (March 1), London Victoria The Venue (4), Street Strode Theatre (6), St. Albans City Hall (7) and Bromley Churchill Theatre (8).

Au Pairs at work

THE AU PAIRS next week begin a lengthy tour, for which a dozen dates have so far been confirmed, with more currently being finalised. The Birmingham band headline at Keele University (February 4), London Marquee Club (5), Retford Porterhouse (6), Liverpool Brady's (7), Derby Blue Note (9), Nottingham Ad Lib Club (10), London Camden Dingwalls (11), Portsmouth Polytechnic (12), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (14), London Oxford St. 100 Club (17), Sheffield Polytechnic (19) and Manchester University (21).

Genesis, Bowie in make believe land

IT'S THE silly season again — which means that, in the absence of hard news, certain publications evidently see fit to fabricate news in order to fill space. Last week's superhypes involved Genesis appearing at Milton Keynes over August Bank Holiday — and the prospect of a David Bowie tour in June.

The Genesis story, coming from *Record Mirror* which recently lost credibility by printing two full pages of deliberately false news, was clearly incorrect from the outset — as *NME* pointed out last week, there will be no Milton Keynes show at August Bank Holiday, as the promoters will then be occupied with the Reading Festival. In fact, Genesis are only one of a number of acts approached for two Milton Keynes concerts earlier in the summer — from the Stones to Lizzy, from Wings to AC/DC. And as of this moment, Genesis have said "No" — they will be playing a few UK dates some time this year, but at present they haven't the faintest idea where or when.

Elsewhere, *Sounds* advised us of a projected Bowie tour in June, which must rank alongside that paper's recent story concerning the Stones playing six nights at London Marquee. It was instantly dismissed by Bowie's British representatives as "crap". They pointed out that everyone wants him to tour — except Bowie himself! And absolutely nothing is set, or even mooted, regarding British appearances.

PRETENDERS IN APRIL

THE PRETENDERS, who were topping the charts exactly a year ago with 'Brass In Pocket', get their 1981 campaign under way on February 6 with the release of their latest Real Records single 'Message Of Love'/'Porcelain' — both sides were penned by Chrissie Hynde, and a cassette single follows a week later. Meanwhile, the band are currently halfway through recording their second album, which is due to be issued in April — and to tie in with its release, they set out on a world tour, beginning with a string of dates here in the UK (details to follow shortly). Subsequently, their travels will take them to America, the Far East and Australia.

● TOYAH WILLCOX, currently touring with her new band, will now play her major London concert at the Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, February 21 — and not at the Lyceum Ballroom the next day, as previously announced. Reason for the switch is that, on the Sunday, she'll now being recording for BBC-TV's *Look Here* in Birmingham. All tickets at the Rainbow are priced £3, and Wasted Youth are among the support bands.

● GEN X pulled out of their three projected gigs last week, at short notice, because singer Billy Idol had lost his voice. The date at Nottingham Rock City has already been re-scheduled for March 12 (existing tickets remain valid), and Rickmansworth Watersmeet and Birmingham Cedar Ballroom will be re-set around the same time. Idol expects to be in good voice in time for the band's full-scale UK tour starting next month, details to be announced in a week or two.

Doctor's medicine: Feelgoods on trek

DR. FEELGOOD return to home territory after their global travels in the autumn, and begin a new UK tour which concentrates on areas they omitted from their last British bash. Their outing opens with four dates in Southern Ireland (February 19-22), then continues at:

Belfast Ulster Hall (February 23), Leicester Polytechnic (25), Newcastle University (26), Aberdeen University (27), Dundee University (28), Hull City Hall (March 1), Norwich East Anglia University (3), Bristol University (4), Coventry Warwick University (5), Sheffield Polytechnic (6), Southampton University (7) and London Victoria The Venue (8), with the likelihood of more being added.

To coincide with this latest tour, the band have a new

LEE BRILLEAUX

single issued by Liberty next week, a re-working of an old Otis Rush blues number called 'Violent Love'. Produced by Nick Lowe, it features vocalist Lee Brilleaux in the unexpected role of a crooner (!), though he reverts to more accepted style on the B-side 'Case Of The Shakes'.

● Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders have added three more dates to their UK tour, reported last week — at Leicester University (February 17), York University (March 6) and Maidstone Mid-Kent College (13).

Harvey back in business

ALEX HARVEY goes back on the road next month for his first tour in a year. He'll be concentrating mainly on the club circuit, and will be working with the same four-piece line-up that backed him 12 months ago under the name of the Alex Harvey New Band — although the "new" has now been dropped from the billing. Dates confirmed so far are at Hardstoft Shoulder Of Mutton (February 5), Newcastle Mayfair (6), Liverpool Warehouse (7), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel)8), Swansea Circles (11), Nottingham Rock City (12), Blackpool Norbreck Castle (13), Retford Porterhouse (14) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (15).

Angelic Upstarts

NEW SINGLE. Z16

KIDS ON THE STREET

ANNOUNCEMENT

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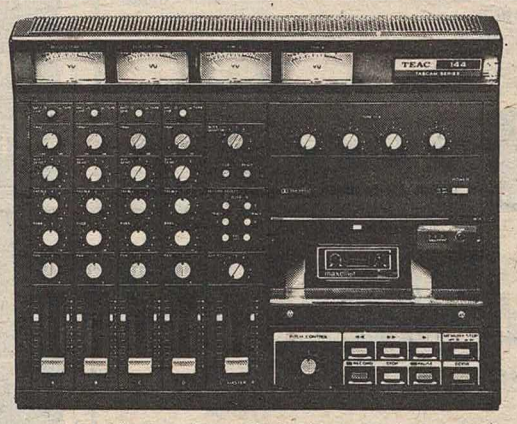

(Incidentally, for those who don't know what a Portastudio is, it's a four track, cassette based, tape recorder with built in mixer and equalisation facilities. You can overdub, bounce, and in general produce good quality master demos. It costs around six hundred quid. And if you send off this coupon we'll send you a brochure containing a complete spec.)

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7 Japan
8 Burning Spear
8 Throbbing Gristle
10,11 Ray Charles
10, 11 Emmylou Harris
15 The Stranglers
16, 17 Siouxsie & The Banshees
19 Saga
20 New York to the Rainbow
23 Bad Manners
23 Boys of the Lough
26 Paco Pena
27 Camel
27 David Essex

MARCH
1 UK Subs
5 Ian Gillan
6 Steppenwolf
7, 8 Millie Jackson
7 Krokus
14 Frankie Valli
15 Iron Maiden
17 Judas Priest
27/28 Elvis Costello
29 Chas & Dave

APRIL
9-12 Neil Sedaka
28, 29 Glen Campbell
29, 30 Liberace

MAY
1-9 Liberace
6-9 Leo Sayer
21, 22 Paul Anka

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
General enquiries Tel 01-439 3371. Instant Credit Bookings 01-240 1369/0681. Postal Bookings 96 Shaftesbury Ave. W.1. Personal callers 31 Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus and 42 Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, Tel 01-437 5150

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 29th January — 70p
NASHVILLE TEENS
+ The Enerjetics

Friday 30th January — £1
UPP Now Called LITTLE ME & THE FAVOURITES

Saturday 31st January — £1
IAN MITCHELL BAND
(ex Roll Ups) + Terry Vision & The Screams

Sunday 1st February — 70p
ERIC BELL BAND
(ex Thin Lizzy)
+ G B Rockers

Monday 2nd February — £1
PURPLE HEARTS
+ Spangs

Tuesday 3rd February — 60p
GYMSLIPS / ALSATIONS

Wednesday 4th February — 80p
GERRY McAVOY
+ The Guvnors

Thursday 5th February — 70p
SUNFIGHTER
+ Manipulator

FETISH NITE OUT — STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

THROBBING GRISTLE
CABARET VOLTAIRE
CLOCK DVA
ZEV

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 8th FEBRUARY at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

CAROLINE
Roadshow

Friday 30th January
QUEENSWAY HALL, DUNSTANBLE, BEDS + BLEAK HOUSE
Live on Stage

Friday 6th February
CORN EXCHANGE, CAMBRIDGE

Friday 13th February
CORN EXCHANGE, MAIDSTONE, KENT

Saturday 31st January
CASTLE HALL, HERTFORD, HERTS

Saturday 7th February
STOUR CENTRE, ASHFORD, KENT

Friday 20th February
CHANCELLOR HALL, CHELMSFORD, ESSEX

CAROLINE — BRITAIN'S BEST ROCK ROADSHOW WITH DJ'S ROBB EDEN BRIAN MARTIN & TOM ANDERSON. DOORS OPEN 8 pm — BAR.

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 28th January — £1
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES

Thursday 29th January — £1
ZEBRA

Friday 30th January — £1.25
ROBYN HITCHCOCK & THE SOFT BOYS

Saturday 31st January — £1.25
THE LEMONS

Sunday 1st February — £1
ANY TROUBLE

Monday 2nd February — £1
THE TEA SET

Tuesday 3rd February — £1
LEE KOSMIN

Wednesday 4th February — £1
THE MECHANICS

ROCK CITY
Formerly HEART OF THE MIDLANDS, TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0602 411212 — *Open 8 pm to 2 am*

Friday 30th Jan — £2.50 Adv
TOYAH + Support

Saturday 7th Feb — £2.50 Adv
HAZEL O'CONNOR & MEGAHYPE
+ Prime Suspect

Thursday 12th Feb — £2.50 Adv
ALEX HARVEY + Support

Saturday 14th Feb — £2.50 Adv
BAD MANNERS + Support

Monday 14th Feb — £2.50 Adv
GEORGE MELLY + Support

Thursday 19th Feb — £3.50 Adv
THE STRANGLERS
+ Support

Friday 20th Feb — £2.50 Adv
AFTER THE FIRE
+ Support

Thursday 26th Feb — £2.50 Adv
U K SUBS + Support

Friday 27th Feb — £2.50 Adv
GORDON GILTRAP BAND
+ Support

Saturday 28th Feb — £3.00 Adv
ODYSSEY

Wednesday 4th March — £3.00 Adv
GILLAN + Support

Wednesday 11th March — £5.00
FRANKIE VALLI AND THE FOUR SEASONS

Saturday 16th May — £2.50 Adv
THE CRAMPS + Support

Ticket from Rock City, Virgin Selectadisc Victoria Box Office Way Ahead Revolver, R E Chords (Derby), Revolver (Leicester; of by post from Rock City — Cheques payable to Rock City. Must be over 18 years of age.
No membership required

LIVE
PHONE 01 261 6153

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 29th January — £1.00
THE COUNT BISHOP + Last Chance

Friday 30th January — £1.25
MICKEY JUPP + Italian Parcels

Saturday 31st January — £1.00
TATTY OLLITY
Featuring Roger Ruskin Spear and Sam Spoons ex. Bonzo Dog, Dave Glasson ex Whoopee Band and Dave Knight

Sunday 1st February — £1.00
DUFFO + Guy Jackson

Monday 2nd February — £2.00
KEVIN COYNE + GLS

Tuesday 3rd February — £1.00
T.V. SMITH'S EXPLORERS + The UBz

Wednesday 4th February — £1.00
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
+ Rainbow Remipedes

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW and PHIL McINTYRE BY ARRANGEMENT WITH SANCTUARY present
THE KILLER TOUR

IRON MAIDEN
plus SPECIAL GUESTS
THIN LIZZY
SUNDAY 15th MARCH 7·30pm
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00, £2·50
FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, VIRGIN TICKET UNIT, & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Friday, January 30th — Adm £2
THE PASSIONS

Saturday, January 31st — Adm £2
"Heavy Metal Rock"
MORE

Friday, February 6th — Adm £2
AU PAIRS

Saturday, 7th February — Adm £2
SHOCK

Friday, February 13th — Adm £2
DARTS

Saturday, February 14th — Adm £2
ALEX HARVEY BAND

Friday, February 20th — Adm £2
MOONDOGS

Saturday, February 21st — Adm £2
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX

VICTORIA APOLLO

OUTLAW PRESENTS
JUDIE TZUKE
IN CONCERT
plus SPECIAL GUEST
THURSDAY 12th MARCH
7·30pm
Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00.
FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, VIRGIN TICKET UNIT, & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

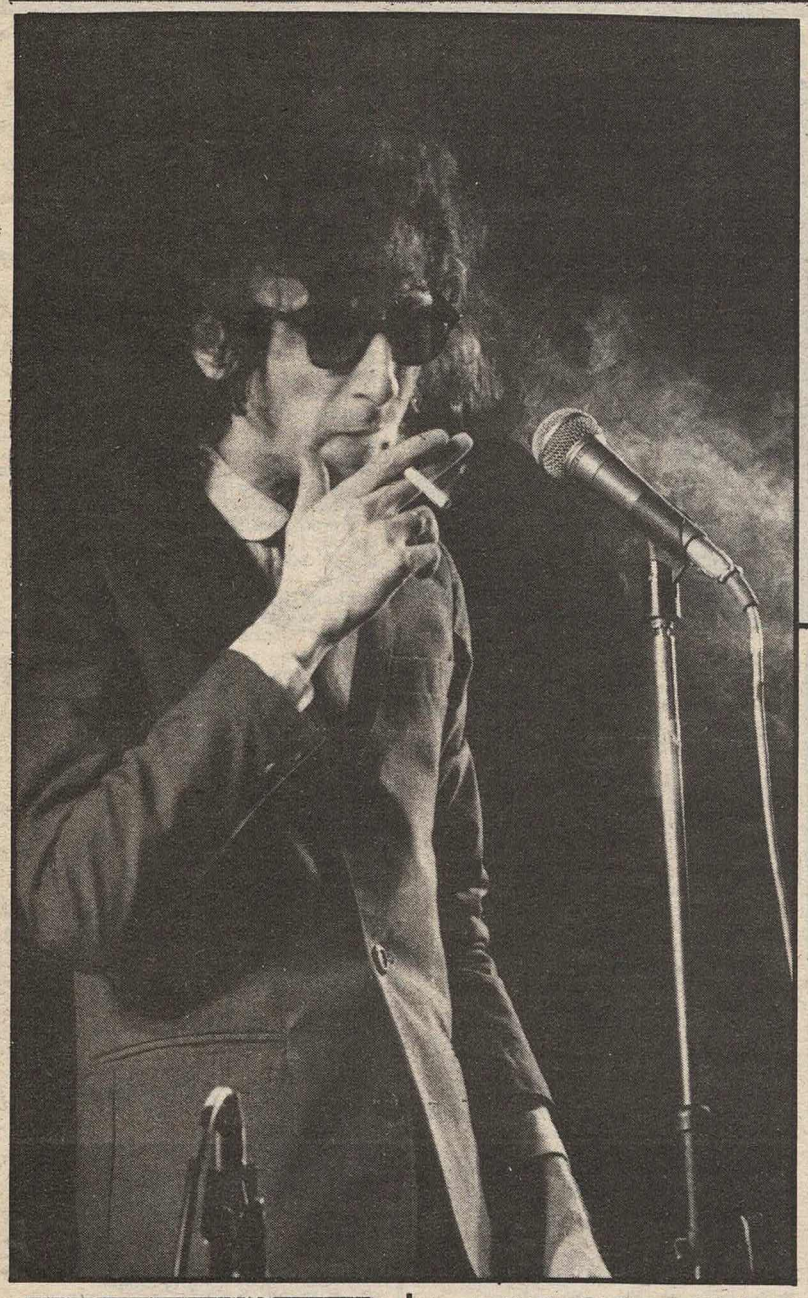
MK & L KRAMER
in association with **NEMS ARTISTE AGENCY**
present

SPLIT RIVITT
1981 "SPELL IT RIGHT" TOUR

Jan	30	CROWN, HAILSHAM
	31	NAT. COLL. FOOD TECH, WEYBRIDGE
Feb	4	POLY. OF WALES
	5	WAREHOUSE, LIVERPOOL
	7 & 8	TO BE CONFIRMED
	9	DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
	10	TO BE CONFIRMED
	11	WAREHOUSE, LEEDS
	12	WARWICK UNIVERSITY
	13	LOWESTOFT COLLEGE
	16–21	IRELAND
	23	SURREY UNIVERSITY
	26	TROUBADOUR, PORT TALBOT
	27	BUCKINGHAM COLL. F/ED
	28	KINGSTON POLY

Forthcoming Single: **SATISFYIN FEELIN**
ON CARVE UP RECORDS NO CU2
RELEASED THRU RED LIGHTING
Sole Bookings — **NEMS 01-730 9461**

DATA CONTROL NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1



Cooper Clarke health warning

JOHN COOPER CLARKE hasn't heeded Superman's warning, and will still be puffing away like the proverbial steam engine when he begins his latest series of gigs at Birmingham (Friday), London (Saturday), Brighton (Sunday), Bristol (Monday) and Nottingham (Wednesday).

Manners make more mischief

BAD MANNERS, who finished their last tour on Christmas Eve, are back on the road again this weekend. They'll be up to their usual tricks at Aberdeen (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Fife (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday) and Hull (Tuesday), with plenty more to follow through February.

THURSDAY

Belfast Pound Club: **The Trial**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Osprey**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Privates/Mood Elevators**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
Bolton (Bromley Cross) Railway Hotel: **Meanstreet**
Bolton Dominics Youth Club: **Capsule Electric/Fashions Of Fate**
Bolton (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Patrick Moore & The All Stars**
Bradford Tiffany's: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Brighton Concorde Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald Band**
Brighton The Northern: **Meanstreak**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **Spider**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Big Brother**
Coventry Tiffany's: **The Selecter**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **John Williams**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Debbie Farrah Band**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **The O.K. Band**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Ian Campbell Band**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **TV Scandel/Rumbling Organs/The Piers**
Hull The Bull: **Head-Hunter**
Hull Wellington Club: **Johnny Solo Band**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Bobalouis**
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: **Wanda & The Dentists**
Leeds Fan Club: **Cabaret Voltaire**
Leeds Kirkstall Bar-Celona: **The Cruisers (for three days)**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Brady's: **A Formal Sigh/The Last Chant**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **Asylum**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Belle Stars**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Nashville Teens**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Department S**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **The Realists**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Count Bishops/Last Chance**
London Fulham The Cock: **Old Number 7**
London Greenwich Coach & Horses: **Daddy Yum Yum**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Munchies/Red Alert**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **UFO**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Bad Publicity**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Modern Man/Fay Ray**
London Highgate The Wellington: **Suttel Approach**
London Holborn The Blitz: **Lions**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Toys**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **The Psychedelic Furs**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Steel Pulse/Vision Collision**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Irving Street Band**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Kraze**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Al Campbell/The Freedeom Fighters**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Juice On The Loose**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Cohn & Son (until Saturday)**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Flying Saucers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J. J. & The Flyers**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Billy Connolly (until Sunday)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jo Broadberry & The Standouts**
London Walthamstow The Towers: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Lemons/The Name**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Brian Brain/Blurt**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Tony O'Malley & Friends/Carol Grimes' Sweet F.A.**
Maidstone Art College: **Pictures**
Maltby Yorkshire Dragoon: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Manchester Henry's: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Passions**
Manchester (Wythenshawe) 423 Club: **The Tenants**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oakengates Town Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Alkatrazz**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Look**
Preston Warehouse: **Theatre Of Hate**
Reading Target Club: **Die Laughing**
Seaford The Great Dane: **Rokwattz**
Sheffield Arts School: **Delta 5**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Vena Cava**
Sheffield The Penguin: **Geddes Axe**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Games To Avoid/Inferior Complex**
St. Albans Waldo's Jazz Club: **The Manic Jabs**
Stanbridge RAF Station: **Soul Direction**
Swansea University: **Lindisfarne**
Wolverhampton Barley Mow: **Sub Zero**
Workington Matador Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **Suspect**
Worthing Town Hall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Wrexham Cartrestle College: **Stiletto**

FRIDAY

Aberdeen University: **Bad Manners**
Birmingham Aston University: **Johnny Mars' Mighty Mars**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **John Cooper Clarke**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Denizens / Dream Sequence**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Ploytechnic: **The Look**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Witchfynde**
Bolton Sports Centre: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Brighton Sussex University: **Eye To Eye**
Bromlow Drum & Monkey: **The Breed**
Cardiff Grassroots: **The Review**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Alkatrazz**
Chatham Central Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Steel Pulse**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **John Spencer's Spectacles**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Split Rivitt/4 A.M.**
Harrogate Crown Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Hemel Hempstead Rose & Crown: **Blazing Red**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
Keighley Funhouse Bar: **Whammer Jammer**
Kingston Three Tuns: **White Light**
Lampeter St. David's College: **Stiletto**
Lancaster University: **The Selecter/The Pharoahs**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **More**
Leeds University: **Agony Column**
Liverpool Edgehill College: **Dedringer**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **Stun The Guards**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Nashville Teens**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Upp**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Roy Hill Band**
London Chiswick Town Hall: **The Pests / Canyons And Matches**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Fix**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Little Roosters / Talkover**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **X-Effects / The Hitmen**
London Eltham Avery Hill College: **The Kicks**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mickey Jupp Band / Italian Parcels**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Satellites / Auntie Pus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **No Idea**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins**
London Holloway North Polytechnic: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Soft Boys**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Kraken**
London Marquee Club: **The Spizzles**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Lux Electro / Brian Booth Jazz Orchestra**
London N.W.3 Fleet Rd. Community Centre: **The Outskirts**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Al Campbell / The Freedom Fighters**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfox**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Nicky Barclay Band / Sam Mitchell**
London Putney White Lion: **Victor Brox Blues Blasters**
London Queen Mary's College: **Lindisfarne**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Belle Stars**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **The Cobras**
London Tottenham Middlesex Polytechnic: **Arrogant**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Cimarons**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald Group / The Golinski Brothers**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Southern Comfort**
Loughborough University: **U2**
Lowestoft Talk Of The East: **Spider**
Maldon Guisnes Court: **Edukators**
Manchester The Attic: **The Tenants**
Manchester The Lamplight: **The Product**
Manchester Urmston Hockney Club: **Naughty Boys**
Market Harborough Assembly Rooms: **Chris Lucas & The Aides / Personal Column**
New Brighton Empress Hall: **Rockin' Horse**
Newtown B.R.D. Club: **Prefex**
Nottingham Rock City: **Toyah**
Offord New Tavern: **Ice**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Modern Jazz**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Blues Band**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **Bikini Atoll**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Head-Hunter**
Scarborough Taboo: **Theatre Of Hate**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Close Rivals**
Sleaford Rugby Club: **Sinking Ships**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Black Sabbath**
Southend Zero 6: **Mirage**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
St. Albans Waldo's Jazz Club: **The Manic Jabs**
Stoke Bridge Street Arts Centre: **Kenny Shaw Band**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Gary Glitter**
Watford Technical College: **Zitz**
Weshoughton Red Lion: **Martin Carthy**
Worcester The Punchbowl: **The Accelerators**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **Suspect**
York University: **The Mo-dettes**

SATURDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **Gary Glitter**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brian Brain / The Tadpoles / Dead Babies**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birrningham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Alkatrazz**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Skinners Rats**
Brighton Basement Club: **Eye To Eye**
Bristol Granary: **Head-Hunter**
Canterbury Kent University: **Thompson Twins / Kan-Kan**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Rhesus Negative**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Ice**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Drivin' Sideways**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **21 Guns**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chinatown**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Black Sabbath**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Toyah**
Croydon The Cartoon: **7 Year Itch**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Weapon Of Peace**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **UFO**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Asylum**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Modern Jazz**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Bad Manners**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Triarchy / Burn**
Gravesend Terminus: **Rat Fink A Boo Boo**
Guildford Surrey University: **The Look / Patrik Fitzgerald Group**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The UBz / Zero Time**
Hastings The Carlisle: **Die Laughing**
Henley-on-Thames Town Hall: **Between Pictures**
Ilkley College: **Whipps**
Inkberrow Village Hall: **Close Rivals**
Keighley Funhouse Bar: **Whammer Jammer**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The Sunday Band**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Eric Bell Band**
Leeds The Packhorse: **Nosferatu V**
Leeds University: **The Blues Band**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Fall / Performance**
Liverpool Stage Left: **The Tenants**
London Blackheath Coach & Horses: **Rokwattz**
London Bow Tenterden Arms: **Italian Parcels**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Johnny Mars' Mighty Mars**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Ian Mitchell Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Flatbackers**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The C-Sharps / The OK Jive**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cheaters / Hot Property**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **The Bluebirds**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tatty Ollity**
London Fulham The Cock: **Chantoussie**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **3 A.M.**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **BIM / The Heartbeats**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lemons**
London Marquee Club: **The Spizzles**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Black Market / Julian Stringle's Young Dixie**
London Peckham Action Group: **Tom Paley**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Salt**
London Putney White Lion: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Cyril Tawney**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **Climax Blues Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Local Heroes / The Pinkies**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Hall: **Burma Blur**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **John Cooper Clarke**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The MGA Band**
Luton Baron of Beef: **Red Shoes**
Macclesfield Masonic Arms: **Rockin Horse**
Malvern Trappers Bar: **Shader**
Manchester Benchill Hotel: **Naughty Boys**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Mo-dettes**
Northampton Nene College: **Stiletto**
Northampton White Elephant: **The World Service**
Norwich Kesick College of Education: **Soul Direction**
Norwich Samson & Hercules: **Kenny Shaw Band**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Weapon**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Toad The Wet Sprocket**
Oxford Wadham College Hall: **Martin Carthy**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Lindisfarne**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Passions**
Retford Porterhouse: **More**
Scunthorpe King Henry VIII Hotel: **Classix Nouveaux / Red Alert**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **George Hamilton IV**
Southend Top Alex: **Station**
St Albans City Hall: **U2 / The Manic Jabs**
St Albans Horn Of Plenty: **The Exciters**
St Austell Cornish Coliseum: **The Who**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Wasted Youth**
Walsall Town Hall: **Witchfynde / Dedringer**
Weybridge National College of Food: **Split Rivitt / M.P.H.**
Widnes Stanley Hotel: **Wanda & The Dentists**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Worksop Ex-Servicemen's Club: **The Bopcats**

SUNDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Howard Youth Club: **The Tenants**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Shader**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **Scream**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **John Cooper Clarke**
Bristol Lamb Inn (lunchtime): **Frank Evans / Cats Cradle / Poor Boys**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Bury Bridge Inn: **Lym-Bik**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Chinatown**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

DATA CONTROL NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Harry Chapin**
Croydon The Cartoon: **London Apaches (lunchtime) / Rockola (evening)**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Toyah**
Ellesmere Port Travellers Folk Club: **Martin Carthy**
Fife St. Andrews University: **Bad Manners**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **The Drivers**
Hatfield Stonehouse: **Alkatrazz**
Hemel Hempstead Old Town Hall Arts Centre: **Ojah**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Langley Mill Hallam Sports Club: **The Bopcats**
Leeds Horde Green Hotel: **Money**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Transmitters / The Pinkies**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Eric Bell Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rinse**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sad Among Strangers / Snatch 22**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Bluebirds**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Duffo / Guy Jackson**
London Fulham The Cock: **The Works**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Arrogant / The Business**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Any Trouble**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): **Pete Neighbour Quartet**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype / The Mo-dettes / The Tea Set**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **U2 / Delta 5 / The Thompson Twins**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tooting The Castle: **The Blues**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Modern Man / Depeche Mode**
London Woodford Bridge White Hart: **Park Avenue**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Richard Digance**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Hefty Jazz**
Mansfield Leisure Centre: **Anti-Pasti**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Split Rivitt**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **More**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
North Cave White Hart Inn: **Head-Hunter**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Kick**
Poole Arts Centre: **Black Sabbath**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Gary & Vera Aspey**
Preston Maudland Club: **The Cruisers**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Rishton Bay Horse New Inn: **Meanstreet**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Blues Band**
Saltburn Zetland Hotel: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Southampton The Victory (lunchtime): **The Latecomers**
Taunton Odeon: **Lindisfarne**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Zitz**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Asylum**
Whitley Bay Playhouse Theatre: **Boys Of The Lough**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Money**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **Asteroth**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Mike Cooper/Joanna Pyne/Keyhole**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Head-Hunter**
Bristol University: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Canterbury Kent University: **Delta 5**
Cockermouth Globe Hotel: **Martin Carthy**
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **A. K. Band/X Certs**
Dublin Stadium: **Emmylou Harris & The Hot Band**
Guildford Bunters: **Spiral Models**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Kenny Shaw Band**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **Avenue**
Leeds Warehouse: **Depeche Mode**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **X-Effects/The Influence**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Kevin Coyne & GLS**
London Fulham The Cock: **John Spencer's Spectacles**
London Hammersmith Merchants Hotel: **The Tenants**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Tea Set**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Jay McShann Duo (for a week)**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Hit Makers**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Bertice Reading (for two weeks)**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Stratford Green Man: **Julian Dawson's Hit Factory**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Red Shoes**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Strangers In The Night/Bongo Express/Self-Control**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Cheaters**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The MGA Band**
Manchester Rafters: **The Mo-dettes**
Manchester Rotters: **The Blues Band**
Newcastle Royalty Theatre: **Bad Manners**

U2 headline a major London concert on Sunday as the climax of their tour, which also takes in Loughborough (Friday) and St. Albans (Saturday).

Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Cruisers**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Harry Chapin**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Inferior Complex**
Southampton The Victory: **The Convertibles**
St. Austel Cornish Coliseum: **Black Sabbath**
Stockton Fiesta Club: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Wakefield Theatre Club: **George Hamilton IV**
Wakefield The Speakeasy: **Massacre**
Wallasey Labour Club: **Dirty Eddie**

TUESDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bolton (Bromley Cross) Railway Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Pete Allen Band**
Carmarthen Trinity College: **Budgie**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Baby Laurel**
Dublin National Stadium: **Emmylou Harris & The Hot Band**
Edinburgh Provisions House: **The Tenants**
Hull University: **Bad Manners**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Mo-dettes**
Leicester University: **Lindisfarne**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **George Hamilton IV**
Liverpool Rotters: **The Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Fix/720**
London Dartford Thames Polytechnic: **The Cheaters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dolly Mixture/The UBz**
London Fulham The Cock: **Side Street**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lee Kosmin**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Patrik Fitzgerald Group**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **GWBB 3**
London Richmond Snoopies: **The Transmitters**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southall The Cavern: **Baby, Baby, Baby, Baby/Mayhem**
London Stratford Green Man: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Tooting The Castle: **Hit And Run**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Passions**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **Pyewackett**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Walking Wounded/Lo/John The Baptist**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Trevor Anthony Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Harry Chapin**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Knife Edge**
Northampton Black Lion: **The World Service**
Oxford Scamps: **Theatre Of Hate**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **Blazing Red**
York Arts Centre: **Kenny Shaw Band**

WEDNESDAY

Aylesbury Civic Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Bath Theatre Royal: **Boys Of The Lough**
Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre: **Emmylou Harris & The Hot Band**
Birkenhead Sir James Ents: **Wardog**
Birmingham (Hall Green) The Horseshoes: **Sub Zero**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham Warley College of Technology: **Dansette Damage**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford University: **The Blues Band**
Brighton Sussex University: **Gord Giltrap**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Alkatrazz**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Fall**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Dutch Swing College Band**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basil's Ballsup Band**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Halifax Foggy's: **Heresy**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Lower Levels/The Uprights**
Leeds Warehouse: **Marshall Doktors**
London Acton Kings Head: **Strangers In The Night/Square One**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Reluctant Stereotypes/Rainbow Remipedes**
London Fulham The Cock: **Fizz**
London Hackney Deuragon Arms: **Pagan Altar**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Hospital Medical School: **The Cheaters**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Mechanics**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Macondo**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Soho Pizza Express: **The Sophisticats**
London Stratford Green Man: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Theatre Of Hate**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins/The Wild Boys**
Manchester Delta Tangos: **The Tenants**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Skin Tight Jackson**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Passions**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **John Cooper Clarke**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Hazel O'Connor & Megahype**
Preston Moonraker: **Lym-Bik**
Runcorn Cherry Tree: **Rockin Horse**
Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: **Kenny Shaw Band**
Southampton The Victory: **Du B'allup**
Southport Theatre: **Harry Chapin**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: **Split Rivitt**
Wakefield The Speakeasy: **Massacre**
York University: **Lindisfarne**

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Derek Block presents
BAD MANNERS
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
MONDAY 23rd FEBRUARY 7:30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.00
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM PALAIS 01-748-2812, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE: VIRGIN TICKET UNIT: HONKY TONK RECORDS ALSO ON NIGHT.

BLUNT PROMOTIONS PRESENT
At Lincoln Drill Hall
Wednesday 4th February £2.50 Adv
BAD MANNERS
+ Support
Tickets From Track, Sanctuary Records, Napoleans Bar or Blunt Promotions, 28 Malham Drive, Lakelands, Lincoln.
At Grimsby Community Centre
Friday 6th February £2.00
THE MO-DETTES
Tickets From Grimsby Community Centre, Track & Sanctuary Record, Lincoln
At Lincoln Drill Hall
Tuesday 17th February £2.00 Adv
BUDGIE
+ Special Guests
Tickets From Track, Sanctuary Records, Napoleans Bar or Blunt Promotions, 28 Malham Drive, Lakelands, Lincoln.

Venue
160 Victoria St., SW1
(Opp Victoria Tube Station)
01-834 5882
Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am
COMING SOON
Friday 6th February £3.00
WEAPON OF PEACE
Saturday 7th February £9.50 (with Buffet) £6.00 (without)
The Venue, The South American Club + De Castro Production and Promotion Ltd present
'CARNAVAL DO BRASIL'
Saturday 14th February £5.00
VALENTINE'S DAY BALL
Featuring Garl Glitter, The Hee Bee Gee Bees & Biddy & Eve

LIVE AT YORK UNIVERSITY
Friday 30th January — MO–DETTES
Wednesday 4th February — LINDISFARNE
Friday 6th January — SUPPORT LOCAL & UNIVERSITY BANDS
Friday 13th February — HARRY CHAPIN
Monday 16th February — THE CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT, THE THOMPSON TWINS
Friday 20th February — FATAL CHARM
Monday 23rd February — DAVID ESSEX
Tuesday 3rd March — SLADE
Friday 6th March — WILKO JOHNSON
Monday 16th March — THE CRAMPS
MORE TO BE ADDED
TICKET ENQUIRIES YORK 412328
ALL GIGS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, N.W.6
Wednesday 28th January £1.50 — PLAIN CHARACTORS + English Subtitles
Thursday 29th January £1.50 — THE LEMONS + The Name
Friday 30th January £1.50 — PATRIK FITZGERALD GROUP + The Golinski Bros
Saturday 31st January £1.50 — LOCAL HEROES SW9 + The Punkies
Sunday 1st February £1.50 — MODERN MAN + Depeche Mode
Monday 2nd February £1.50 — STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT + Bongo Express + Self Control
Tuesday 3rd February £1.50 — WALKING WOUNDED + Lo + John the Baptist
Wednesday 4th February £1.50 — MARGO RANDOM & THE SPACE VIRGINS + The Wild Boys

LIVE PLEASE RING 01-261 6153

THE BASEMENT BAR
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6
Thursday 29th January £1 — THE MUNCHIES + Red Alert
Friday 30th January £1 — THE SATELLITES (With Rat Scabies) + Aunte Pus + Guide 84
Saturday 31st January £1 — 3.00 AM + Red Shift
Monday 2nd February £1 — DIF JUZ + Blood
Tuesday 3rd February £1 — RED SHOES + The Results
This Month Open 8 till 11, from 2nd Feb 7 till 11

Please phone before setting out, check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-
WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN DEPARTMENTS
THU. 29. On rehearsed but unbeatable entertainment from a likeable 5-piece who have cut 2 devastating 45's - one as GUNS FOR HIRE.
Little Roosters
FRI. Brash, East London outfit whose confidence & good time R&B evokes memories of the SMALL FACES.
THE CHEATERS
SAT. 31st. Manchester band whose on stage energy & wry humour (this date is part of their Rock Against Grimness tour), make monotony impossible. Music for dancing.
SAD AMONG STRANGERS SUN. 1st. FEB. + SNATCH 22 + 16 ROCKYEARS
X-EFFECTS
MON. Keyboards based with a wealth of good material & a kind of colour sup. STRANGLERS sound
TUE. THE FIX + 720.
PATRICK FITZGERALD BAND
THU. 5th. FEB.
DOOR STAFF WANTED. Fri, Sat and Sun. nights for music venue. Refs, Experience, Intellect essential. PHONE: 240-3961
The Doors open 8:45 till late, except Sunday when its 7:30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails night thru. Our restaurant is open 7 days a week - 8:30 AM till 6:00 AM most days. Phone for details. We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mt. from Tube Station).
PHONE: 240-3961

Rainbow THEATRE
OUTLAW AND PHIL McINTYRE PRESENT
Gillan
PLUS SUPPORT
THURSDAY 5th MARCH 7:30pm
Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00.
FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, VIRGIN TICKET UNIT, & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 468287)
Please Note: **CLIMAX BLUES BAND IS NOW CANCELLED**
Mon 2nd February — DEPECHE MODE
Tues 3rd February — MO-DETTES
Mon 9th February — NAKED LUNCH + BLANCMANGE
Tues 10th February — THE MOONDOGS
Wed 11th February — SPLIT RIVITT
Thurs 12th February — THE DARTS
Coming soon:
JOHN COUGAR, ROY WOOD'S HELICOPTER
Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

THE 100 CLUB
100 Oxford St, London W1
A SPECIAL TWO NIGHT REGGAE FESTIVAL
Thursday 29th & Friday 30th January
JAMAICAN SUPERSTAR
AL CAMPBELL
With The Freedom Fighters
NEW WAVE AT THE 100 CLUB
Tuesday 3rd February
MARTIAN DANCE
+ Flock of Seagulls

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

THE KILLER TOUR

IRON MAIDEN

IPSWICH GAUMONT (Tel: 53641)
Tuesday 17 February 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from Box Office and Usual Agents.

OXFORD NEW THEATRE (Tel: 43041)
Thursday 19 February 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from Box Office and Usual Agents.

BRISTOL COLSTON HALL (Tel: 291768)
Friday 27 February 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from Box Office and Usual Agents.

TAUNTON ODEON (Tel: 72282)
Saturday 28 February 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from Box Office and Usual Agents.

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT (Tel: 22001)
Monday 3 March 7.30pm
Tickets £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
Available from Box Office and Usual Agents.

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
TRUST

Kevin Draper for
RAINBOW CONCERTS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

SAGA

WITH GUESTS **QUARTZ**

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2

THURSDAY 19th FEBRUARY at 7.30

TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

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101 CLUB

101 St John's Hill. Tel: 01-223 8309
Wednesday 28th January
THE HEROES + Le Change
Thursday 29th January
FAY RAY + The Cuban Heals
Friday 30th January
THE FIX
Saturday 31st January
THE C–SHARPS + The OK Jive
Sunday 1st February
MICKY JUPP + Press Gang
Monday 2nd February
THE KLONES + The Crying Shames
Tuesday 3rd February
THE FRUIT EATING BEARS
+ Empty Vessels
Wednesday 4th February
FLYING DUCKS NIGHT
We are open Saturday lunchtime and our basement is open for private functions.
RING 223 8309 or 767 6432 for details

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LEATHERHEAD, SURREY

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SURREY — PHONE 01-391 0738

LEEDS UNIVERSITY

present in the Union

Sat 31st January **THE BLUES BAND**.....**£2.50**
Sat 14th February **THE BURNING SPEAR CANCELLED**
Wed 25th February **SOUIXSIE & THE BANSHEES**
£3.50
Sat 28th February **THE STRANGLERS**.....**£3.50**
Sat 14th March **STRAY CATS**.....**£2.50**

Tickets From Union Record Shop Or On Door On Night
TICKET ENQUIRIES LEEDS 444972 — ALL WELCOME

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ON THIS PAGE
WILL BE SEEN BY
OVER HALF-A-MILLION
MORE PEOPLE
THAN OUR
NEAREST SELLING RIVAL

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some bizzare EVENINGS

JANUARY
31 (CROCS) GLAMOUR CLUB RAYLEIGH **LONDON**
FEBRUARY
1 CABARET FUTURA SOHO **LONDON**
2 ELECTRO DISCO **LEEDS**
3 LIMIT CLUB **SHEFFIELD**
5 WAREHOUSE CLUB **PRESTON**
6 BRADYS **LIVERPOOL**
9 ELECTRO DISCO **LEEDS**
10 LIMIT CLUB **SHEFFIELD**
11 PIPS **MANCHESTER**
12 WAREHOUSE CLUB **PRESTON**

FAST SET · THE LOVED ONE · BLAH BLAH BLAH
ILLUSTRATION · DEPECHE MODE · THE THE · B MOVIE · JELL
BLANCMANGE · SOFT CELL · NEU ELECTRIKK · NAKED LUNCH
Different bands on different nights. Check venue for details

A CELEBRATION OF FEAR
Featuring
3.00 AM
RED SHIFT
RUMBLING ORGANS
CLARENDEN,
HAMMERSMITH BDWY.
SAT 31st JAN

THE Venue

160 VICTORIA ST. SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5882

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.
FOOD, DANCING, LIVE MUSIC
OPEN TIL 3am EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Thursday 29th January £2.00
JO BROADBERRY & THE STANDOUTS
Friday 30th January £3.00
THE CIMARONS
Saturday 31st January £3.50
CLIMAX BLUES BAND
Monday 2nd February £2.00
INVERSIONS
Tuesday 3rd February £2.00
THE PASSIONS
Wednesday 4th February £2.00
THEATRE OF HATE & THE BERLIN BLONDES
Thursday 5th February £2.00
THE ASSOCIATES
Late Night £2.00
SPECIAL CHINESE NEW YEAR ELEKTRO DISKOW
featuring DAVID CLARIDGE
+ Huang Chung

BLURT

Wednesday 28th January
KINGS HEAD, ACTON
+ Furniture
Thursday 29th January
WOOLWICH TRAMSHED
+ Brian Brain

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS

JOHN COOPER CLARKE

+ Support
Sunday 1st February at 7.30pm
£1.90 Adv. £2.50 Door

JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.
TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING), & ATTRIX RECORDS.

TO ADVERTISE PHONE 01-261 6153

BROADWAY TICKET AGENCY
Tickets on sale now for

NEIL SEDAKA
9, 10, 11, 12 April
at Apollo Victoria

THE WHO
9, 10, 11 March
at Wembley Arena

BROADWAY TICKET AGENCY
8 Claybury Broadway, Clayhall,
Ilford, Essex. Phone: 01-551 4138

DESIRE PROMOTIONS PRESENT:—

ACADEMY ONE

at the
YOUNG VIC, THE CUT, SE1
SUNDAY FEBRUARY 8th 1981
7.30 pm-10.30 **Adm £1.50**

STARLIGHT CLUB

100 West End Lane
West Hampstead, NW6
Thursday 29th January £1
JAM TODAY
Friday 30th January £1.50
STEVE HOOKERS SHAKERS
+ Support
Saturday 31st January £1.50
FLESH HABIT
+ Consulting Adults
Monday 2nd February £1
RUBYS
Tuesday 3rd February £1
LIAISON
Wednesday 4th February £1
B TEAM
Thursday 5th February £1
NIGHTBIRD
For information ring Pete: 624 7611

POP RECORDS present the EP
"MAGNIFICO"
by EL SEVEN — POP ODD
See them on the MONDAY CLUB Tour
FEBRUARY / MARCH / APRIL 1981
With
SHRINKING MEN
JOHNNY & MOONDOGS
Phone for dates
Reading (0734) 481637.
Dates wanted for April
Dates next weekend
Feb 7th Bath Red Lion
Feb 8th Bristol, Mayors Arms

PRODUCTION VILLAGE
100 Cricklewood Lane, NW2
Sat 31st Jan 7.30
BLACK MARKET

GREEN MAN
196 Stratford High Street, E15
(Stratford Tube)
Mon2 Feb £1
JULIAN DAWSONS HIT FACTORY
Tues 3 Feb £1
IVORY COASTERS
(Afro/Jazz Rock)
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MICKY JUPP BAND
25p off door money with this ad

CINEMAS

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THE SHINING X
A STANLEY KUBRICK FILM STARRING JACK NICHOLSON SHELLEY DUVALL
Progs Weekdays: 1.15, 3.40, 6.00, 8.30. Sunday: 3.20, 5.40, 8.05.

2 Clint Eastwood
Any Which Way You Can AA
Progs Weekdays: 1.30, 3.50, 6.10, 8.30. Sunday: 3.30, 5.50, 8.15.
Late Show Fri & Sat: 11 pm.

3 Neil Simon's
SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES A
RELEASED BY COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER DISTRIBUTORS © 1980 COLUMBIA PICTURES INC.
Progs: 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.35. Late Show Fri & Sat: 11 pm.

4 BETTE MIDLER
Divine Madness AA

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2.35, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30 Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

Thames Poly., Woolwich SE18
Tel 01-855 0618/9

JOHN COOPER CLARKE

Saturday 31st January
Open to Non-Students
Licensed Bar
Doors open 7.30pm
£2.00 Advance. £2.50 Door

ARROGANT

Friday 30th January
Middx Poly All Saints
White Hart Lane, Tottenham, N7
Sunday 1st February
Half Moon, Herne Hill, SE24.

DATA CONTROL

GARAGELAND

SINGLES

■ Hitchin-based band **School Ties** have released their first single 'No Future', not just "another song about anything that rhymes with Sid Vicious", available through Rough Trade on the group's own label.

School Ties came together courtesy of Wellbury House, a community home which is part of The St Christophers fellowship organisation catering for boys from deprived backgrounds, giving the song's title a ring which seems far from hollow.

■ Call Me Records, a new French independent, release the first single — a 12" — by New York group **The Comateens** this month, eight weeks before the record is actually out in the States. The group are expected to play English and European dates next month to promote the release.

■ Mansfield's finest, **The New Apostles,** are releasing a three-track cassette called 'Songs Of Praise', complete with fact sheet. Send a blank cassette/SAE to Andy Pidluznyj, 15 Little Barn Gardens, Mansfield, Notts. NG18 8JU.

■ Rascal Records (formerly called Club) are releasing a second 45 by **Lelo & The Levants,** entitled 'In China'. Distribution through PRT.

■ **The Sect** make their debut with 'This Is Your Life'/'Private Eye' on Derry's first label, Shoestring Records. Either 'phone Jim Walker on Derry 65069 or else write to Phonsie Cunningham, 20 Inishowen Gdns, Creggan Estate, Derry, BT48 7NW.

■ Second single from **Second Layer** is 'State Of Emergency', on Tortch Records, available through Bonaparte.

■ Rock On recording artiste **Paul Sordid** has a new single out; it's 'Give It To Me Now', available through Virgin or else by sending £1.00 to Paul Aitken, 120 Kings Road, Kingston, Surrey KT2 5HT.

■ **The Need** have a single out on the Vitriol label. It's called 'Let Them Eat Valium' and it's available for £1.10 (incl p/p) from Vitriol Products, Flat 1, 1 Victoria Park, Herne Bay, Kent. Incidentally, Paul Morley reviewed this record a while back, under the group name 'SKITZ 1'. Actually, that's just the matrix number. Oh well.

■ Be the first on your block to get the Christmas single (OK, so we're late) by **Sri Twill,** on Tapir Product, 2/4 Kipping Lane, Thornton, Bradford, Yorks. Merely send 60p, including our old friends p&p.

■ **The Russians** are coming, with a debut 45 on Laser Records, 'No Title'/'Anything She Wants', distributed by Spartan (number LAS 35).

■ 'Psycopath'/'I'm So Uncanny'/'Dawn Of The Dead' is the debut effort eagerly awaited by all 128 fans of **The Funeral Directors.** Their message to the world is: Beware because you know not the time of your death. . . .

■ Stroppy Cow Records describe themselves as feminist and anti-commercial. For £1.20 you can get their first release, a four-track EP by **Jam Today** called 'Stereotyping', from 40 Croftdown Road, London NW5. Distribution is by Rough Trade, Red Rhino, Womens Revolutions Per Minute and others.

■ On the attractively-named Self Immolation label, comes a 45 from **Foetus Under Glass,** called 'Spite Your Face'/'O.K.F.M.'. Write to S1 at 35 Brackenbury Rd, London N2.

■ Third single from **The Filmcast** is Jimmy Ruffin's 'What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted', on True Friends Music. Dist. by Rough Trade. **The On-Birds/MacKt** EP (recently reviewed) can be obtained for £2.00 (incl p&p) from Sven Dolling, Stenstorpsv 25, 582 69 Linkoping, Sweden.

■ Meanwhile in Bristol, Revolver Records are distributing the EP by **Vice Squad,** on Riot City Records, which contains a poster and sells for 95p.

■ Leeds band **Sisters Of Mercy** are re-issuing their single 'Damage Done'/'Watch' on the Merciful Release label (not to be confused with any London band of the same name) through Rough Trade and Red Rhino.

AN ITEM of interest to any afficionados of independent recording should be the *Undercurrents* programme hosted on London's Capital Radio by Oval Records supremo Charlie Gillett. The show goes out between 4 and 5 pm every Sunday. Charlie reckons he's still not getting or finding all the good indie releases, so it could be well worthwhile a few more independents getting fully on the case!

THE RETURN OF... GARAGE LAND

Compiled by PAUL DU NOYER and ADRIAN THRILLS

CASSETTES

■ **There's** a ten-song cassette by **Gammer** available for £2.00 from Ian Hicklin, 45 Kenwood Road, Stretford, Manchester. Following shortly is Gammer's single 'Put This Ad On TV'.

■ 'Look' is the second C60 of synth music by **Another View,** priced £2.50 from M.K. Reed, 614 Southmead Road, Filton, Bristol, BS12 7RF.

■ For a paltry 65p you can be the proud owner of cassette-LP **'The Middle Class** — Live At The Haymarket'. Write to Death Publishing, 36 Derby Road, Newtown, Southampton.

■ Sheffield group **New Model Soldier** currently have three tapes out: 'Murphy's Law', 'Live At Hell House' and 'More Saints And Their Stories'. If you're interested send one, two or three blank C60s to Paul Fearn, 70 Worral Road, Wadsley, Sheffield S6 4BD.

■ **The League Of Scum** and **Brainwash Boggs** are the two charming outfits whose 'Learning To Die' tape is available for 65p or C60 plus SAE from Robin Basak, 8 Moorend, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. AL7 4QL.

■ **The Night The Goldfish Died** — you know, the Portsmouth lot — release their second tape 'The Goldfish Cometh . . . And The Goldfish Goeth Away' any time around now. Send your blank and SAE to Paul Greenaway, 64 Moorland Road, Fratton, Portsmouth, Hants. PO1 5JA.

■ **FK9** have a package on offer, comprising their single 'Stranger At The Heart'/'Complete Surveillance' and a four-track cassette, half live half studio. Send £1.75 to 27 Cowane Street, Stirling, making cheques payable to 'A Bigger Splash'.

WITH months of haggling, tortuous negociation and stiff competition now behind them, New Hormones — the one-time Buzzcocks independent — have inked a pact signing Manchester band The Diagram Brothers for a single and an LP. Following the success of their first self-produced 45 'We Are All Animals' on the Construct label, their first New Hormones release will be the single 'Bricks' due out in March.

Diagram Bros, l to r: Lawrence, Fraser, Simon, Andy. *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

ALBUMS

■ The first compilation LP from Southampton is 'City Walls', featuring two tracks apiece from **Exploding Seagulls, Almost Cruelty, Games To Avoid, The Motifs, Inferior Complex, Point Fives, Vertical Motion.** It costs £2.99, it's on the local White Elephant label and you can get hold of a copy through the usual indie outlets.

■ 'The Great Complotto — PN' is an Italian compilation starring **Sexy Angels, Mess, The Little Chemists, Fhedholts, Walt Disney, WKW, Mind Invaders, Hitlers** and other outfits of dubious authenticity. Write to Fabio Zigante, P.le duca d'Aosta No.5, 33170 Pordenone, Italy.

■ Fifth LP by **MLR** is 'Persian Version', 50 minutes' worth, enquiries to Pretty Ugly Records, 76 Sulivan Ct, Peterborough Rd, Fulham SW6. So there.

■ German group **Der Moderne Man** have an LP out on the No Fun label, price £3 (plus £1 p&p) entitled '80 Tage Auf See'. Also a four-track EP called 'Umsturz Im Kinderzimmer' for £1.00 (plus 50p p&p). The address is: Eckart Kurtz, Kirchroderstr. 69A, 3000 Hanover 61, W. Germany.

■ 'Rags' is the name of **Lindsay Cooper's** LP, on Recommended Records. It's the original score for the film 'The Song Of The Shirt'. In case of difficulty, ring Recommended on 01-622 8834.

■ Back in Deutschland, a band called **Charge** — actually from North London — release their first LP on Munchen's Trikont label. Entitled 'Caged And Staged, Live In Germany', it's distributed through Rough Trade.

■ Issue two of the Recorder, Bristol's singing magazine, is out now and it features **Fish Food, The Radicals, The X-Certs** and **The Welders,** as well as live tracks by someone called **Peter Gabriel.** This is in addition to the written stuff, and cost is £3.00. Either try Rough Trade or mail order from 16 Ambrose Road, Cliftonwood, Bristol 8.

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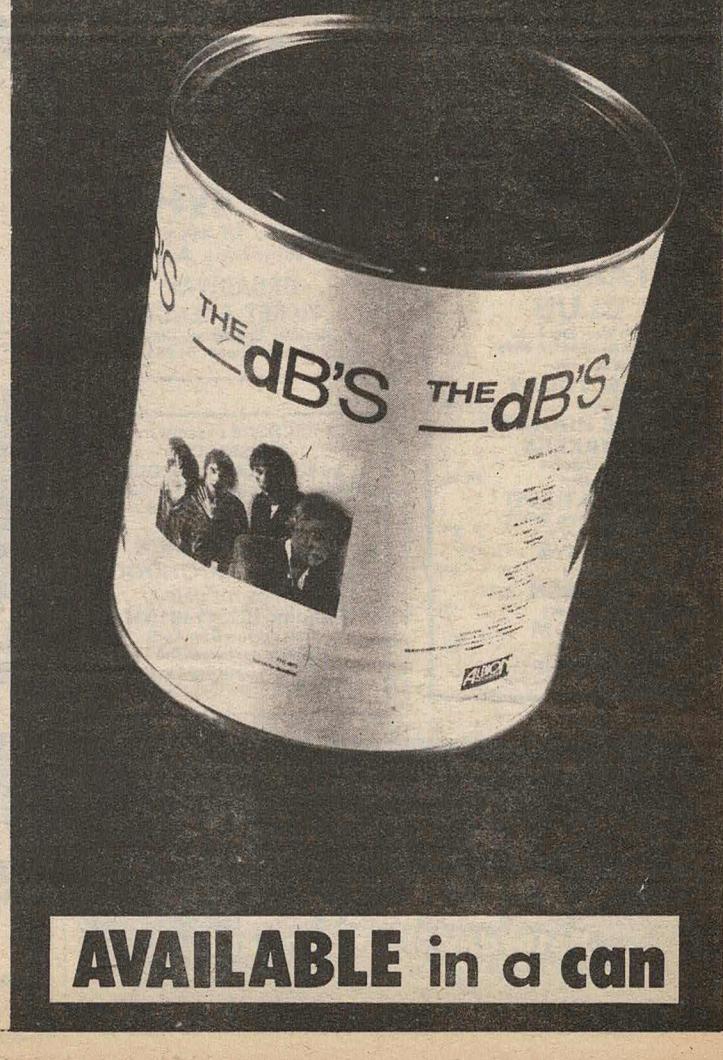

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POSERS AND BLITZ

BALDIES AND BUCCANEERS

Classix Nouveaux
Nash The Slash
Theatre Of Hate
Shock
Naked Lunch
Blancmange

Lyceum

WHAT LOOKED as if it might be the posers' first real public ball (charity gala?) turned out to be a curious ensemble of sounds and styles. The audience, though it had its quota of Spandau fops, contained just as many Ant punks and just as many uncertifiable nobodies. Nor was the music anything but unashamedly eclectic.

First up were the two-man Blancmange, who, with the help of backing tapes, create a dirge-like electronic sound not unrelated to that of Joy Division. In fact, the resemblance is at times more a matter for serious rethinking than applause. The guitarist does, as it happens, sing in a voice that is virtually *in memoriam* Ian Curtis, and the doom-laden keyboard sound is so thick it hangs in the air.

Still, interesting; not exactly a live *show*, but they gave one a pause for thought before the bigger and noisier fish entered the fray. Their set came to an abrupt end as if to suggest that someone offstage was telling them time was up, and the fact that the whole sound could be terminated with the flick of a wrist set the pre-fab atmosphere for the rest of the evening.

One of several interminable interludes then ensued before Naked Lunch took the stage. This band is at its best when most artificial. Frequently the balance, almost repartee, of synthesizers, sets up a compulsive, Moroder-like rhythm inside which not only other keyboards but even the drums have room to improvise. The singer is a standard Blitz buccaneer, but he poses with the statuesque concentration of a Samurai. Unfortunately, it wasn't long before the limitations of Naked Lunch's music became apparent. 'Rabies', for example — prefixed by a snide remark about *Sounds' futurist issue — is really an ordinary guitar-rock number that happens to be prettified by some random electronic noises. Towards the end of the set, what with the absence of theatre, cabaret or otherwise, the audience began to register a sense of boredom.*

The next act was perhaps the theatrical showpiece of the whole event, and certainly the one which most suggested that this poser scene has its roots in the English love of music hall.

One may be forgiven for asking oneself what Shock have to do with music at all, since they scarcely make any of their own, but I suppose that objection would be overridden. The only sketch which made any real impression was the opening one, a kind of robotic dance of death, featuring nurses and doctors out of Horror Hospital, and starring Tik and Tok as bandaged, faceless mutants lurching about with awkwardly flailing limbs and with no apparent purpose or point to their existence.

After this, however, there followed a series of crude dance pastiches whose targets ranged from The Bee Gees to Kate Bush. Granted it's theatre — though flame-throwing really does have nothing whatever to do with music, futurist or not — it's still not terribly inspired. If anything, Shock are a rather crass revamp of The Tubes, featuring girls who swirl their lion's manes of hair in a manner not unlike that employed by their counterparts in, say, Hot Gossip.

The dirty and thoroughly invigorating sore thumb of the evening was Theatre Of Hate, who mark a frenzied return to the spirit of Rickenbacker bass, a sound which has less to do with laying down the foundations for a song than with giving a rough impression of a thousand feet stamping inside a football stadium.

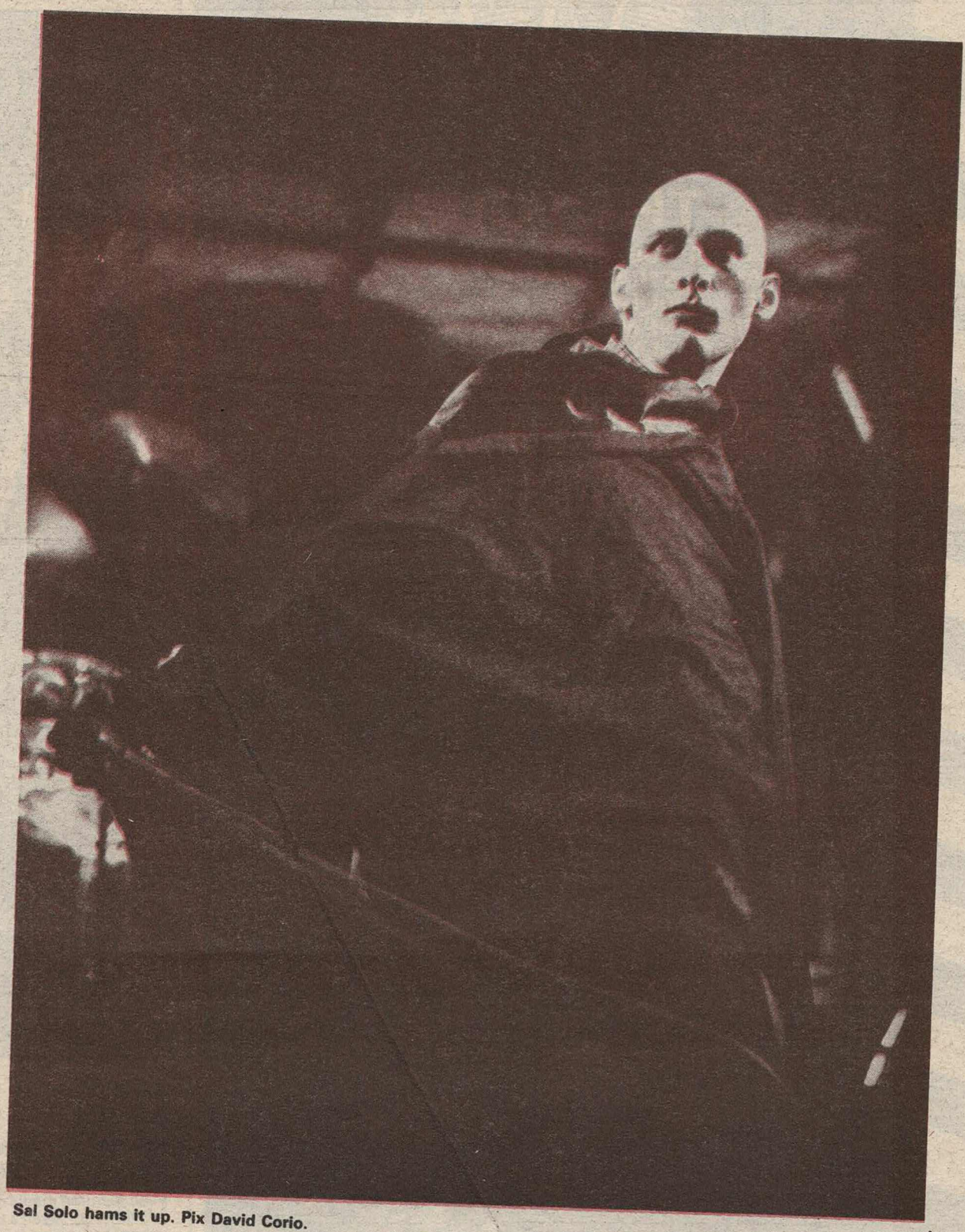
In contrast to the fops and dandies circling langorously around the auditorium, Theatre Of Hate — and the punk contingent who were here to see them — are straight Union Jack shirt macho. The drummer is a Bully Beef, a great ox who plays his entire set with an expression of such lethal violence on his face that it's the best one can do to focus on another member of the band: for example, the singer, who stands as if perpetually about to take a penalty kick into the audience and knock someone's front teeth out.

But maybe I'm giving the wrong impression, for in a sense this boy has quite the most passionate voice I have heard in six months. The songs are admittedly very straight-down-the-line stuff, but Theatre Of Hate might in 1981 cause the kind of stir that Stiff Little Fingers did in 1978. At any rate, in the midst of all this camp ritualism, one could not but be grateful for some authentic angst. The only number whose title I could be sure of was 'How Many Ways Can You Commit A Sin?' In reply to that question, Theatre Of Hate showed us about twelve.

Richard Strange — the man behind Cabaret Futura who had for some reason mistakenly been billed — was replaced by a brief selection from the works of Nash The Slash. While I would have been rather more interested to hear his soundtrack to *Un Chien Andalou*, the numbers he did play seemed to be representative of his usual style. Gimmick-artist though this swathed mutant undeniably is, he does periodically become seized by a sort of electronic dementia, and to this it is not easy to remain indifferent.

His chainsaw-style violin playing is indeed like having one's brain slashed in half. However the sound of this instrument quickly become monotonous, and one imagines that Nash's spot in the limelight will be brief, and that he will soon be consigned to the oblivion from which, for all I know, he emerged.

While the stage was being cleared for Classix Nouveaux, the scrawny and unfortunately irrepressible Martin Besserman recited a few of his more puerile poems to very mixed reaction — from high amusement to the most depressing sort of suburban disapproval (usually from tight-lipped shopgirls in lacquer and veils, pathetic creatures who get upset by anything outside the set codes of the social group in which they find their true miserable selves). "Don't act like punks," warned Besserman to the dissenting voices. "We're not punks anymore."



Sal Solo hams it up. Pix David Corio.

Finally, Classix Nouveaux, who, on a purely stylish level, were nearly as good as Adam And The Ants were here a few months ago. Opening with Sal Solo raised on scaffolding above the drum kit, and with lights turned blindingly on the audience, the Classix worked their way through much of the material which will be on their Spring album, from 'Inside Outside' to 'Runaway' to 'Tokyo'.

There is something Gothic-operatic about Classix Nouveaux which sets them apart from tasteful Spandau theatricalities. It's something to do with Solo's personal vision. Though dressed in an oriental black cape, he comes across more as Lewis' monk or Murnau's Nosferatu than a chic sultan. A great light show and great dress sense also enable one to pass over the weaker songs. The guitarist is a perfect reincarnation of some yonng man out of the Yellow Book and the bassist is quite as elegant as any member of Spandau Ballet.

Solo, however, plays it rather more for kitsch. On 'Guilty', the latest single, he donned an insane mirror guitar which could have been a sci-fi evaporator and which, when reflecting a spot trained on it from the back of the circle, became a sort of super-phallic laser beam. Tempo varied from time to time — 'Please Yourself' is a gorgeously yukky ultrapop ballad — but much of the music seemed irrelevant.

Perhaps the most obtrusive "theatre" of the Classix show is the theatre of Solo's voice, which is a futurist mutant of Russ Mael and Roger Chapman, and impossible to take seriously. The band's sound is impressive, but, after Theatre Of Hate, a little too slick.

If Classix Nouveaux had to redeem themselves, they did it with their phenomenal automaton number at the end of the set, when a horribly elemental human form in a flesh-coloured body stocking (Solo) was virtually sliced up in a stroboscopic light show.

The robot finally freaked out.

So much for "futurism", then. It won't last long, because it is too bastardised a form of theatre. If the inclusion of Theatre Of Hate on this bill is anything to go by, then "theatre" is about to be located at a much more simplistic (and successful) level of entertainment.

Barney Hoskyns

Shock it to me.

The Cuban Heels

Kensington

EIGHTEEN MONTHS ago in a pub in Carlisle a band called The Cuban Heels were playing. Given their name, I expected to find spearheads of the mod revival. Instead there was a band which, in spite of strong '60s roots, were gearing up their pop for the '80s.

From then on I kept an eye out for the Heels, scanning reports about them which filtered down from their native Glasgow. They ventured south of the border very rarely.

Well, at last they've got themselves some London gigs, and it's an indication of the band's copious talent that over the past year they've drastically changed their repertoire, throwing away songs like 'Young Pretender'. Why worry,

CONTINUES

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Sat JAN 31 STRATHCLYDE University
Sun FEB 1 DUNDEE St. Andrews University
Mon FEB 2 NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE Royalty
Tue FEB 3 HULL University
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Tue FEB 10 CARDIFF Top Rank
Wed FEB 11 POOLE Arts Centre
Fri FEB 13 NORWICH East Anglia University
Sat FEB 14 NOTTINGHAM Rock City
Sun FEB 15 LEEDS Tiffanys
Mon FEB 16 DONCASTER Rotters
Tue FEB 17 MANCHESTER Rotters
Wed FEB 18 LOUGHBOROUGH University
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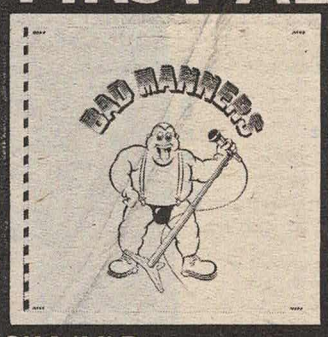

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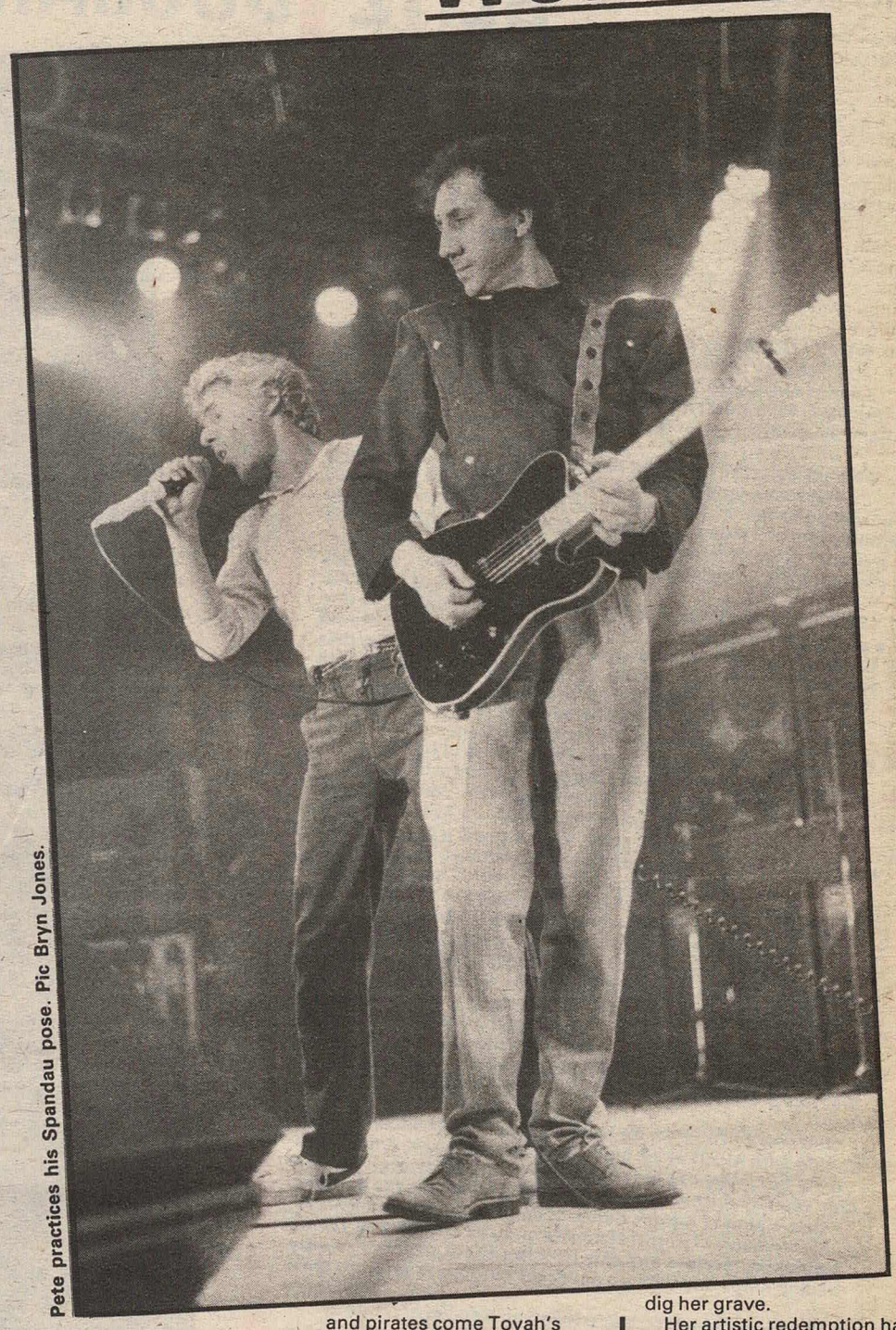


Pete practices his Spandau pose. Pic Bryn Jones.

Toyah

Manchester

FILM OR reality, blasphemous icon or pantomime puppet, demigoddess or manufactured media doll?

Whatever, Toyah's visual image is stunning, her stage presence breath-taking. She communicates instinctively, externally manifesting an entire range of human emotions with a brash arrogance that suggests only she has ever intuitively understood what Brecht called the "epic approach to acting."

Tonight we can catch her astutely playing Toyah-warrior. Over a sea of obediently bobbing heads I watch the make-believe messiah with the dayglo, straw hair dancing to the African beat of a new EP track, 'War-boys'; a pirouetting Boadicea, militarist Toyah, *clever* Toyah!

Hot on the heels of Indians and pirates come Toyah's own tribal anthems, an intelligently conceived commercial package. Her minions (Adam's?) hardly seem to care as it becomes clear from where she is currently sucking her inspirational juices, as she feeds greedily on the ant.,

But couldn't Adam be king and Toyah, queen?

No! Avaricious Toyah could never be satisfied. She's the irreverent usurper to Adam's crown. Hungry and desperate, *she alone* must win supremacy.

It's this kind of single-minded determination that's been the prominent feature of Toyah's steady rise to fame. Like Adam, she's all too often felt the sting of the critic's poison pen, often gratuitous bitching that she's treated with the irreverent derision it deserved. And now she's swept aside her shaky past as tiresome punk in *Jubilee* and irksome chatshow hostess by craftily exploiting the media that had begun to dig her grave.

Her artistic redemption has been a model exercise in promotion. It's truly impossible to see through the artist's opaque yet masterfully tailored public image, and I just don't know if she really has genuine soul and sensibility. But I'm prepared to be lulled into a willing sense of disbelief because I *am* sure she's a remarkable entertainer: unique Toyah, aspiring Toyah, Toyah-STAR!

But did anyone notice Ms Wilcox has a new band on show tonight? — a quartet of grimly anonymous male musicians, almost all as pale and nondescript as her last bunch, archetypal sessionmen, musically competent though otherwise lazy and slobbish.

Only Phil Spalding, ex-bassist with The Original Mirrors, shows any personality. He throws in the odd gawking expression, staring manically with hollow eyes, set deeply in his classic Frankenstein square face; the theatre of the absurd. Yet

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

though, with replacements like the beauty 'Men In Her Life' and the swirling stop-go 'Get In Fashion'? The band still have a wistful pop appeal, but it's been placed in a tighter context where it's difficult to distinguish where melody ends and hard rocking begins.

This forcefulness is shared out between the band, compressed, and then tossed at the audience. It's a total sound with no edges, because it's all edge — sharp. They don't so much sound like The Jam as, in their combination of intensity and nonchalance, serve as an equivalent: in fact, 'Old School Song' does have an angry Weller touch.

The band are sustained by Ali McKenzie's drums, all backbone pushing forward on sparing symbols. Ali acts in parallel not with the bass but Laurie Duff's guitar, which riffs in the backroom then bursts upfront. This releases Nick Clark on bass: he talks notes as much as rhythm — just try his solo on 'Home's For Heroes'.

The Cuban Heels have a magic, but it's no mystery; it's to do with producing quite a rare feeling — joy. Joy is when emotions have no real division and run into each other elatedly. Heels music isn't happy music, although it has that effect.

John Milarky's voice pulls all the strands — emotions and instruments — together. His vocals are the acceptable face of facelessness: he doesn't project himself, he sculpts away to fit the song. That's cool, that's style, and inevitably there's a debt to Bowie, especially when they do their current single 'Walk On Water', in passages resembling 'Golden Years'. Tonight they all go well beyond the power and texture of the record, but the way has been prepared by the simple voice and guitar of 'Too Much Too Loud'.

The venue is half-full and the Heels complete their set in a kind of disgust. They don't care, though; they know they're good, and finish up injecting life into the old Diddley hambone beat of 'Samantha's Ward'. More joy — even though it's a piece about hospital and a bloody night in Glasgow.

This is a special band cutting through styles with style, a movement of four people. Already tired of the New Romantics? Try some real ones.

Paul Tickell

WHO'D AGAIN

The Who

Leicester

RIGHT FROM the start of this marathon performance there was a sense of dislocation, an inability to relate what The Who represent with what was actually taking place.

Two and a half hours of faked climaxes accompanied by a blinding light show that contained every cliche in the book and used them indiscriminately, couldn't disguise a constant glazed malaise on the stage. Respect for The Who's heritage was set against a rock event that seemed sorely redundant.

There was a makeshift atmosphere about the reasons and reality of this performance that went beyond first night nerves into something shambling, unsure and ultimately unconvincing. It was the incongruity of a group locked fast inside the trademark of their traditions, and as the evening wore on the problems of presenting music that had been deeply ingrained in the rocks of consciousness for more than a decade became obvious.

Faced with the impossibility of implanting a new meaning into their own awesome myths, the most The Who could hope for was to impart some fresh validity into their music within the context of its original environment and stimulate some real remembrance of the public emotions that were once inspired.

The tragedy of this performance was that The Who were unable to live up to their own legend. The treatment that they meted out to a winding trail of old songs that led right back to 'Substitute', stole from them even a sense of rightness in their own time, leaving not even an adequate celebration of their own past.

At times it was a performance that tipped over into parody: Daltrey's arched postures as he sang at the ceiling and Townshend's circular guitar hackings, came over as habitual quirks of presentation and not the natural extension of emotion. And if Daltrey kept up the stiff jogging energy of a footballer's training session, it was the glum introspective presence of Pete Townshend — a cigarette hanging from his lips and frequently turning his back on the audience — that gave his performance some kind of contemporary context.

His curious blend of tensions and calm, his apparent casualness that occasionally exploded into a fluid agitation, afforded a glimpse of what The Who must want to have looked like; and there was a watchfulness about him that suggested his performance may have been a more personal test. But it was his restless, scratching improvisation, slowly roaming the stage hunched over his guitar and crooning almost unaccompanied into the microphone at the end of the evening, that represented a grave, last ditch attempt to break out of the constraints that had once been creative.

It's the impression of the importance of personal growth that Townshend projects that's kept The Who alive all these years. Dignity and human vulnerability seem small and obvious things to ask for in a rock star, yet amongst musicians of his stature they seem inevitably to evaporate. Townshend, almost alone amongst his contemporaries, keeps a rare rivetting aura, an air of sanity, honour, and an imperfectly realised need for communication that inspires a natural, reciprocal respect between him and his audience. Not even Townshend could justify the reasons for this almost farcical return, trailing off amongst explanations that they hadn't played a series of British dates for a long time.

Townshend apart, this was often one of the most unpleasant bombardments that I've faced for some time. Without the sharp clear invigoration of their attack, their sound is dense, bloated and in effect as violently brain emptying as Heavy Metal, leaving the listener in a dreary violated daze.

A lengthy wander through their old epics ('Sister Disco', 'Behind Blue Eyes', '5.15', 'Pinball Wizard', 'Won't Get Fooled Again', 'Who Are You' etc.) — with only four new numbers, a brief rockabilly outburst during 'Long Live Rock' and 'Twist And Shout' (a tribute, or what?) providing any surprises — can hardly have been a treat even for Who aficionados since the sense of hackneyed rehashing that hung over the evening at times almost amounted to a systematic destruction of what The Who once stood for.

It was also a performance that prompted the unpleasant but necessary question of why they still do it.

Lynn Hanna

Aswad
Linton Kwesi Johnson
New Regulars

Hammersmith Palais

MONDAY NIGHT in the Palais: forward and upful all the way. Aswad's 'Warrior Charge' as featured in *Babylon* and Brinsley Forde's performance in the principal role in that movie have certainly done nothing to hinder their development as a band and the growth of their reputation.

Result: a house not too sufficiently crammed as to cause discomfort or to inhibit movement and dance, but full enough to create a palpable sense of occasion.

The New Regulars were opening up: formed out of The (Reggae) Regulars and allegedly calling themselves The Rebel Regulars (the other faction is working as I & I), they certainly exhibited no confusion about what they were playing. The last 20 minutes of their set was a series of essays in live dub which demonstrated a remarkable empathy between the musicians and the man on the desk — with especial kudos to the drummer — and several thunderous climaxes that shook the Palais down to its foundations before a gentle wind-down that ended up with the band leaving the stage one by one until the drummer was left holding court on his own.

In between, Linton Kwesi Johnson delivered his by now almost over-familiar set with as much power and panache as this person has ever seen him deliver it.

With his hat, mike, tapes and dancers, he ran down the familiar litany with a few variations — 'George Lindo' was not in his performing repertoire on the last occasions that I've seen him — and 'Sonny's Lettah', delivered acappella, was performed as well as he's ever performed it.

There is little to say about LKJ that hasn't been said before, here and elsewhere: as poet, performer and propagandist he is masterful, and to neglect his work is nothing less than an act of wilful stupidity.

Only Jah children can play reggae this way . . .

Linton was introduced as "the man you've all come to see", and he was listened to with respect and admiration as well as being cheered to the echo, but nonetheless it was Aswad's night.

It's been unfortunate — how's that for an understatement? — that both of their albums were recorded at periods in the career when they shouldn't have been and are thus both extremely dull. But their work on singles has been more than encouraging (check them out backing up Dennis Brown on the epochal 'Bloody City' if you get the chance, and if you don't get the chance, *make* one.)

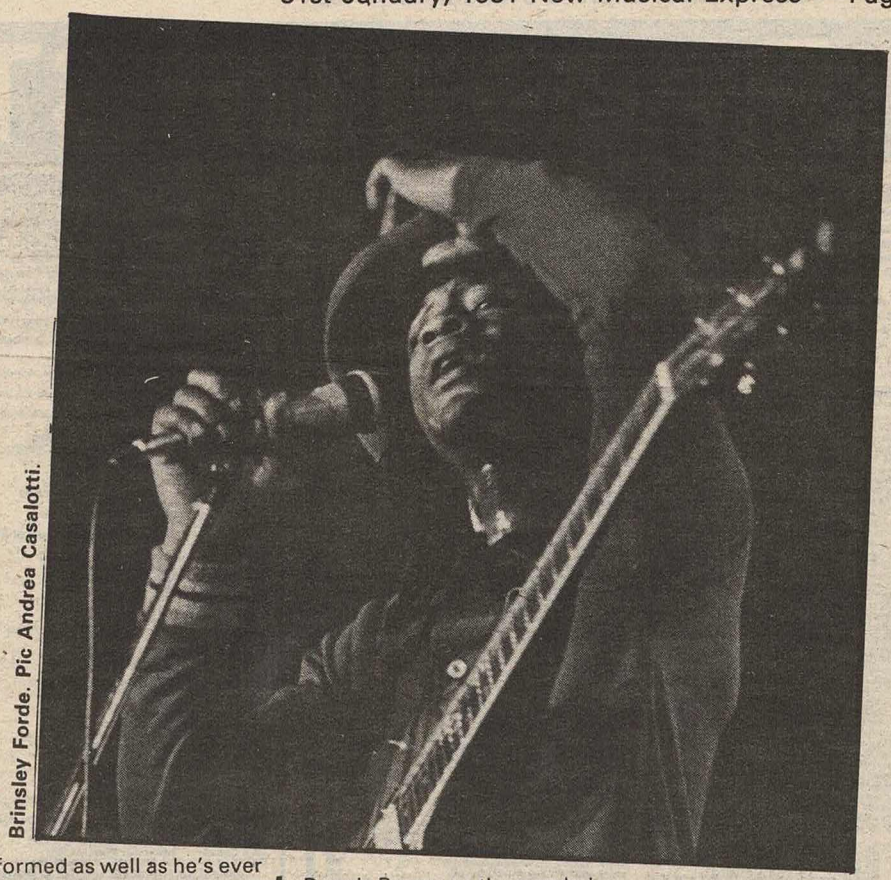
However, it's always been a different story in live performance. A couple of years ago, Brinsley was intent upon doing Bob Marley's act, but now he's doing his own and both his voice and his (exceptional) stage presence are unmistakably his own. He is rarely frenetic — there is no question of his lashing himself into the kind of trance/frenzy that you'd expect from (say) Spear — but he has a startling grace and dignity that dominates a stage with ease.

Instrumentally, Drummie Zeb is the hardest of a hard band. He takes easy, fluent, impassioned lead vocals while laying down tough, exquisite rhythm, and the way he plays off, with or against echo and other instrumentalists verges on the intoxicating. At the moment I'm convinced that he's one of the four or five best drummers I've ever seen in my life.

The encores featured trombonist Vin Gordon leading a three-piece horn section, and for the finale they unleashed 'Warrior Charge' in a swirl of — God, this is embarrassing — dry ice, a real CO2 job. For years, I'd sworn that I was going to walk out on the next group I saw using that noxious stuff, but how could anyone walk out when Aswad play 'Warrior Charge'?

This band are hotter than hot, tougher than tough. It's time for Aswad to make their *real* album, the one that carries the charge they deliver live, the one that puts it over. Time to move. *Come forward!*

Charles Shaar Murray



Brinsley Forde. Pic Andrea Casalotti.

Toyah. Pic Kevin Cummins.

even he is effortlessly outshone by the subliminal aura of the Toyah idol.

Despite the band being onstage for over an hour, the set seems desperately short, a measure of the success of the evening. And though I normally can't abide the ritual pretence of the encore, I'm glad to earnestly participate in the call for more: TOY-AH, TOY-AH, *TOY-AAHH!*

I walk home with my freshly purchased Toyah triptych poster tucked firmly under my arm, one consoling souvenir. Another is crumpled in my pocket, a glossy promotional leaflet with a desperate message, "If you like the music, send in requests to the radio."

Why worry? Radio could never kill the video star. Not this Toyah, bold Toyah, conquering Toyah, Toyah-STAR! Forever!

Mick Duffy

No longer down at Heels. Pic George Bodnar.

The Belle Stars

Rock Garden

THE BELLE Stars are five-sevenths of the former Bodysnatchers: Stella, Penny, Judy, Sarah-Jane and Miranda. The new girls in the key places taken by founding 'Snatchers (Rhoda and Nick) are bassist Lesley Shone and singer Jenny McKeown.

Beyond this most basic of facts, however, it's best to drop the associations and agree to start all over.

The Belle Stars concentrate on a different approach, a fresh set of songs and a changing emphasis away from the ska they sometimes struggled to make solid. Even after their fourth date it became obvious that Belle Stars have begun with an emphatic swing towards instrumentally rooted sound, more New Orleans than JA in spirit.

New singer Jenny, a natural frontperson with outrageous nerve and the nicest outfits since Jimi Hendrix, has the hardest task but she isn't following Rhoda in style. Her deep vocals and effervescent personality made the transition seem more smooth than the Rock Garden's acoustics would suggest; the mix was too flat and messy to guarantee a continuous rush of excitement.

But given the early occasion and the carping about PA's (yawn) the audience still took to The Belle Stars with immediate abandon. Only a churl would even to agree to differ over songs like 'Hiawatha', 'Mule Jerk' and 'Having A Good Time', whilst the Wild Magnolias themselves would have got down and shaken a tail-feather to 'Iko'.

Much of the night's success was due to an old attitude that Bodysnatchers always had on a good night, an unself-conscious devotion towards the pleasures of physical release.

The Belle Stars themselves must be well pleased at the prospects of a new deal and an infusion of redirected energy. Their presence indicates that there is life after 2-Tone after all. Besides, they're a lot prettier than Madness and The Specials (may God forgive me.)

Check it out.

Max Bell(e)

La Belle. Pic Andy Rosen.

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(Please state Small, Med or Large) (Postage as for L.P.'s)
7" BOWIE It's no game/Fashion (Jap I + lyrics to both) (Pic unlike any other single available ... similar to 'Scary' L.P. sleeve) 2.75
7" BOWIE Crystal Japan (never available before) (Pic unlike any other available ... plus lyrics to 'Alabama song') (Jap I) 2.75
7" BOWIE Revolutionary song (Jap I + lyrics) (Pic unlike any other single in our catalogue 2.75
12" BOWIE Fashion (recut from LP) (E) (Im. edit pic, has spaces for sticking 'Ashes' stamps) (British) 1.99
7" BOWIE Ashes/It's no game (I) (P) 1.25
BOWIE BADGES (1 inch) Low, Man Who Sold, John I'm, Ashes (Bowie as clown) — 25p each (P&P 10p any quantity) (UK)
7" BOWIE Breaking Glass + 2 (red BLUE vinyl) (Diff. P to Brit) 2.25
LP BOWIE King of Gay Power (2 recs) (Rare import) (Similar tracks to 'Images' goodpic) 6.99
7" MANNISH BOYS, DAVY JONES, LOWER 3RD, I pity the fool/Take my hat/Habit of leaving/Baby loves that way (early pic) 1.99
LP BOWIE 1980 All Clear 10 tracks from various albums Rare promotional LP. V. ltd. (Good pics on sleeve) (I) 13.99
BOWIE BOOK. Discography of a Generalist 1962-1979 (125 pages, 156 rare photos, 70,000 words, bootleg lists, pic sleeves, etc). Due to tremendous demand ... back in stock now (incl P&P UK) 8.50
12" BOWIE John I'm (E) (P)(+ free RCA 'John' Promo badge) 1.75
BOWIE VIDEO Just a Gigolo film (VHS or BETA) 31.95
7" BOWIE Life on Mars / Drive in Saturday (I) (P) 1.99
7" BOWIE Space Oddity / Man who sold the world (I) (P) 1.99
7" BOWIE Sorrow / Lady grinning soul (I) (P) 1.99
7" BOWIE Jean Genie / Hang on to yourself (I) (P) 1.99
7" BOWIE Diamond dogs / Holy holy (I) (P) 1.99
7" BOWIE Starman / John I'm only dancing (I) (P) 1.99
7" BOWIE Fame / Right (I) (P) 1.99
LP BOWIE Scary Monsters (I) (Very limited, now deleted, gatefold sleeve) 12.50
BOWIE CASSETTE 'Now Special 80' (tracks same as Changesone) (Outer sleeve totally different pic of Bowie to 'Changes' and now deleted) (Insert has lyrics to all tracks) (P&P 45p) (Jap I) 9.99
The above is a small selection from over 170 Bowie goodies

BEATLES (GROUP & SOLO) BEATLES
LENNON CASSETTE Woman (Cassettesingle) 45p P&P 1.15
LP PLASTIC ONO BAND Live peace in Toronto 4.99
12" SUZY / REDSTRIPES (WINGS) Sea Woman (P) (+ big poster) 1.99
LP BEATLES 20 Hits (Arcade label) (I) 4.99
LP BEATLES Songs and Pictures of (Vee Jay label) (I) 4.99
LP BEATLES Rarities (Odd recordings of well known tracks. Contains rare pics + Butchers shot. Gatefold sleeve (I) 5.25
LP BEATLES Introducing (Vee Jay label) (I) 4.99
LP BEATLES Tell All (Interviews etc) (I) 4.99
LP McCARTNEY Interviews (New release) (I) 4.99
12" WINGS Goodnight tonight (7.25) (P) 1.99
12" McCARTNEY Temporary Sec. (10 mins) 1.99
7" BEATLES Skinny Minny/My Bonnie (I) (P) 1.25
7" McCARTNEY Coming up (I) (P) 1.99
7" GEORGE HARRISON Faster (Picture disc) 4.79
LP JOHN LENNON Shaved fish (Greatest hits) 4.99
LP McCARTNEY McCartney 2 (+ free 7" 'Coming up' live) (I) 5.49

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS
THE JAM First biography + lots of photos 3.95
THE CLASH Before & After 4.50
ALL VISUAL Family Album (82 photos) 1.95
ROCK STARS in their underpants 4.95
ROCK YEARBOOK 1981 (256 pages, 600 photos) 5.95
ROLLING STONE Record Guide (Reviewers, 10,000 albums) 5.95
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POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE POLICE
7" POLICE De do do do (Diff. P to Brit & U.S.) (I) 1.99
12" SHEILA HYLTON (Hot Police) Bed's too big 1.99
7" POLICE Don't stand (+ wraparound poster + lyrics, Jap I) 2.75
7" POLICE De do / Friends (Special Police sleeve. Diff to Brit, I) 1.25
7" POLICE Walking on moon/Visions (Diff pic to Brit) (I) 1.99
12" POLICE Message live (I) PICTURE DISC, star shaped badge (Complete with black & white folder) 10.00
7" POLICE Don't stand close (Pic sive ... not poster) (I) 1.99
7" POLICE Fall Out (P) 1.15
LP NO WAVE (various artists) (Includes Police's 'Roxanne' and 'Next to you' (PICTURE DISC) (I) 5.99
12" POLICE Roxanne/Can't stand (I) (PICTURE DISC, shaped like Police badge) complete with brown folder with pics 15.00
7" POLICE Don't stand so close (+ lim. poster sleeve) 1.25
7" POLICE Message/Landlord (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" POLICE Roxanne/Can't stand (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" POLICE Walking on moon/Visions (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" POLICE PACK 5 singles in wallet £6.99 + £1 for good P&P (U.K.)

12" 12" TOP DISCO 12" 12" 12"
12" YARBOROUGH & PEOPLES Don't stop music (7.49) 1.99
12" GAP BAND Burn rubber on me (5.30) 1.99
12" SHEILA HYLTON Bed's too big without you (E) 1.99
12" HEATWAVE Gangsters of the groove (5 mins) 1.99
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12" M.F.S.B. Mysteries of the world (4.18) 1.99
12" KOOL & GANG Celebration (E) 1.99
12" L.A.X. All my love (6.48) 2.25
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12" FANTASY You're too late (6.30) 1.99
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12" YOUNG & CO I like what you're doing to me (7 mins) 1.99
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12" ODYSSEY Hang together (E) 1.99
12" P. RUSHEN Never gonna give you up (E) 1.99

STRANGLERS STRANGLERS STRANGLERS
DELETED IMPORT SINGLES SPECIALLY PRESSED IN JAPAN FOR ADRIANS RECORDS IN WICKFORD
7" STRANGLERS Nice 'n sleazy (Jap I + lyncs) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS Walk on by (Jap I + lyncs) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS No more heroes (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS Something better change (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS Duchess (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS Sometimes/Go Buddy go (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS 5 mins/Out Tokyo/Death & Blood (Jap I etc) (P) 2.75
ALSO AVAILABLE 7" STRANGLERS Eastern Front (I) (P) 1.99
7" STRANGLERS Duchess/Raven (I) (Diff P. to British) 1.25
12" STRANGLERS Bear cage/Who wants the world/Men in black/Bear cage (6.30/Shah shah (5.22) (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 4.99
12" STRANGLERS Don't bring Harry/Svenge/Wired/Crabs (live)/In the shadows/Don't bring Harry (French) (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 4.99
LP STRANGLERS IV (latest) 10 tracks (+ Free 7" e.p. with 'Choosey, 'Straighten out', 'European', 'White Room') (I) 4.99
LP NO WAVE (Various artists) (Including Stranglers' 'Bring on Nubies' & 'Nice 'n Sleazy' (PICTURE DISC) (I) 5.99

GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES GOODIES
7" XTC Sgt. Rock (+ Poster) 1.25
7" ELVIS PRESLEY Faded love / Guitar man (I) (P) 1.25
LP STYX Paradise Theater (LASER ETCHED) (+ Free Poster) 3.75
7" DOLLAR — Take My Breath Away (Pic Disc) 1.49
7" GEN X. Untouchables / Rock on + 2 (P) (Clear vinyl) 1.25
7" STYX Best of times (World's 1st laser etched 7") (P) 1.15
7" JAPAN 2nd emotion; Life in Tokyo; Quiet life; Sometimes I feel low; 'Incpmonona'; (All Jap I + lyrics) (All Jap I lyrics) (All diff. good pics) each 2.25
7" CLASH I tought the law/White man; London calling; Bankrobber. (All Jap Imports + lyrics) (All Diff. pics) each 2.50
10" CLASH Black market (I) (9 tracks) (Good pic) 3.50
12' BULLSHIT DETECTOR (CRASS RECORDS) — 25 TRACKS including 'Girls Love Popstars' by CRASS (pic sleeve) (in stock now) 1.35
7" ADAM & ANTS Whip in my valise/Zerox (P). Ant music (P). each 1.15
7" ADAM & ANTS Car trouble; Y. Parisians; Dog eat (all pic) ..... each 1.15
LP PRINCE BUSTER Greatest hits 3.99
7" KATE BUSH Hammer Horror (Jap I + lyrics) (P) (Back in stock) 2.75
7" E.L.O. Don't bring me down (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" E.L.O. Sweet talking woman (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" ROXY MUSIC Oh Yeah + Over You (Both pic) (I) ..... each 1.50
LP 999 Biggest Tour in Sport (I) 5.49
7" BOX SET ELVIS PRESLEY (15 recs 30 Hits in box) (I) (P&P £1) 7.50
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7" SEX PISTOLS Holidays (with original Banned British pic) 1.50
7" QUEEN Another one bites (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" CRASS flexidisc (+ Toxic magazine) ..... 50p + 40p P&P
LP B MANILOW Hits (2 recs)(2 pic discs) 7.99
7" Pistols Pack (inc Black Leather/Here We Go Again)(6 recs all in pics, in wallet) ..... 5.99 (+ £1 p&p)
7" KATE BUSH Babooshka (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" KATE BUSH Wow / Symphony (+ lyrics on pic) (I) 1.99
7" MOTELS Days are OK (PIC DISC) 1.25
7" MADNESS One step beyond (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
6" JONA LEWIE Big shot (P) 60p
LP SKIDS Absolute game (+ free LP) 4.99

BOW WOW WOW CASSETTE C30, C60, C90 go (+ 45p P&P) 1.15
BOW WOW WOW CASSETTE (Lim. Edit. 8 tracks) (Flip top pack) 1.99
7" KATE BUSH Heavy people/Man with child; Symphony in blue; W. Heights; Breathing (all Jap imp + lyrics on pic) ..... each 2.75
7" SKIDS Goodbye civilian (Pic Disc) 1.99
7" E. COSTELLO New Amsterdam EP (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75

12" ALLSORTS 12" ALLSORTS 12"
12" GEN X Dancing / Untouchables / Rock on + 1 (P) 1.99
12" SPANDAU BALLET Freeze (6.30 remix) (P) 1.99
12" JAPAN 2nd that emotion / European son (remix) / Life in Tokyo / Stateline / Adolescent sex (re-recorded) (I) (P) 3.99
12" JAPAN (Live in Japan) Deviation / Obscure alternatives (6.05) / In Vogue (6.10) / Sometimes I feel low (I) (P) 1.99
12" JAPAN Life in Tokyo (Red vinyl) (P) 2.99
12" CLASH London calling / A Time (long version) (P) 1.35
12" CRASS — Girls love Popstars (+ 24 tracks by others) (P) 1.99
12" ULTRAVOX Vienna (4.50)/P. Reply (4.20)/Herrx (5.50) (P) 3.49
12" KATE BUSH Live on stage e.p. (I) (P) 1.99
12" BOOMTOWN RATS Someone's looking at you (P) 3.49
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12" PLASMATICS Butcher baby (outrageous pic) + 2 ..... 3.50
12" MIKE OLDFIELD Guilty (E) (Blue vinyl) (P) 3.99
12" P.I.L. Memories (P) 4.99
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12" VISAGE Fade to grey (P) 1.99
12" BAD MANNERS Lorraine (E) + 2 (P) 1.99
12" HAZEL O'CONNOR Time/Suffragette City (P) 3.49
12" SPARKS When I'm with you (voc & instl) (I) (P) 1.99
12" SIOUXSIE & BANSHEES Israel 1.99
12" DEVO Whip It / Snowball / Gates of Steel (P) 1.99
12" BEAT Too nice to talk to (Beat design sleeve) 1.99
12" BASEMENT 5 'Dub' — Paranoia Claus/Work/Games + 2(P) 2.45
12" MARLEY I Shot Sheriff (live)/Redemption song (P) 1.99
12" QUEEN Another one bites/Dragon attack (I) (P) 3.99
12" JOY DIVISION Atmosphere (P) (+ FREE flexidisc) 1.99
12" ROBERT PALMER Looking for clues (E) + 2 ..... 1.99
12" ROD STEWART Passion (7.36) 1.99
12" JOY DIVISION Atmosphere (P) (+ FREE flexidisc) 2.20
12" JOY DIVISION Love will tear (Diff. pic to 7") (+ flexidisc) 1.99
12" ORCHESTRAL MANOEVRES Enola Gay (P) 1.99
12" SIMPLE MINDS I travel (6.13 remix) (P) 1.99
12" UB40 Earth dies screaming/Dreams lie (E) (P) 1.99
12" MADNESS My girl (+ extra track, not on 7") (P) 1.49
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Empire state human (P) 2.25
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12" UB40 My way of thinking (E)/Think it's gonna rain (E) (P) 1.99
12" DEEP PURPLE Black night/Strange kind (P) 1.99
12" BAD MANNERS Lip up Fatty (E) (P) 2.99
12" CLIFF RICHARD We don't talk anymore (6.45) (I) (P) 75p
12" IAN DURY Hit me with your rhythm stick 2.99
This is a selection from our catalogue of over 2000 12"

METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL
7" PRAYING MANTIS Cheated + 3 (Dble single) (P) 1.25
12" MOTORHEAD Ace of Spaces (Christmas pic) 1.99
12" MOTORHEAD Beer drinkers e.p. (Pink vinyl) (P) 1.99
12" MOTORHEAD Golden years e.p. (P) 1.99
7" U.F.O. Lonely heart (clear vinyl + patch) (P) 1.25
7" AC/DC You Shook Me (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
12" BLACK SABBATH Die young (4.33) (P) 1.99
12" AC/DC R&R ain't noise pollution (P) (+ free badge) 1.15
7" AC/DC Highway; R&R; Touch; Whole lot (Jap I + lyncs, P). each 2.5
7" VARDIS Too many people + FREE 7" 'Blue rock' (P) 1.25
LP WHITESNAKE Live at Hammersmith (Jap I + lyrics) 6.50
LP JUDAS PRIEST Best of (PICTURE DISC) 4.99
12" SAXON 747/Stallions (P) 1.15
12" AC/DC T. Too much/Live wire/Shot down (12.26 total) (I) (P) 2.99
7" AC/DC. Girls got rhythm (P). If you want blood/Hell ain't/R & Roll damnation (rare gatefold pic) 2.50
7" M SCHENKER Cry for the nation (Clear vinyl) (P) 1.25
7" U.F.O. Couldn't get it right (Clear vinyl) 1.25

BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE
12" BLONDIE Rapture (long version) (P) 1.99
12" BLONDIE Call me (6.23) (Sung in Spanish)/Call me (Inst) (6.10) (I) 3.25
12" BLONDIE Call me (Voc in Eng. & Inst) (I) (P) 2.99
The following 4 singles all have different pics. to each other
7" BLONDIE Tide is high (U.S. Import) (P) 1.25
7" BLONDIE Tide is high (chequered pic) (I) 1.99
7" BLONDIE Tide/Sury (Jap I + lyncs to both) (splendid pic) 2.99
12" BLONDIE Tide is high (long version) (I) (P) 2.75
7" BLONDIE Call me (Diff P to Brit) (Jap I + lyrics) 2.75
7" BLONDIE Atomic (Diff P to Brit) (Jap I + lyrics) 2.75
7" BLONDIE Rip to shreds 2 (Diff P to Brit. Jap I + lyncs) 2.75
7" BLONDIE S. Girl (Diff P to Brit. Jap I + lyncs) 2.75
7" BLONDIE Denis (Diff P to Brit. Jap I + lyrics) 2.75
7" BLONDIE Dreaming (Diff P to Brit. Jap I + lyrics) 2.75
7" BLONDIE Heart of glass (Diff P to Brit. Jap I + lyrics) 2.75
7" BLONDIE K.d.napper/Cautious kp (Jap I + lyncs) (P) 2.75
BLONDIE VIDEO Eat to the beat (VHS or BETA system) 29.95
L.P. BLONDIE Parallel lines (Picture disc) (I) 15.00
12" BLONDIE Atomic/Die young/Heroes (live) (P) 1.99
12" BLONDIE Heart (Voc. & Inst.) (P) (British Original) 1.99
12" BLONDIE Sunday Girl (Eng. & Fr.) (I) know (P) 1.99
7" N.Y. BLONDES Little G.T.O. (I) (P) 1.99
This is a small selection from our large Blondie catalogue

ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA ABBA
7" ABBA On & on & on/The Piper (Jap I + lyrics) (nice pic) 2.75
7" ABBA Eagle (2nd pic) (Back in stock) (Jap I + lyrics) 2.75
7" ABBA Name of game (2nd pic) (Back in stock) (Jap I + lyrics) 2.75
L.P. A. FALTSKOG Som Jag ar (Swedish solo album) (I) 6.99
12" ABBA Chiquitita/Lovelight (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Voulez vous/Angel eyes (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Winner takes it all/Elaine (I) (P) 3.99
LP ABBA Gracias por la Musica (Jap I. + lyncs) RED VINYL 10.50
7" ABBA Winner takes it all (Jap I + lyncs) (P) 2.75
ABBA VIDEO CASSETTE Abba music show 1 (Abba performing 7 of their hits) (VHS or Betamax) £39.95
12" ABBA I have a dream/Take a chance on me (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Voulez vous/Does your mother (I) (P) (Col. vinyl) 3.99
This is a small selection from over 70 Abba goodies

GARY NUMAN/TUBEWAY ARMY/GARY NUMAN
12" GARY NUMAN Remember I was a vapour (4.46 live) / Remember I was a vapour (5.08 studio) (I) (P) (IN STOCK NOW) 3.25
L.P. G. NUMAN Telekon (I) (+ 7" 1 die in white or orange or green or blue or yellow vinyl - all pic) ..... each 2.99
7" G. NUMAN I dream of wires/Remind me to smile (I) 1.20
12" G. NUMAN Complex (British original) (P) 3.95
7" GARY NUMAN I die, you die (Jap I + lyncs) (P) 2.75
7" GARY NUMAN We are glass (Jap I + lyncs) (P) 2.75
7" G NUMAN Complex/Disconnect Bombers (Jap I + lyrics)(P) 2.75
7" GARY NUMAN Cars (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" T. ARMY Are friends/We are so fragile (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 1.60
7" T. ARMY Bombers/That's too bad (Dbl single) (P) 1.99
7" T. ARMY Are friends/Down in the park (I) (P) 1.20
7" T. ARMY Are friends/You are in my vision (I) 1.20
7" GARY NUMAN Cars/Metal (I) 1.20
7" GARY NUMAN Sleep by windows/I die you die (I) 2.99
7" GARY NUMAN Cars/Asylum (I) (P) 2.99
G.NUMAN VIDEO Touring principle '79 (VHS) (or Bete) 29.95

JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM JAM
7" JAM Start (Jap I + lyncs) (Diff. P to Brit) 2.75
7" JAM Set's kids/Heatwave (Jap I + lyncs) (P) 2.75
7" JAM Eton rifles (Jap I + lyncs) (Diff. P to Brit.) 2.75
7" JAM Going underground (Jap I + lyncs) (P) 2.75
7" JAM David Watts (Jap I + lyncs) (P) 1.25
7" JAM Sats kids/Heatwave (I) 1.25

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27 BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM SW12
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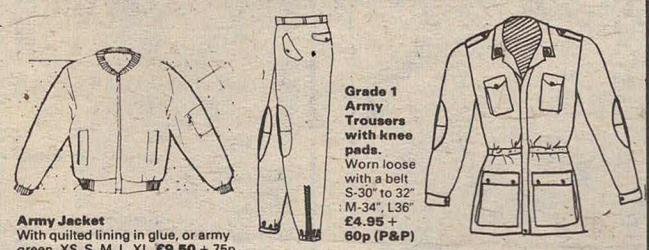

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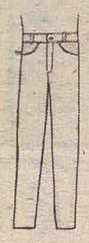

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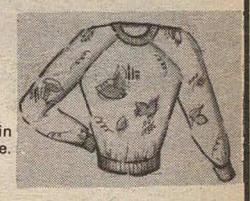

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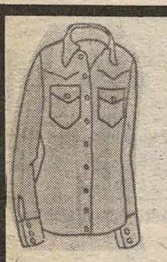

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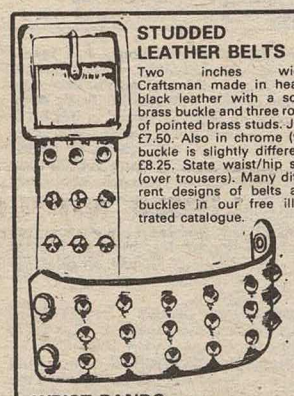

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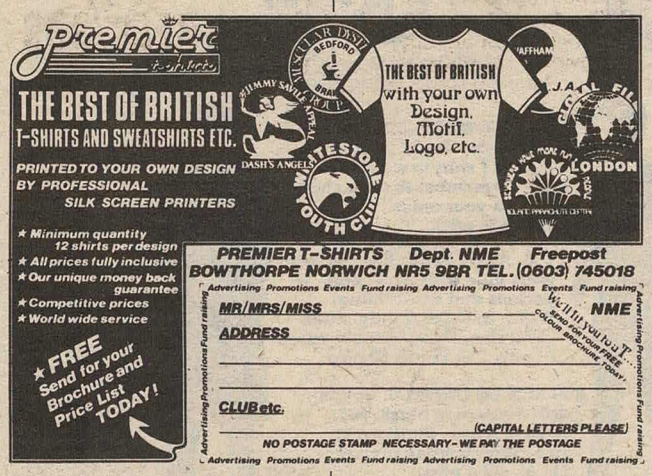
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ROCKERS TIME

Rocking from page 17

ERNEST WILSON: Truths and Rights (Selection Exclusive). Where were you when the lights went out? Sitting in your rocking chair? asks that other fine old Studio One voice, Ernest Wilson. Another classic cut, familiar in style but with a shuffle beyond fashion.

BUNNY WAILERS: Riding (Solomonic). Not one of his splashy style specials. just a trad rocker with Bunny's usual polish. Starts out seeming ordinary, then seduces; but not one of his finest. Ultimately, the news that the man's planning to open a record shop in East London (he already has one in Brooklyn) is more exciting.

BURNING SPEAR: Free The Whole Wide World (Burning Spear). Spear's not the only one looking to help Lloydie Coxsone, sound system veteran, in his new endeavours with a record shop among other schemes. Hence Lloydie's helping distribute this archetypal Spear dirge for all the planet's puzzled, put-upon people. Nice timing to coincide with the Spear's return, since EMI didn't release anything. There's too much twiddly guitar messing up Spear's bellow on the A-side, but the mighty new mix of 'Jah No Dead' on the flip has a triumphant warrior feel to set you stepping, keep Babylon guessing.

JEAN ADEBAMBO: Paradise (Santic). Jean's voice is perfect for paedophiles — lithe yet yielding a la Brooke Shields; pure innocent sensuality, virginal as befits this record of the love that daren't go all the way (but has fun en route).

MELINA CARONE: Special Kind Of Love (New Age). Billing and cooing superior Lovers Schlock, with a perky bass line. Quite cheerful.

LEROY SIBBLES: Love And Happiness (Rock Jam). Slink to your partner, you known what you're after, the music is pounding, your feeling's alarming, and Leroy's telling us a story 'bout a man who thought that love and happiness can be bought. Could be what you're doing right now, honey.

PAULINE AND DAMBALA: Me And My Dread (Rough Lion/Isis). First on the new Rough Trade-sponsored Rough Lion label is a very good omen. Dambala have worked hard and independently for a long time; check out Gus Anyia of Dambala's excellent old tune 'Zimbabwe' just re—issued by Gem/Music Hive for the proof. Since joined by Brown Sugar Pauline's mature vocals, they've gained stature. Worth it for the martial dub alone, the A-side features her sensual intelligence — presenting the Rasta woman's point of view — gliding through some warrior horns. Dignified and imaginative.

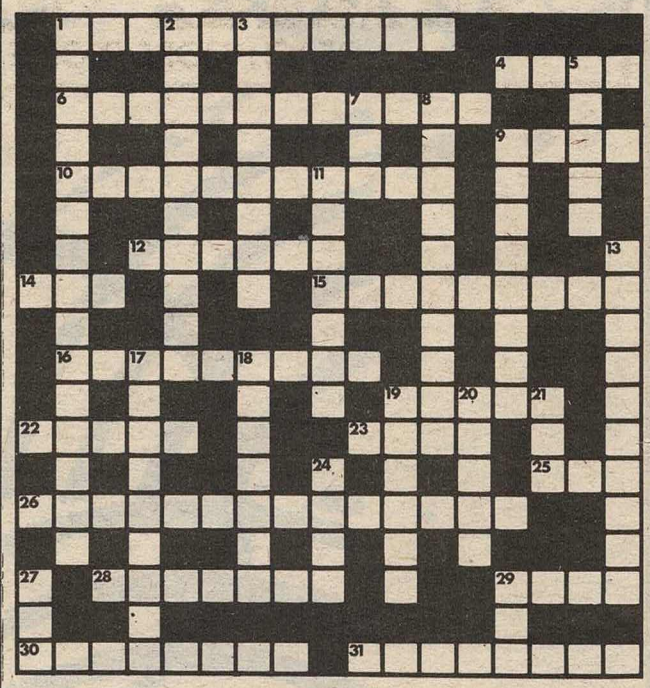
JUDY MOWATT: Black Woman/My My My People (Island). Mr Gregor's pal and partner is Judy Mowatt of the I Three. 'Black Woman' was released around three years ago, and time has proved how forward it was. An inspirational anthem. The new song 'My My My People' has an upful calypso swing and thoughtful lyrics. "Organise, centralise, unify," sings Judy, "as our fathers did" — bet it wouldn't even occur to her to say "mother".

MISTY IN ROOTS: Zappata (Peoples Unite). Dedicated to their shy keyboards player, the man they called Zappata, currently in the nick after the events at Southall. Jazzy piano trickles like treacle over the smoochy horns on this romantic, sad instrumental.

SESSION MEN / AKU / BAKA / MICHAEL SMITH: Solitude (LKJ). The first of Linton Johnson's releases on his own label, organised with Dennis Bovell's Studio 80. A plangent, evocative instrumental features Rico and Dick Cuthell, and a toast about Brixton, and two poems by Jamaican Michael Smith. As individual as you'd expect from Brixton's enterprising organisers.

(Thanks to Red at Dub Vendor)

NME X-PRESS WORD



ACROSS

1 Best non-existent band in last week's polls (3,8)
4 See 19 down
6 Life model kid remixed and heavily overdubbed! (4,8)
9 Lou's music?
10 'Empires And Dance' group (6,5)
12 Aka Mac Rebennack, of much voodoo about nothing (2,4)
14 & 23 Spark brother
15 The English Monkee (4,5)
16 '60s UK pop singer whose 'mean and macho' stage act involved wrapping himself in the microphone lead (4,5)
19 Mick or Peter
22 & 5 Their 'Sinsemilla' was 1980's best reggae long player
23 See 14
25 Record conglomerate (1,1,1)
26 '60s soul shouter who inspired a 1980 No 1 (4,10)
28 Mars one reshuffled by da boize
29 Parka purists once more in the back pages
30 See 3
31 See 21

DOWN

1 Jazz-funkster of 'Are You Glad To Be Back In America' (5,5,5)
2 Gillan's old stomping ground (4,6)
3 & 30 Russ Meyer sex flick with Gen X connections (6,2,3,5)
5 See 22
7 Janis/ — / Page
8 The 'It's My Party' girl (6,4)
9 'Wonderful World' and 'Another Saturday Night' are two of his golden oldies (3,5)
11 Laughter maker (3,4)
13 Band whose debut album was 'The Affectionate Punch'
17 Former Subway Secter waiting his turn (3,6)
18 Techno-rock dinosaur of 'Tarkus' and similar drivel
19 & 4 'Entertainment' remains their first and only LP (4,2,4)
20 What kind of john is that?
21 & 31 Domicile of the boy in the old Ad-Libs/Darts standard (3,4,4)
24 Ms Knight's outfit
27 Term used in tennis and this wunnerful whirl of rock'n'roll
29 Bunnyman on familiar terms

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Arc Of A Diver'; 4 BBC; 7 Tina Turner; 10 (Stray) Cats; 12 (Harry) Nilsson; 13 'My Way'; 14 'Just (A Gigolo'); 15 Little Richard; 18 Prince (Buster); 19 Marc Bolan; 20 Harry (Nilsson); 23 (Brenda) Lee (Perry); 24 'Union (City)'; 26 'Stay'; 29 'Too Much Pressure'; 31 Oboe; 32 'Union (City)'.
DOWN: 1 'Autoamerican'; 2 Cindy Wilson; 3 Daryl Hall; 5 CBS; 6 C.C.S.; 8 Tanya Tucker; 9 'Easter'; 11 'This Wreckage'; 14 'John I'm Only (Dancing)'; 16 '(Brass) In Pocket'; 17 'Brass (In Pocket)'; 21 '(Just) A Gigolo'; 22 (Prince) Buster; 25 John (Peel); 26 Stray (Cats); 27 (John) Peel; 28 (Blue Oyster) Cult; 30 UFO.

THE TEARDROPS IMPLODE

FROM PAGE 26

somebody saying in the music papers that Edwyn of Orange Juice was going to be next year's Julian Cope. That's lovely. It made me feel a bit old. I am bothered that I might go unnoticed.

"Like 'Scott 4' by Scott Walker, and there are bad things on it, but even when they're bad they're immense. They're like artistically immense. Those albums he made are artistically immense. People should just be aware of them. They should know that they're there. . .The Scott Walker compilation is going to be called 'The Godlike Genius Of Scott Walker'."

Fucking great!

"I mean that's the only way that I could think of a name for it. That's the way I speak. It had to be over the top."

How come it's going to be on Zoo?

"When we signed at Phonogram, for a start Julian Cope was like the golden boy there cos they'd signed all these crap bands. I used to go in and they couldn't understand it. They were saying we haven't got a very good back catalogue and I was going you've got Scott Walker!!! And suddenly they were all into Scott Walker and I just said to Bill, we've GOT to put out a Scott Walker compilation. Just got to. It's going through Rough Trade. Totally independent, no tokenism. . .

"It's freaking me out. Fucking hell!! It's just the most joyous thing in the world. I don't want to keep the feeling to myself. If I had the chance I would say that people should listen to so much more."

Aren't you giving a lot away by doing it?

"A little bit. Like I say I could never deny influences. As far as I'm concerned it's just that I'm in a position to put out a Scott Walker compilation and it's unbelievable. Can you imagine what I'm going through!?! I'm doing the sleeve notes for a Scott Walker LP!! I just cannot believe it! I just feel like AAAAAAARRRGGGHHH! I just suddenly realised that I was writing all these songs down and this was actually going to be an album. By one of the greatest people of all time!!! I was controlling it!! How could you ever get smug about something like that?! It's just the most intense feeling. I'd be so scared of meeting Scott Walker. I'd just want to go to him and go WAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!!!! you're amazing!!!!!!!

"You know Geoffrey Hughes who plays Eddie Yates in *Coronation Street?* We did a TV show at Granada and me and Pete Wylie are walking along a corridor — and Mac was there as well!! — and Geoffrey Hughes walks through. I couldn't believe it. Pete just ran up to him, and he actually had that blue anorak on, and he just got on his knees and went WAAAAHHH! GEOFFREY!!!! BRILLIANT!!!

"I feel that when I see Pete. That's the thing about Liverpool, it's very physical. I can see Pete and I do kiss him and I grab him and I'm talking into his ear. I can't understand about this lack of love. I've easily got enough love to love my family, to love my wife and to love about ten other people. It's just an incredibly intense feeling."

Does it spill over into gullibility?

"Yeah! It's terrible in a way, cos people will make suggestions and I'll want to try them out. That's why I want to play keyboards on the next LP. I'm quite willing to get a keyboards player, I'd like a keyboards player, but really I'm scared of getting one. I'd think how this keyboards player was really great and I'd be giving him more of a free rein than he should have. I know the keyboard lines that I have are really good. I know that I am gullible.

"I'm supposed to be having this book out. . .There are loads and loads of things I've written that obviously aren't going to be lyrics, but it really unnerves me cos having a book out is a really presumptuous thing. I feel that everybody has to be introduced to me before they buy the book. Or the records. I can't really present myself.

"Mac puts over the right amount of intensity, you're interested in him, he comes over being quite interesting and sort of worldly. Mac's very clever, because really he's very unworldly. I don't really think he knows about anything. He does still live at home and everything. . .this isn't a bitch. . .I have done loads, yet I could never put it over.

"Like I've done stupid things. . .like I got VD when I was 14!! Right? I can't think of anyone less likely to get VD when they're 14!! I'm the sort of person who'd be having sex for the first time at 23. If I'd have been Jim Morrison he wouldn't have been famous. He had suppressed sexual energy. Mine's just boyish. I haven't got control. I tell you though, me and my wife, we'll have GREAT kids.

"Just great, just incredible!"

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GASBAG

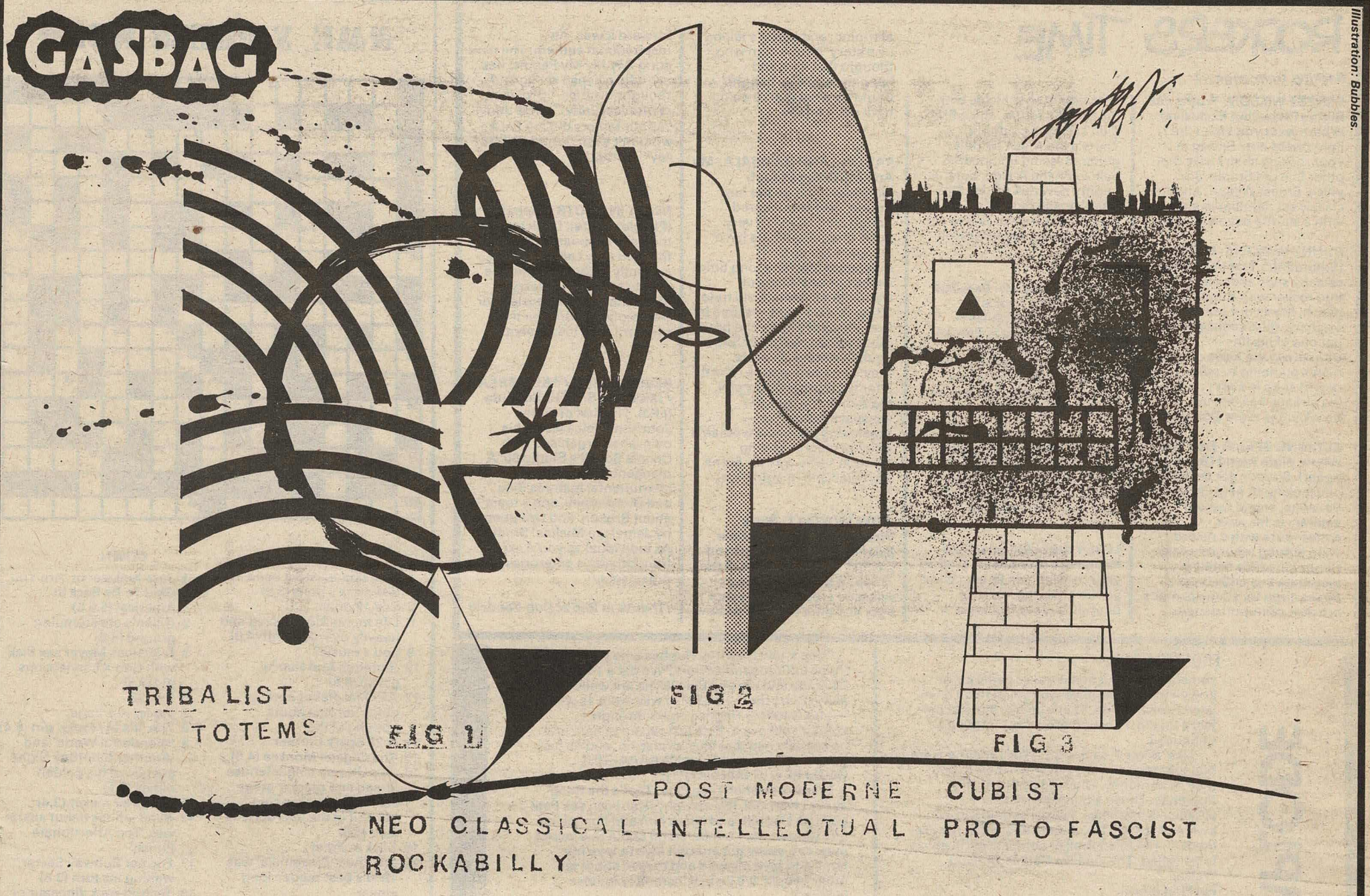


Illustration: Bubbles.

Recently, I've noticed that you've cut out the silly names at the bottom of letters in *Gasbag*. I used to like this little trait, as the name was usually funnier than the letter. Doncha miss all the "Captain Scarlets", "Roger The Dodgers" and "Ayatollah Ska Faces" of this world?

Yours,

Letter edited. — Lon Pinmoonie

With regards to Sick Somewhere (I'd recommend a water tight receptacle)'s letter of 24.1.81: funny innit, how those of us who have something real to say, and the conviction to say it, use real names, whereas people with nothing to say are too embarrassed to admit their identity — scared your friend will laugh? Incidentally, I'm not being trendy or hip — it's just that I used to be a mental patient! Because I was depressed — *because I think!*

In the hope you get over your lack of confidence complex . . .
Sarah Wiggins
Letter forwarded to previous writer. — Lin Monsoon

In the '30s Adolph Hitler, leader of the German Nazi Party, described the Jewish population as vermin to be exterminated. In your article with Bad Manners' Buster Bloodvessel you describe the so-called "Nazi" element (a few sieg hiels and swastikas from a few disenchanted kids desperately looking for a cult to cling to in these troubled times who probably have little or no understanding of any real Nazi politics) of his audience as "vermin" — and no doubt certain *NME* readers and journalists would have them exterminated, or at least bashed about the brains with bricks and bottles. Question: why are some forms of fascism more acceptable than others?
Love and peace, Jah Ovjom, New Crimes fanzine
The appeal of "a few sieg hiels and swastikas" to a lot of "disenchanted kids" living in an economically and policitally depressed and needy nation cannot be underestimated. People who "understand . . . real Nazi politics" aren't the people who are seduced by that appeal: people who understand Nazi politics seduce people who *don't* understand (Nazi) politics. You fall into the same trap you accuse *NME* of; "Fascism" as a term of analysis in meaningless *per se* — it is an outlook engendered by complex social conditions. I agree that emotive dismissal achieves little. — A Liberal

How dies Ian Penman expect us to take seriously his claim that Elvis Costello is performing a vital task — namely the "resuscitation of words, ideas, meanings" — when he himself shows a singular lack of understanding concerning the meaning of various words he uses, e.g. 'paradigm'. In his use of 'paradigm' (in his rejection of 'paradigm one' for 'paradigm two') he ignores the fact that by definition paradigms are incommesurable frameworks and hence one cannot — as he does — simply compare by 'stepping' from one to the other without adopting a 'hermeneutic idealist' or 'relativist' position which accepts the self-justifactory nature of *all* paradigms. To put it simply, one (Ian) cannot apply a universally valid criterion for truth (in this case his subjective judgment) to conceptual systems whose incommensurability denies the possibility of any such criterion's existence. On top of this he continues to misuse '(sic)' and is oblivious to the fact that a 'phenomenological shortlist' (in fact, 'list' of any kind) is a contradiction in terms if you really think about it.

If a person cannot communicate his ideas without recourse to half-digested long words then that person betrays his own inability to think rationally at a human level and he should not be paid to write articles which are, to all intents and purposes, unintelligible to the reader who pays 30p for this magazine. Just how you can justify the inclusion of such an article I don't know, but I think we should be told.
David S. Chambers, Dept. of Logic & Scientific Method, London School of Economics
I'll use words how I bloody well like, sonny Jim! That's one of the things I admire about somebody like Costello — the ability to step outside the stultifying constraints of Western rationalist kow-towing to the sanctity of the Logos. You are oblivious to the 'fact' (sic) that I am in the habit of being slightly JOKEY with words. "Think rationally at a human level"??? UUURRGGHH! Get pissed, get a copy of Derrida's *Of Grammatology* and then get back to us, Carmody . . . — Howard Kirk, p.p. I.P.

Whenever I used to read aloud during English lessons at school, I would always leave out any text in brackets. The reason I impart this interesting news is that in this practice, if applied to an Ian Penman review, not only completely changes its meaning, but also makes it go twice as quick.
The Empty Set, Bath
Come on, own up: You're William Burroughs, ain'tcha! Geddit??! — I.P.

One of the Old Wives' Tales tells us that wanking makes you deaf. Does that explain Ian Penman's crap reviews?
Shaker Sid, somewhere in the Arctic North
I've never reviewed any new faeces. Auto-eroticism makes you wish, not hard of hearing. The Wife of Bath pre-dates Bette Middler by centuries. We're all having fun, how about you? (Any spelling mistakes attributable to my short-sightedness.) — I.P.

Appearances deceive — Paul Morley looks like Archie Andrews at the end of a speed/tequila/mescalin binge. Yet he makes sense talking about Redgrave and *Playing For Time*. Keep imbibing, sunbeam!
Naim, Ipswich
Paul has the cleanest nose outside of a Night Nurse commercial — and wouldn't be seen dead inside a pub, never mind in a seaside entertainer's alter ego; the "paradigm" of Clean — you know, the camera LIES! — I.P.

So Paul Morley's got a new tie! SO WHAT?!! When's the last time I went into ecstacies about my brand new luminous romper suit?
Andy Pandy, Gardensville
Quite obviously — he's got good taste and you haven't. Still, everybody in the whole world has got a long way to go before they catch up with my line in socks. The black ones with multi-coloured pinstripes? The white ones with yellow polka dots? SOCK IT TO ME! '(Sic)'. — Judy Carne, p.p. I.P.

I've found four lollipops and the Toblerone, but I can't find the hitchhiker — I guess he must have got a lift.
Gay George, Orford, Warrington, Cheshire
You are of a world I know not. Hilda Ogden's singing is more up my street '(sic)'. — I.P.

You see, I have been losing sleep over a tormenting doubt: aren't groups like The Fall or Killing Joke completely and utterly clashing with both Schopenhauer's notion that the essence of musical emotions is to evoke sentimental images in the listener and Nietzsche's notion of *the* role of music is to *create* a world of dreams that should make one forget the present? Knowing this, doesn't that make them null and void, totally useless? I'm afraid it does . . .
Mark the Shark
You remind me of me five years ago; but that stupid name won't do. If you do want to follow in my footsteps just (at last — an opportunity to clear this up once and for all) avoid further education. That way you'll never know a paradigm from a parachute. And why not! — 'Sic'
Me too. — Ed.

What is a poet? An unhappy man who in his heart harbours deep anguish, but whose lips are so fashioned that the moans and cries which pass over them are transformed into ravishing music. And men crowd about the poet and say to him, "Sing for us soon again". Which is as much as to say "May new sufferings torment your soul, but may your lips be so fashioned as before; for the cries will only distress us, but the music, the music is delightful." And the critics come forward and say "That is perfectly done — just as it should be, according to the rules of aesthetics." Now it is understood that a critic resembles a poet to a hair; he only lacks the anguish in his heart and the music upon his lips. I tell you, I would rather be a swineherd than a poet misunderstood by men.
Soren Kierkegaard, Wembley
I'd rather be a rabbit than a hare. Monty tells me that Kierkegaard — I notice that a lot of Tippex went into your spelling — plays centre forward for Lisbon. (Chrisbohn continues to play dodgy Commie pinko angst music.) — Sophia Lacan, p.p. I.P.

I just thought I'd write and tell you how pathetic the readers' poll for 1980 is. Who in their right mind yould put "The Jam" as best everything is beyond me. For starters their singles and albums don't rate anything near as high as the excellent stuff we get from "Echo and The Bunnymen" and "Simple Minds". To say that they are the best at using their instruments in the country is beyond belief. The people who voted for Weller & Co. ought to listen to "proper" music and listen to the way some other people use their guitars etc. What they do on their guitars and drums is the easiest thing in the world to do. These Jam lovers ought to listen to a certain Mr Burchill and Forbes of "Simple Minds" before they vote again. This pair know how to play a guitar. As for songwriter, Paul Weller is useless — his songs have no meaning whatsoever, and David Bowie should be Number One. I am very disillusioned by the other music lovers and I'm now going off to cry about the fact that Simple Minds didn't feature anywhere.
Yours truly, David Curtis
I agree with you about "The Jam" and am seriously considering ripping off your highly distinctive grammatical style. Otherwise — "you're ALL nuts!" — James Finlayson, p.p. I.P.

Is it too late to enter the *NME* Readers' Poll?
Too Pissed Up Kev, Derby
Is it indelicate to say you lack imagination? — I.P.

OK Kent, you think my band's crap — I think yours is too.
B. Geldof, Keighley, Yorks
Convincing, convincing. — I.P.

Do you suppose the 'n' or the 'm' on a typewriter are so positioned (next to each other) to convenience all budding *Gasbag* stars? Or not? You see, it makes it far easier to write nme nme n me mne men enm emn, see?
Love, me, Borough Green, Kent
P.S. Penman only got into *NME* by having the three letters 'n', 'm' and 'e' in his name. Um, bye.
And this letter only got into *Gasbag* by having the five letters 'P', 'e', 'n', 'm' and 'a' in it. — 'I'.'P'.

Got those post-paradigm blues again?

Then write to Gasbag, NME, 5/7 Carnaby St., London W1, and keep your fingers crossed that IAN PENMAN isn't sitting in the editor's chair that week. He is this week — and look what happened.

T-ZERS GETS CHEESEY

So that's what happens to Chris Stein in the Blondie boudoir — gosh, she really is a princess! Seriously, sports fans, Debbie Harry's debut on The Muppet Show was a real eye-opener, the muppety band that backed dear Deb, for instance, not only looked a good deal more interesting than Christein (sic) & Co, they were tighter, too! But why was Ms Harry so keen to avoid a confrontation with the formidable Ms Piggy — afraid of being upstaged, perhaps, or that younger viewers might not be able to tell them apart? Pic from the boob-box by Harry Papadopoulos

HULLO there! Are you a gay, male, **Grace Jones** lookalike? If you answer yes, yes, yes to these three questioneroonies then why not popalong to Spats club on January 30 (address available from **Max Bell** on 01-246 8091) and pit your talent against other similarly endowed types? If you ain't, then we're sorry to have wasted your valuable time . . .

But not so sorry that we won't insist on telling you that **Margo's** half-brother **Eric** is making "noise music". . .

Prepare to slit your throats girls and boys, for former chart-topping Monkee-man **Davy Jones** wed former - childhood - sweetheart - turned - personal - manager **Anita Pollinger** (not **Keef's** one) at Swansea's Guildhall last week. Davy, 35, is playing principal boy in *Puss In Boots* . . .

Popular comedians and part-time rock musicians **Echo And The Bunnymen** tell the current *Sound International* that their old drummer had a better sense of humour than **Pete de Freitas** and "it didn't smoke as much dope either". Then **Ian McCulloch** was overheard telling the *Mirror's* **Nick Kent** that "I told me Mam and Dad once that if I got to be a star I'd buy them a house". Not much danger of that . . .

Clash drummer **Topper Headon** is joining the **New Symphony Orchestra** for a gig at the Royal Albert Hall this Sunday (Feb 1). It's a one-off occasion and the result of a personal invitation from the orchestra, in gratitude for Topper's help in recovering some stolen drums. He'll sit in with them for a rilly rockin' splatter 'round the skins on **Tchaikovsky's** old potboiler '1812 Overture'. Meanwhile details of the imminent Clash tour should be with us soon . . .

POLL-winning trio **The Jam** are unhappy about their single 'That's Entertainment', on the German Metronome label, being imported into the UK in large numbers. **Bruce Foxton** told us that they didn't want another single taken from 'Sound Affects'. "We'll be going into the studios very shortly to record a completely new track". . .

Madness had a rum time getting to Holland recently for a TV special! Firstly they missed each other at King's Cross station! Then on arrival at Heathrow, **Chrissie Boy** discovered he'd forgotten his passport! **Suggs** failed to turn up altogether! They coincided eventually in the land where the clog never sets, only for Chrissie Boy (yuk) to fall off the stage and twist his ankle! And Suggsy (Gordon Bennett) had his Swiss Army knife confiscated by the authorities! Well I never, strike a light, what a bunch of troupers, pea soupers, helluva story isn't it etc . . .

Oops, mind that ego. In the wake of **John Lennon's** death, **David Bowie** has apparently hired more bodyguards . . . The next **Roxy** single is a re-working of 'Jealous Guy' . . . EMI admits to having one un-released circa '66 'Revolver' **Beatles** song in the can . . . John's son **Julian** by his first wife **Cynthia** has a group called **The Lennon Drops** whose 'I'll Be Waiting There' will soon be out in single form . . .

At their recent two night sell-out of Madison Square Garden one **Police** fan sent them a message in a bottle which busted **Stu Copeland's** bass drum . . .

And **Sting** is to star in a three hour film made for BBC TV alongside (sic) **John** *Look Back In Anger* **Osborne** and **Hywell Bennett**. Meanwhile Sting admits that he wouldn't mind becoming a skiing instructor. He's always out on the piste . . .

Another blonde person, **Debbie Harry,** stars in the film *Union City* which opens here in March. Very good too, according to a *T-Zer* in the know . . .

And *Love,* the Canadian anthology flick, also stars a number of 'notable' women **(Liv Ullman, Germaine Greer, Joni Mitchell, Edna O'Brien** and **Penelope Gilliatt**), each of whom wrote the script for the section in which they appear. Joni plays a black, male, **Miles Davis** fan, according to *Rolling Stone*. Predictable typecasting stuff, eh . . .

Had enough of dreadlocks hipsters? **Carlene Carter** now calls her coiffure 'slutlocks' during interviews . . .

Ace label Solid Smoke from S.F. has a new **Roy Loney** album 'Contents Under Pressure' for perusal. This could be the big one for whacko Looney Loney . . .

THE **Plasmatics** managed to get arrested in Milwaukee *and* Cleveland last week. At the former, **Wendy O. Williams** was met by four officers from the vice squad who nabbed her for "simulating masturbation with a sledge hammer in front of an audience". Which end was not made clear . . .

Red Beat's drummer **Paul Jones** was bailed and given a year's suspended sentence after being caught spraying his group's moniker on a wall not unadjacent to the CBS offices in Soho Square . . .

The new **James Osterberg** album may be entitled 'Here's Iggy!' . . .

Still, The Pop was one rock sort who steered clear of **Mr Reagan's** inaugural knees-up. Little **Donny Osmond** couldn't resist the occasion though and belted out a sterling version of 'Ronnie B. Goode' before Big **Charlton Heston** commandeered proceedings. Bastards, bastards . . .

A couple of boring bits: **PiL** are in the studio recording a single (their LP 'The Flowers Of Romance' is out end March). And yet more Virgin payola; **Ruts DC** are mixing in Bournemouth at the same time that **John Foxx** is somewhere near Swanage testing out a eal guitarist and a real drummer . . .

As the money mounts up we can divulge that **Magazine** are auditioning a new guitarist. Smart money says **Jeff Beck** at 4—1 is a cert for the nap . . .

Rude! Pop up toaster **Nev Staples** is currently on sojourn in Jamaica following his stint in't studio wit' **21 Guns,** another hot Coventy roots combo, featuring former **Specials'** roadies **Johnny Rex** and **Trevor Evans** . . .

The Beats were guests at West Brom's recent match against — yes! — Grimsby Town, enjoying the comfort of one of the "Throstles" luxury boxes. Shame about 'Boro' lads . . .

And that's quite enough of that nauseating proletarian banter . . .

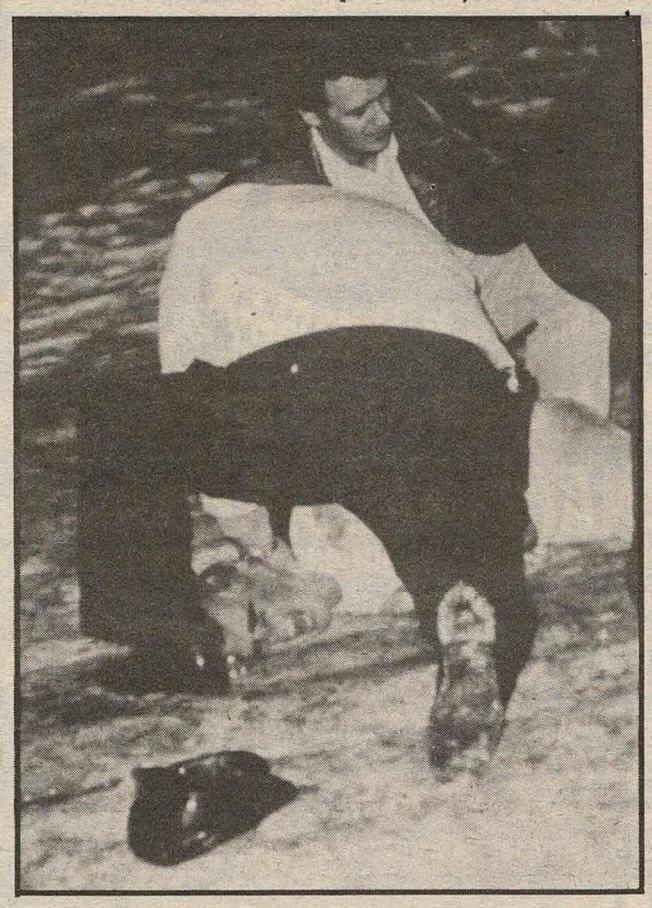
PHIL COLLIN'S current chart hit sounds remarkably similar to any one of **Moon Martin's** famous hits is the shock claim being made in this office by a **Mr. X.** But this didn't deter us from irritating the long-suffering Collins by asking him what it felt like to be the only non-insect in the Top Five (the rest are all **Beatles** and **Ants**). Haw, haw, haw. Phil sez: "At least I'm a giant among insects. Why don't they buzz off and stop interfering with my progress!". . .

Anyone see **Debbie Harry** on *The Muppet Show,* other than **Monty Smith's** daughter? . . .

Paul Simon and **Art Garfunkel** are to re-unite after frank discussions in Switzerland . . .

We owe fashionable HM band **Motorhead** an apology after we suggested in last week's *T-Zers'* Drugs Corner that a **James O'Neill** was their road manager. Apparently this has never been the case. At the time of his arrest Mr O'Neill was in no way whatsoever employed by Motorhead. Meanwhile (phew) back in wonderful cleanliving Motorheadland, **Philthy Animal Taylor** is almost completely recovered from his neck injury and no longer has to wear a neck brace (though he may affect one for fashion purposes, writes a heavy metal fan) . . .

Sezure later, fight fans . . .



The Milwaukee Vice Squad apply a novel form of resuscitation to Plasmatic Wendy O. Williams, who fainted during her artistic masturbation routine on stage in, er, Milwaukee, we guess. Pic by Al Gartzke, more details above.

Conclusive proof that Madness has struck the England cricketers. We always suspected that Ian Botham (third from left) was a bit of a Nutty Boy but look at Peter Willey (far right) — he's getting right into it. Picture by Patrick Eagar, spotted in Wisden by Thomas of Cambridge.

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2	(2) CND	20p
3	(9) Echo & the Bunnymen	20p
4	(4) Ants No 2	20p
5	(7) Jam — Pop Art	20p
6	(10) Ants No 3	20p
7	(5) Ants No 1	20p
8	(3) Ants Invasion	20p
9	(6) Jam — Start	20p
10	(8) Ants — Physical	20p

NEW RELEASES (20p)
The Demons, Spandau Ballet, Rockpile, O.M.D., Comsat Angels, Capt Beefheart, Scientists, Aswad, Essential Logic, New Cabaret Voltaire, Girls At Our Best, Studio 1, Vision Collision. Send S.A.E. For Free List.
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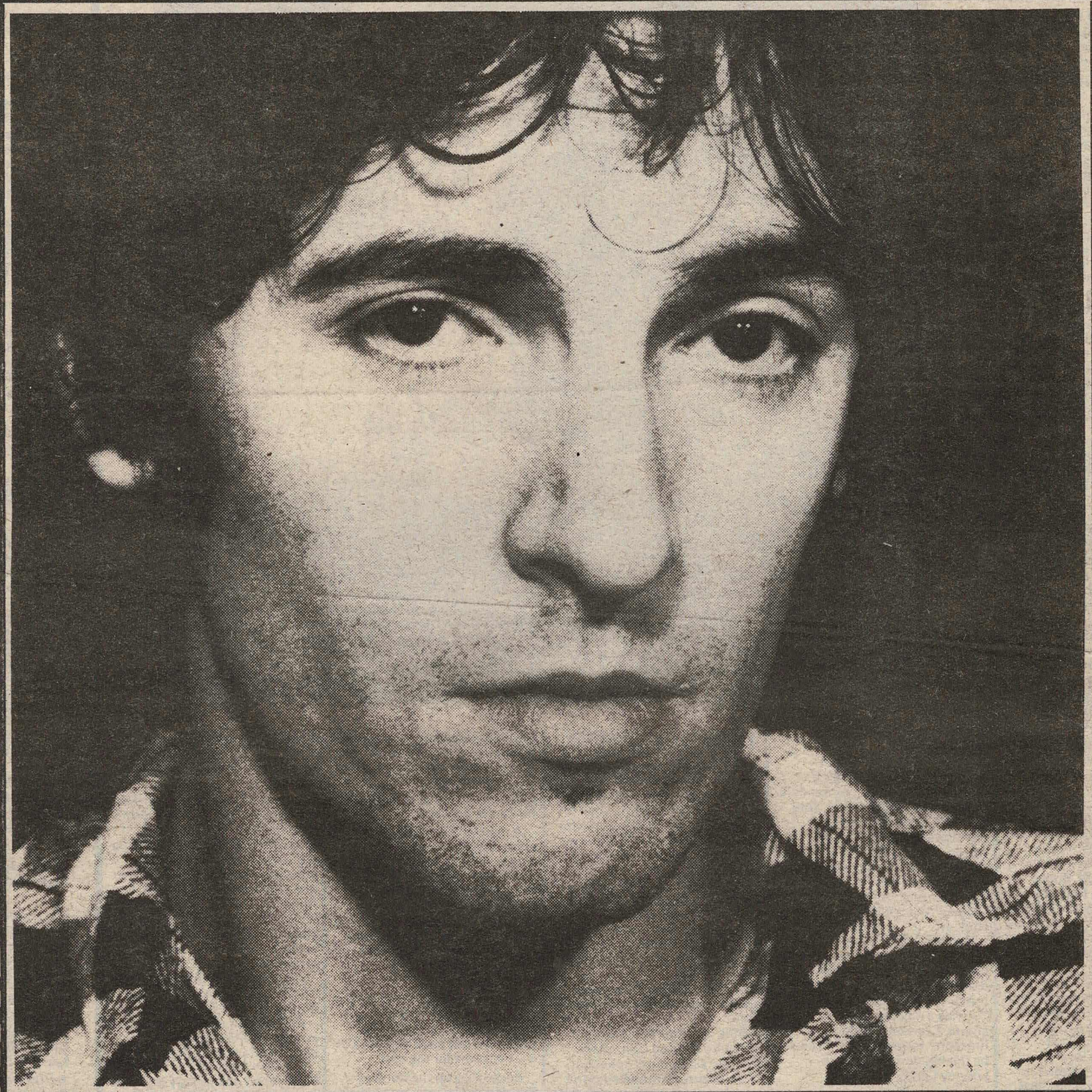
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND THE E STREET BAND



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